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SATURDAY EVENING POST

ed Weekly
by Benj. Franklin

Volume 199, Number 28

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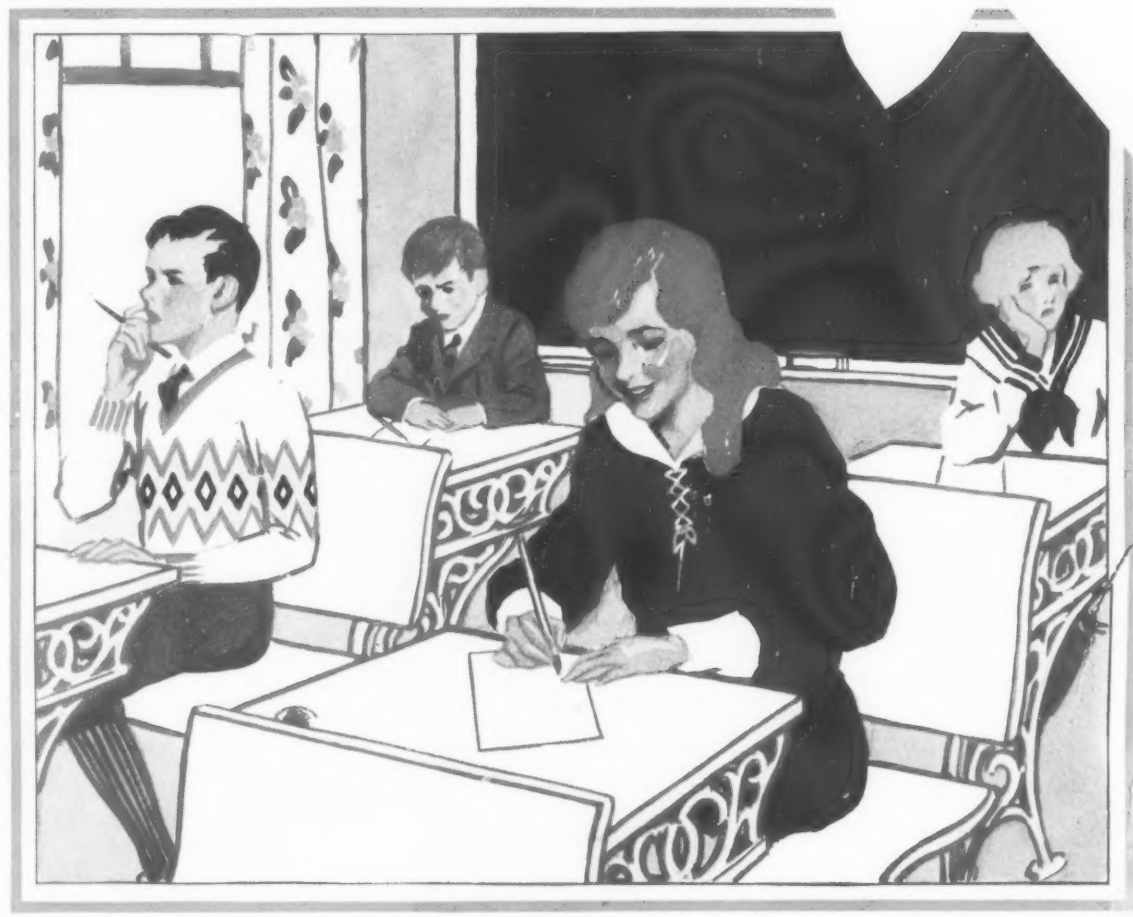
lice Duer Miller—Will Rogers—Wallace Irwin—Stewart Edward White
rnold Bennett—George Rector—R. G. Kirk—Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

HANG THIS IN YOUR CHILD'.

This month's
Health Interest Poster

Watch for new one next month





The best speller in her class! One reason this little girl learns so easily is that every school morning she eats a hot cereal breakfast—*Cream of Wheat.*

MY RECORD					
1st WEEK					
2nd WEEK					
3rd WEEK					
4th WEEK					



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Hereafter new Colors in this Exquisite Hosiery will be created by

LUCILE Paris

Stylist to Royalty
Prophet of the mode



Direct from Lucile's designing room in Paris come these actual working sketches. Above is a black crêpe Georgette afternoon frock with volants in three tones of gray and brilliant metallic steel buttons. Here Lucile suggests Holeproof Hosiery in three shades: Celeste, Atmosphere, Fanchon.



A famous doorway in the world of fashion—11 Rue de Penthievre—through which step the smartest women in Paris, to select Lucile-Paris costumes. This handsome stone entrance leads into one of the most charming old court gardens in France, a fit artistic background for one of the world's greatest designers.



The increasing use of pleats is evidenced in this dinner gown of mauve and gray. An especially fortunate color scheme for the woman with gray hair. Lucile permits a choice in Holeproof Hosiery colors: Moonlight, Daybreak, Fanchon.



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An evening wrap of black velvet, fur trimmed; fan-like sleeves of flowered lamé. The exotic cut of the sleeves is emphasized in the color treatment. In completing the ensemble, Lucile suggests the new Holeproof colors: Riviera, Lido or Maxine.

TO know the hosiery shades that fashion's court will favor . . . to know and simultaneously to wear original shades created by the world's supreme modiste in Paris. That's a joy of sophistication *Lucile-Paris* now holds out to women of America.

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Holeproof Hosiery

Milwaukee, and London, Canada



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[Rule Number 1 in Salesmanship]

IT REALLY MEANS "GOOD CLOTHES"

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Our clothes are good because the style is always correct; fabrics are fine and the prices are economical

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THE AMERICANS ARRIVE



Another Family Conference Was Called. Everybody Assembled at Grauenstein to Decide Whether or Not Ferdinand Should be Allowed to Go for Two Months to the United States

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE major-domo came slowly into the vast vaulted room and said that the prince wished Her Serene Highness to know that the automobile was now in sight. He was an old man, so fat in the body that his black cords and tassels had the effect of dangling and swinging out into space, whereas his legs were thin and shaky. His whiskered face was so white and chinless that he looked like some faintly tinted fish caught in wisps of pale seaweed.

At his news the princess gave vent to a sound—something between a groan and a grunt, an oath and a chuckle. She had been doing three things at the same time—namely, reading and smoking and knitting. Now she took her cigarette from her lips, laid down her knitting, and rose from the table where an English novel had been propped against a Dresden-china oil-burning lamp. Through a grilled door and a worn stone staircase she went from the drawing-room to the terrace. The castle dominated the whole surrounding plain, exactly as it had done since the twelfth century, or even earlier, for there was a tradition that there had been a Roman fortress on the same site and that the Twentieth Legion had had its camp here, before the existence of the monastery of friars from whom the prince's somewhat predatory ancestors had torn it away. It was, indeed, such a place for a fortress as the medieval eye apparently never passed over—a great promontory jutting out into the plain just at the point where the river valley narrowed, so that no hostile

force, no rich abbot with his train, no band of merchants on their way to or from Vienna could approach without paying tribute. Impregnable at the apex and sides, at the back, where the village seemed to cling and hide about its feet, a moat protected it, and though this was now dry, it was dry not through any lack of water. The castle possessed the second great requisite for a fortress—water. The well in the cellar was still one of the great sights for the visitors to Grauenstein—over a hundred meters deep. You threw a stone down and the fate of the world could be changed while you waited for the noise of the splash on the surface of the water.

The terrace was at the very point of the promontory, and as the princess stepped out she could see the two moving lights of the car far below her, turning a little this way and that, bobbing up and down on the bad roads, like a hunted animal running away in the darkness from some unseen danger.

"Theodore," called the princess, "the Americans are in sight." At this, the prince, her husband, appeared suddenly out of the shrubbery. He was dressed in what to English eyes would have appeared to be a conservative costume for a fancy ball—long gray trousers with a broad green stripe, a short gray jacket faced with green, cut-silver buttons, a small chamois embroidered in the small of the back, and a very smart white dress shirt and waistcoat with jeweled studs and links to match.

One did not need to be an acute observer of the human countenance to know that the prince felt cross. His dark thin face with its trim blond beard, its fine beaky nose—a characteristic of his family—was set in a frown. The princess, with her open placid brow and bright blue eyes, was always ready to laugh if given half a chance. Now she put her hand on her husband's shoulder to still the little quick movements of annoyance in which he was indulging himself.

"Remember, they were very kind to Ferdie in America," she said.

The prince vibrated his head until, thin as he was, his cheeks trembled a little. "I have forgotten all my English," he said. "Good heavens, thirty-five years since I was at Oxford—and what do I know about Americans—what they are like—nothing."

The princess nodded her head several times. "I know all about them," she said. "Americans are kind and interested in everything, and all the women are thin and elegant and energetic, and they will think me just a lazy fat old housekeeper, as perhaps I am. If I were an American, Max, I would go stalking with you every day and give a dinner party every evening, and organize good works among all the villages ——"



"Imagine Me Fifteen Years Ago," Said the Prince.
"Imagine My Allowing it, Even Today, My Dear," Said the Princess Flatteringly

The prince vibrated his cheeks again and said "Oh," indicating that he preferred his wife as she was; but she had by no means finished her sketch.

"These Americans," she went on—"these Braces will be very civil and admiring, and make you get out all your books and records, and then they will go away and say they don't see how we live with only two baths and no central heating—for they take baths every moment—worse than the English even. When they are not bathing in bathtubs they are bathing in pools on their lawns, or in the sea—every moment. Ferdie told me about them."

"Very unhealthy," said the prince, becoming every second less well disposed toward his approaching guests.

"But the most interesting thing about them," the princess went on, finding, as often happened to her, that she was amusing herself more than her husband—"the most interesting thing about them is that they have class distinctions. They all agree about that, Ferdie says, only no one can say what the distinctions are."

"Where is Ferdinand?" said his father, suddenly sighting a legitimate source of anger. "*Um Gottes Willen*, isn't that just like the boy—to foist these people on us and then to run away just as they are coming—when my English is so rusty and I don't know what dreadful thing I may not say to them by mistake?"

"He has been at the gate for an hour—all excitement," said the princess, thinking in her heart it would not make such a tremendous difference what the old prince said when the young one was full of enthusiasm.

Yet if anyone felt nervous about the arrival of the Americans, it should have been the princess, for it was owing to her influence that Ferdinand had been allowed, the summer before, to go to America. The family, in the course of the war, the peace and the revolution, had lost almost everything—their great estates in Poland, an apartment in Paris, a palace in Vienna, which was now a government office; nothing was left but the castle in which they lived—the cradle of their family—and Ferdinand. Ferdinand, handsome and young, and so exactly what a prince ought to be.

It was obvious that Ferdinand, marrying wisely, would tide the family over one more of these bad times, which were now and then to be expected, which had always come to the family every hundred years or so. By "wisely" far more was meant than merely richly.

Ferdinand must of course marry an heiress, a healthy young woman to carry on the line, a lady, a companion for the princess; a docile unspoiled nature who would be content year after year to live in the castle on the hill, attending to the duties of her position. Several family conferences had already been held on the subject of Ferdinand's marriage; many possibilities had been discussed. The daughter of an English duke—a great, strapping, handsome, healthy girl. The princess liked her; no one could help liking her. "I can only tell you," the princess had said at the council, that her heart is as big as her hands and feet." But there were valid objections to Lady Mab—her religion was wrong, and her father was unable to make adequate settlements; he had had a bad year on the turf, and the English taxes were ruining him, he said.

Then there was a great German heiress who fulfilled all the requirements, though her family connections were rather mediocre; but to her, unfortunately, Ferdinand took a dislike. Then there was the princess' own candidate—the little Countess Anna, a neighbor, enormously rich, perfectly brought up, and if not a beauty, an extremely well-bred-looking girl. Only, unfortunately, she was not yet sixteen. Her father refused to consider any proposal for at least two years. It was then that the princess suggested allowing Ferdinand to travel—except that traveling was so very expensive. However, a cousin of theirs who had married, not wisely from their point of view, but too well—namely, the daughter of an American automobile manufacturer—invited Ferdinand to visit him in America—not in Detroit, where he lived, but in Newport, where he had taken what he described as a villa for the summer.

Another family conference was called. Uncle Hubert, the last member of the former generation, came down from his shooting in Styria. Sister Justina came from her convent on the Danube—everybody assembled at Grauenstein to decide whether or not Ferdinand should be allowed to go for two months to the United States. The prince, his father, was opposed to it. He disliked Americans, he said. The princess pointed out to him that he had never known any except that nice Mr. Walker in Rome who had not been home since he was five years old. But the prince reminded her that he knew Count Otto's wife, who was an American and had been divorced three times, always leaving her children by one husband to be taken care of by the one before—only it turned out that she was by birth a Swede. The princess managed to recall several American wives so built into the life of their adopted countries that no one remembered they were Americans.

"I should not object to an American," she said. "They are so marvelously adaptable." But she stood alone in this opinion. Still, the idea of waiting for the Countess Anna appealed to everyone, and the boy had a right to some amusement in the meantime, and where could that be had nowadays except in the United States? Too young to have served in the war, he had yet suffered from the blight that had been thrown by it over his early years.

Finally it was decided to let him go, and he departed, severally warned by the members of his family—by his aunt not to allow himself to be perverted by free-thinking infidels; by his great-uncle not to fall in love with a married woman—he had known an American woman once in Paris in the days of the Second Empire—they were charming, but they meant nothing—they lacked all sense of amorous responsibility; by his father not to play a game called poker—he remembered now that he had met some Americans many years before in Baden-Baden who thought roulette wicked and taught him this game of their own; by his mother to write to her.

He had not written—at least not much. Newport, New York, Southampton had seemed a mad whirl to a young prince accustomed to the quiet of Central Europe. He had not written, but he had had all the more to tell on his return. The princess, who had the talent of being interested, drank it all in, felt that she had been there herself, wished she had, discussed the possibility of her crossing the Atlantic some day, formed pictures, strangely erroneous, of all that he described—bright sun, jazz, jewels. And New York—she saw that perfectly; an elevated railroad in every street and solid masses of sharp-faced Americans running through the streets like Marathon racers. She did not think she would like that. She had the impression that if you did not run you were trodden down.

"I could not run," she said. "I had better not go to New York." Her son kissed her. He thought so too.

The conversation had kept coming round again and again to these Braces. They had been so kind; they were so charming, so exactly the kind of people his mother would like, well bred, conservative; they were coming to Europe. Mr. Brace was a collector of ivories. He was going to Florence, where they had taken a villa. Might they be invited to spend a little time at Grauenstein on the way? The princess agreed cordially, the prince grumpily. As soon as they were alone he suggested that Ferdinand was in love with the woman, of course.

"I wonder?" said the princess. If he were, she knew it must be very serious, for he usually told her all about his love affairs. She tried various methods of finding out. She inquired about the husband, and received an enthusiastic description. Were there any children?

"Oh, yes, there's a little girl, who will be coming too; with someone to look after her, I suppose. The child is rather hard-boiled," said Prince Ferdinand.

"Is what?" cried his mother.

Her son explained the meaning of the term. "I do not think I like that," said the princess, chuckling just the same. "Of all things a little girl should not be is that—that—hard-boiled." Nevertheless, she longed to see her. A hard-boiled child, that would be something very amusing. In the interest of the new word she had entirely

missed the allusion to someone to look after her; she thought it would be a nurse.

As the day for their arrival approached she became more and more naughtily interested in just what kind of people they would be; and the prince, her husband, became more and more gloomily convinced that he would not like them, and Prince Ferdinand became more and more obviously excited.

He sent telegrams every day about the road, and made and unmade plans for their entertainment.

"They must have hot baths as soon as they arrive, mie-mie," he said, running his finger through his fine smooth blond hair and looking rather distracted.

"Even the hard-boiled child?" said the princess.

Her son thought it over seriously. "Perhaps not the child," he said.

She saw his heart was deeply involved in the comfort and happiness of his friends, and thought—what was indeed the fact—that he had a beautiful and tender nature. "I hope that woman is a nice woman," she said to herself.

His father, who had been present at this interchange, watched him out of the room with his sad deep-set eyes.

"He is in love with her," he said. "Can't you see—all excited like that?" And he staged a symbolic representation of his son's state of mind by raising his hands high in the air and flickering them like banners.

The princess sighed. "We shall soon know," she said.

And now she was about to know. Now the lights of the car were directly below her; in a minute it would turn the corner and begin circling the castle in a steep ascent. She leaned her hand, covered with rings, old and new, valuable and worthless, on the stone parapet and looked intently down, as if she could penetrate the secret.

At that instant Prince Ferdinand appeared, running out of the house. He, too, wore the costume of gray and green. He was taller and thinner than his father, a bronzed blond, with blue eyes like his mother, and the large fine nose of his father's family.

"Well," he said, opening his blue eyes as wide as possible, and throwing both hands in the air, "*um Gottes Willen*, are you then not coming to the front door to receive my friends?"

"*Um Gottes Willen*," replied his father, opening his brown eyes and raising his hands in the air, "how would we not be coming to the door to receive our guests when the right moment comes?"

The younger prince explained with some passion that the right moment had come. His father replied that it was impossible for him to know that if no one told him. His son said that that was what he had come for—to tell him. Still apparently in the bitterest argument, but actually in the closest accord, the two men followed the princess, who moved calmly back into the drawing-room, down the great staircase—which may be seen any day in an enormous historical painting now hanging in the Louvre—across the great vaulted hall to the front door, where the heavy grille was open, awaiting the newcomers.

The front door gave on the yard of the castle, built round four sides; solid, except for the stone arch under the clock tower, through which at this moment the lights of the car could be seen. As the three reached the steps and stood there—Ferdinand actually out on the paving stone and the princess on the steps with her hand on her husband's shoulder—the motor came boiling through the entrance—boiling in very fact, for the grade was severe.

It came to a stop. The chauffeur dropped out of the front seat like a grape off a vine.

"Some hill," he observed, and approached his radiator cap with caution.

"What did he say? What did he say?" asked the princess, for she scented a new idiom and wished to make it her own, but for once in his life her son did not even hear her. He was already opening the door of the car and welcoming the gentleman who emerged—a tall gray gentleman, who, as would have been evident to any American eye, could have come from nowhere in the world but Boston, and as if to make assurance doubly sure, he now pronounced a single telltale syllable. "Ah," he said, with that wonderful vowel sound, at once so flat and so distinguished.

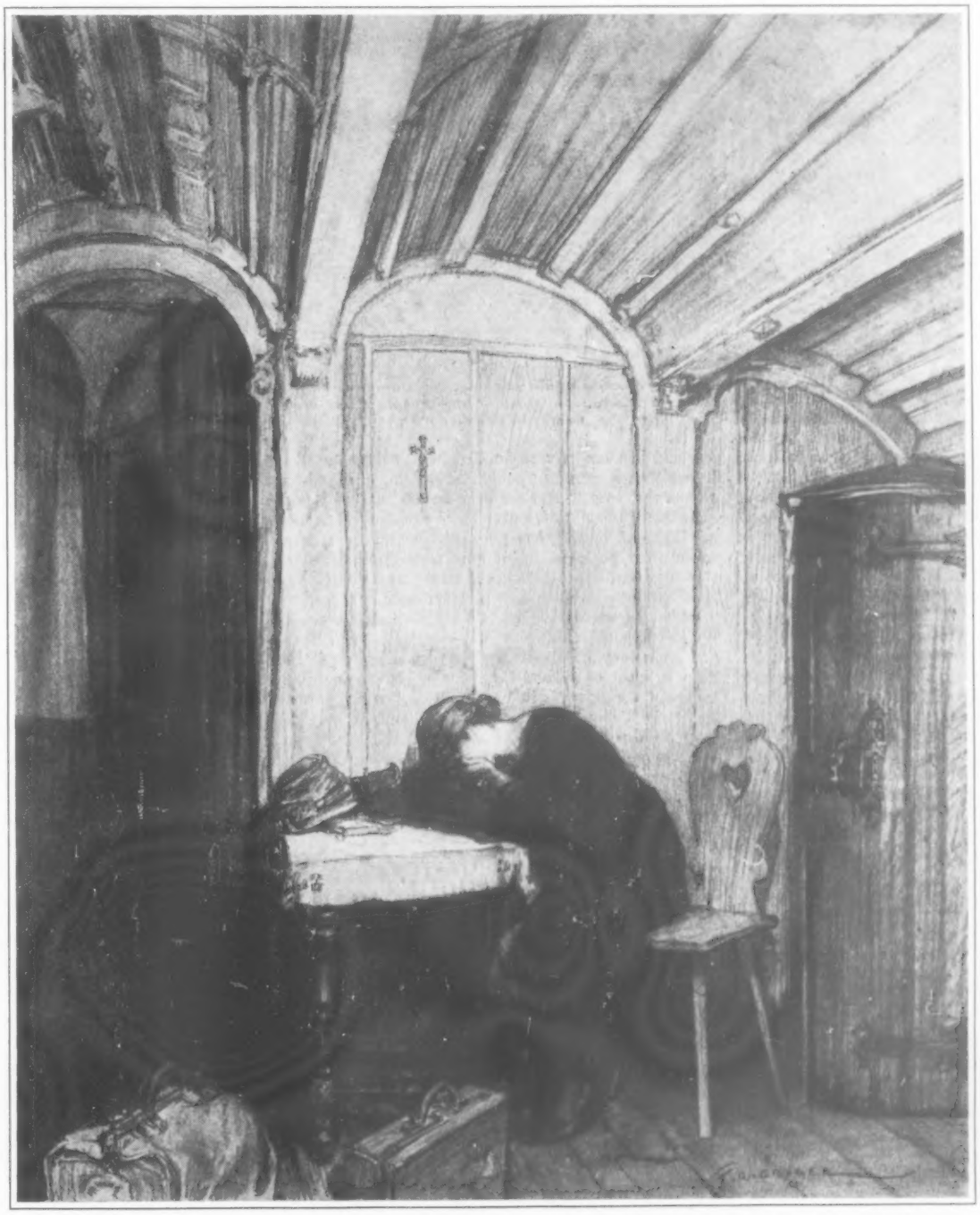
"I am glad to make you welcome. You were so kind to this boy of mine," said the princess. But all the time she was speaking her bright blue eye was glancing to and fro, watching the lady whom Ferdinand was now extracting from the dark recess of the car—a little figure, a neat, trim creature, with neat trim features and sleek dark hair, a severe tailor-made dress and a splendid string of pearls, which the princess, who knew her way about in the matter of jewels, appraised at once at their true worth. What she said to herself, however, was this: "If he is in love with you, it is all wrong, for you are prim, and either you are too sly or you are too cold. My poor boy." She kept watching and saying to herself, "Sly or cold, sly or cold, perhaps both," and as happens sometimes to acute observers, she was so busy watching an unimportant phenomenon that she did not even see the crisis. She was not looking when the little ten-year-old daughter of the Braces stepped out, followed by a strangely beautiful young woman—the governess.

In time the princess had not missed much. When she glanced back her son and the tall slim young lady were talking very politely, without exactly looking at each other. They were saying very dull things, like "Are you tired? Were the roads very bad?" "Oh, not at all. The country is so lovely." What the princess had missed was merely that first glance straight into each other's eyes when they said in essence, "To see you again after this eternal separation!" Only, had their eyes said that, or anything like that?

The princess would not have been a mother, or even an intelligent observer of life, if she had not instantly become suspicious of her son. So this was the reason why he had stayed so long, why he had enjoyed his trip so extravagantly, why he had been so concerned about returning the politeness he had received! And yet, on the other hand, it might be a mere coincidence. The governess might have been engaged since his departure. Such things did happen. She tried to recall just what he had said—the hard-boiled child and someone to look after her. She had arranged only for a nurse, not for this young goddess—a governess.

Somehow the princess had not thought about Americans' having governesses. She had imagined all their offspring went democratically to public schools, and if they had governesses they would be Frenchwomen, not natives. An American governess—she looked like a princess. "Far more like a princess," the princess thought with a chuckle, "than I do. What a throat! What hands and feet! Eyes the color of sherry held to the light, and hair so fine and soft, and drawn into a tiny knot like pictures of the Virgin." All Americans, she had been told by a friend, had pretty hands and feet, but in heaven's name, why should the symbol of aristocracy be widespread among the

(Continued on Page 92)



And in the Room Over the Gate Miss Wellesley Was Not Dressing for Dinner at All, or Unpacking Her Bag, But Was Simply Sitting With Her Hands Over Her Face, Crying

A Letter From a Self-Made Diplomat to His Constituents

By Will Rogers

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON



ON BOARD ROYAL JOKER TRAIN, TOURING AMERICA
WITH OBJECT OF POSSIBLE LOAN TO OKLAHOMA.

MY DEAR CONSTITUENCY: Having nothing but your welfare at heart, I feel that I should make a report to you personally on the matter that I have just investigated. All my other work has been carried on, as you know, practically private, for just the exclusive knowledge of President Coolidge, and naturally I wouldent blab any of that out to you. What I found out for him in Europe, and what I am to find out in America for him is none of your business. But what I found out about the President is some of your business. So, you see, while I am working for him I am also really taking care of your interests.

Now we only possess, with all of our wealth, one residence belonging exclusively to the complaining taxpayers and I thought it would be a good idea to let you know how it is, what shape it is in and what kind of a renter we got in there. You see, there has never been any detailed report on just how our lone residential asset was making out.

The United States owns outright 8,867,221 buildings, but the White House is the only one with a bed in it. The United States has some 30,000,000 employes—or people on salary, rather. But where they sleep is none of our concern. The Senate and the House of Representatives is the only help we have that we know where they sleep. We can read some of their bills and tell where they slept. But the President is the only help we furnish linen and silverware to. Rent is the one thing I can think of that the President don't have to worry about. Now you, as delinquent Taxpayers, have a right to want to know, Is the renter taking care of the place, and what kind of a man is in there?

Well, you see, the way it really is, the White House is supposed to belong to the Government. But the Republicans have it leased for an indefinite period, and they sublet it out to a family called Coolidge. I had just arrived back home from Europe with 850,000 other half-wits who think that a summer not spent among the decay and mortification of the Old World is a summer squandered.

Americans have one particular trait that they need never have any fear of some other Nation copping, and that is, we are the only people that will go where we know we are absolutely not wanted. Americans spent $700,000,000 to be insulted in Europe last summer, and they could have got it done for half the money here.

The Trouble About the Coolidge Humor is That it is Wasted on Most of the People That He Comes in Contact With

I had just landed and finished paying duty on all the linens Mrs. Rogers had bought in Dublin. She had tried all the way over to find someone on the boat that dident have their $100 allowance worth and slip them a few sheets and doilies. She had to be very careful. A lot would have taken them, but they dident want to put up any security that they would hand them back after they arrived.

All passengers started in at Cherbourg, France, with more packages and baggage than I ever saw in my life. We were on the Leviathan, an American boat. But do you know they drank up their baggage before we landed? That is, most of it; and the night before coming ashore they had the most terrible time packing, trying to make bottles look like dirty clothes. On landing I had to go down to Washington on the usual business, to see about the 1922 income tax—that's the year we all had trouble. A Jewish lawyer friend of mine had told me it would go through; I had told him at the time we couldent get away with it. We dident.

So I wired Everett Sanders, Mr. Coolidge's very genial and likable secretary, that I was coming down to Washington the next day and I would like to drop in and say hello to our President. I had had a couple of very friendly chats with him before departing on this missionary work. But I had not heard from him all summer.

Well, sir, do you know it wasent more than an hour before I got a wire back: "Let us know what train you arrive on. A White House car will meet you at the station, and you are to be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge at the White House while here."

My Lord, I couldent believe it! I kept looking at it, and wondering what the catch was—if some one was kidding me or what. So I wired back to Mr. Sanders, as I was still leery about it: "I am stopping to have lunch with the editor of THE POST tomorrow, and if you-all are kidding me about this White House visit, you better head me off in Philadelphia." I dident want to go dragging up to the White House with my old telescope and have two plain-clothes men step out from behind those pillars and say, "Just a minute. Where are you headed for?"

Well, at lunch time in Philadelphia I dident get any word to turn back, so I told the editor of THE POST, and he said, "Why, it may be on the level. I made it on the old Government Tug Mayflower myself once."

Well, that gave me encouragement when I heard the President was getting plain enough to recognize Editors. But I also knew that there was a lot of people that might get an invite on the Yacht that couldent come in through the kitchen to the White House. You see how that is. Mr. Coolidge is a pretty good Sailor—I guess about the best Sailor from Vermont—and, you know, it gets pretty rough down there off those Democratic states shores, even when election is not on. And they tell me Mr. Coolidge takes a kind of a fiendish pride in taking alleged friends down there and watching them hunt the rail. So you don't want to take the importance of a Mayflower invitation too serious.

I sent Mr. Sanders a wire telling him the hour of arrival, and that I sure did feel proud to know that I was to sleep in the White House, even if they had to put a cot in the Blue Room. I put that little gag in there for a reason. I was afraid that after dinner they might send me out to some annex or dormitory or outbuilding to sleep, and I wanted them to know in advance that I wanted to be under the main roof, even if I dident sleep any.

Mr. Sanders met me at the train himself, and we drove in a White House limousine—name deleted by me myself, until same make car arrives at my home gratis, when due notice will be given publically. We got to the White House, and Mr. Sanders went on to his home and I went in, was met by Mr. Hoover—not the one that took our sugar away from us that time, but an awful friendly kind of a bird that is equerry, or night-and-day club host to the White House. Well he took me in, and there sit Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge. My train was late. I knew I should have taken the other line.

Now there was the President of a Country a third as big as Russia and more than half as big as China. He and the Leading Lady of our land, waiting dinner on a Lowbrow Comedian. Now if any Nation can offer any more of a demonstration of Democracy than that, I would like to hear of it. It only shows that with all of our going Cuckoo over anything from abroad that is branded with an affliction of Royalty, why, we still have one home in America that is able to retain its democracy. It wasent because

I happened to be the one. But I felt that the common people were being honored. I had heard so much in Politics about them going to do something for the common people and this was the first practical demonstration I had ever witnessed of it. Not only did I feel that he was paying a tribute to just a taxpayer but I felt that Illiteracy was finally coming into its own.

Mr. Coolidge met me very cordially. He was accompanied by another gentleman that I couldent see well enough to recognize. He was called "The White House Spokesman." Now if you don't know what one of those are, I will tell you. Well he is some friend of the President's that Mr. Coolidge conceived the idea of sorter having around handy in case he wanted to say anything for publication; or in case he said anything that was not for publication, why it is better to let it be said by The White House Spokesman. You see Mr. Coolidge don't say much anyway himself, and for publication he don't say anything. He brings in his double. Now that is one thing the Republican Administration will always have to be thankful to Will Hays for. I always knew Bill went in those movies for some kind of political reasons; now it crops out. Through the movies Will conceived the idea of the President having a double, and having everything he said that he dident know just how it was going to sound in print said by the double. You can't hardly tell this spokesman or double from the President. I have seen lots of doubles in the pictures while I was out there; in fact a movie actor is no better than his double. But this one the President has is the best one I ever saw. When he is just there not doing anything, you would swear it was Coolidge. But the minute it says anything why you know it's the double.

So it's only in the voice that you can tell the difference. If Mr. Coolidge don't say anything that you want to publish why the double may not be even around at all.

Well, Mr. Coolidge, as I said before, when he walked up to me he held out his hand, opened his lips and as he did, "The White House Spokesman" said "Hello Will." Well for a minute I dident know which one of them was taiking to me. I hadent met this spokesman and I dident see where he come in to be so familiar as to say "Hello Will" without an introduction; in fact, I wasent right sure it was him said it. Then I happened to think a minute and decide that I wanted to use the remark, "Hello Will," in my report back to the Claremore Progress, so I knew it was The White House Double that had spoken to me. But I certainly appreciated Mr. Coolidge shaking hands with me so cordially, even if he dident say a word himself.

Then he pulled a remark that I want all of you that think he or his spokesman neither have any humor, to listen too.

It was the spokesman and he said, "Well, Will, you made a typical American diplomat; you made us all laugh." Now beat that for real humor, either with or without a spokesman. I wish I had a spokesman that could think of as good and truthful things as that. I rate that about 99 per cent among political humor.

Mr. Coolidge then introduced me to Mrs. Coolidge, whom I had never met. He did that himself without any double or spokesman at all. As I dident care to quote his introduction in a book or pamphlet, there was no use using up the spokesman more than we needed.

Now listen, Ladies, if you have never met Mrs. Coolidge, you certainly have missed a rare treat. We have been particularly blessed with the types of Ladies who have graced our Executive Mansion. But this one there now has the reputation, given her by everyone who has met her, of being the most friendly and having the most charming personality of any one of them all. She is chuck plumb full of magnetism, and you feel right at home from the minute you get near her. She has a great sense of humor, and is live and right up and pleasant every minute, and Calvin is just setting there kinder sizing everything up.

Mind you, nothing is getting by him. He is taking in everything, but he ain't just what you would call bubbling over. A joke don't excite him any more than a Republican Senatorial defeat. He takes everything sorter docile. But with it all he is mighty friendly and nice, and talks a whole lot when he is with somebody that he feels can't tell him anything.

Now it was reported at the time through the papers that the night I stayed at the White House he went to sleep on me. Well, I dident deny it at the time, though it was a kind of a slam against me. I had had some pretty good audiences go to sleep on me, and I knew it wouldent do any harm to have him added to my list. But here is the joke of it, which I have never told before: Not only did he not go to sleep on me but I am the one that like to went to sleep on him. I had been asking him a lot of questions about various public things of interest, and naturally his answers would be rather technical or involved, and I would catch myself sorter blinking.

When I have the good fortune to be able to talk to some big man, I don't spend the whole time by spouting off a mess of my jokes. I am there to learn something from him. It's his ideas I want to get, not to try out any of my own on him.

We are sitting there at the table, just the three of us, chatting away about a little of everything, and here is something I want any of you children to know: If you have a dog and your mother won't let you feed it at the table, and says, "Don't feed that dog in here. What if company should come? Get him out of here." Say, go right on and feed your dog, Kids; it's being done in one of our best homes.

The Coolidges have a couple of flea hounds and they was handing out things to them all the time. One of them would come to Mr. Coolidge's place and one to hers, and they seemed to think an awful lot of those two dogs, and the dogs certainly were crazy about them. Well, they was feeding the Dogs so much that at one time it looked to me like the dogs was getting more than I was.

Now I don't want this last remark to get out. I wouldent make it if I thought it would get around up in the Maple Sirup Belt. But at any rate the dogs were not as nervous about the quantity as I was. One old pup come around to me and I just looked at him and told him: "Listen, my rations won't permit me splitting with you. You are here every day, I am only here once." He went on back to the President. The colored Butler was so slow bringing in one course that I come pretty near getting down on my all fours and barking to see if business wouldent pick up with me.

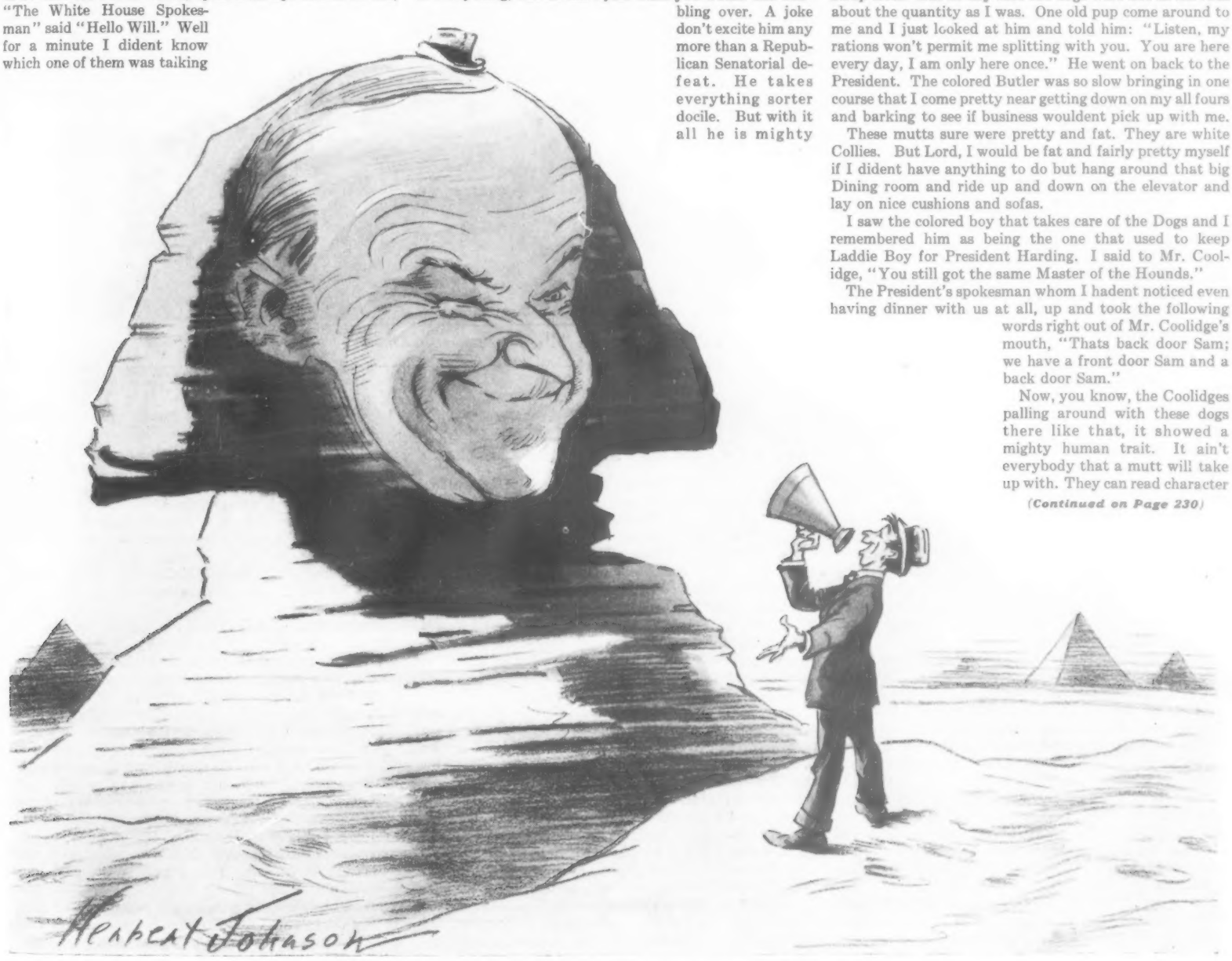
These mutts sure were pretty and fat. They are white Collies. But Lord, I would be fat and fairly pretty myself if I dident have anything to do but hang around that big Dining room and ride up and down on the elevator and lay on nice cushions and sofas.

I saw the colored boy that takes care of the Dogs and I remembered him as being the one that used to keep Laddie Boy for President Harding. I said to Mr. Coolidge, "You still got the same Master of the Hounds."

The President's spokesman whom I hadent noticed even having dinner with us at all, up and took the following words right out of Mr. Coolidge's mouth, "Thats back door Sam; we have a front door Sam and a back door Sam."

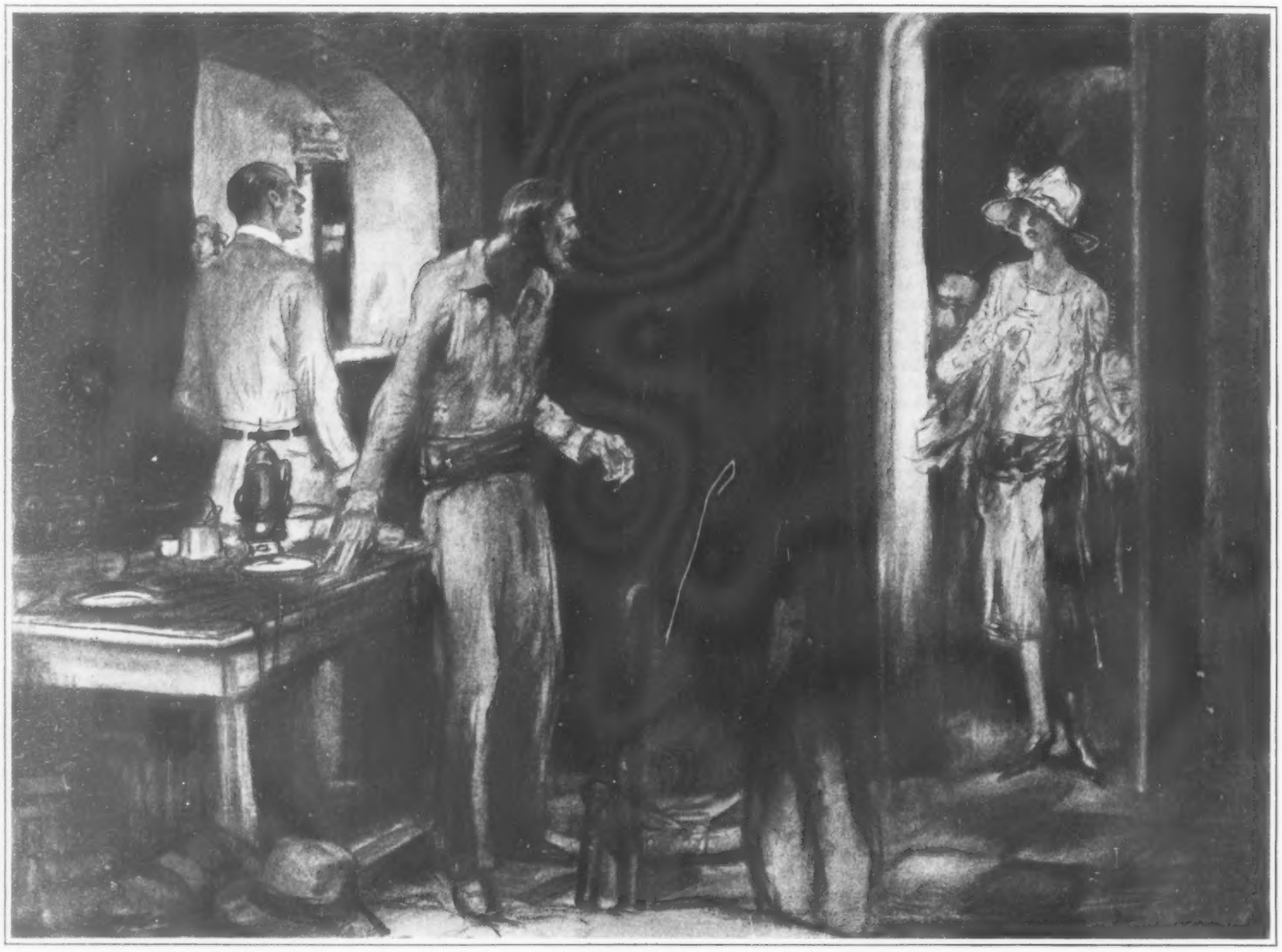
Now, you know, the Coolidges palling around with these dogs there like that, it showed a mighty human trait. It ain't everybody that a mutt will take up with. They can read character

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"Tell Me and I Will Give You My Word it Will Never be Mentioned, How About 1928—Are You Going to Run?"

A PLACE IN VENICE



She Said Nothing. Byatt Said Nothing. They Gazed at Each Other

By Arnold Bennett

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

A GLOWING noon in late August on the Lido. The unclouded sun, whose incandescent brightness no eye might safely meet, dominated the vast beach with its downpour of dazzling fire. A few figures bobbing in the shallow blue water, or sculling in comic boats, or sitting on the edge of rafts. Many more figures walking on the beach, male and female, clad in costly, gaudy bathing costumes, or in costly, gaudy pajamas, or in mere loin cloths, with tanned skins and vermilion lips most of them. A bewilderment of gay, clashing colors, thin legs and arms, thick legs and arms, slim bodies, Falstaffs of both sexes, beauty, repulsive ugliness, smiles, scowls, innocence, vice—the wealth of half a dozen nations collected together.

Behind, up the beach, an endless row of bathing tents, rented at a hundred lire a day, with tinted awnings, and beds under them on which sprawled the idle and the exhausted; and beyond the tents the high white façade of the huge hotel, whose rooms were let at four hundred lire a night, with its terraces, bars, divans, lounges and restaurants, from which emanated thinly the sounds of a jazz band.

I lay prone on the hot sand in flannels, with a panama hat lodged on the back of my neck. I had come over from Venice not to bathe but to see. I saw; and what I saw was a strange sight, somehow semi-Oriental; but the life of Venice and the lagoons has in summer always had a flavor of the East.

A fruit seller, with a little boy who ran errands to the tents, came along and offered me bruised peaches out of a basket at a price which would have been dear in London. I suggested half of what he asked. He smiled scornfully and passed on, knowing by experience that the Anglo-Saxon who would not pay any price demanded was exceptional and might profitably be ignored.

And then approached a man of about thirty-five in the least possible black bathing costume. He had a melancholy, brown-bearded face, which was odd in that scene; but more odd was his fair skin amid all the wandering men extravagantly bronzed by much bathing and exposure to sunshine. I wondered that he had the courage to show his white body in a place where obviously to be well tanned was a state of grace and matter for self-satisfaction. Undoubtedly the poor fellow was sunning himself for the first time. A wet towel protected his head from the torrent of heat.

He circled hesitantly around, and dropped on the sand at a distance of perhaps ten feet from me. I could not say that he was going to join me, but he had laid himself open to the suspicion thereof. Presently I said to myself: "This chap is going to speak to me," and at once I began to fancy evil traits in his face. I was English; he too seemed to be English, and I regretted his approaching lapse from the English code of public manners. True, the Lido is an island but it is not a desert island, and if it had been a desert island the sacred code might still have held firm.

He did speak to me; his voice was peculiar, disturbing: "Hottest day we've had this summer," said he.

Then the fellow had been in Venice all the summer, and yet was now sunning himself for the first time! Suspicious! But he was English right enough, and educated.

"Yes," I responded, reluctant, noncommittal, repellent.

My tone ought to have beaten him off, but I was not sure of its efficacy.

I said to myself: "This chap is going to ask me for something." I hated the man. He was bathing on the Lido under false pretenses; he was an adventurer; but I ought not to have been surprised; necessarily in a place like the Lido, adventurers, male and female, must be rife.

"If by any chance you should want a guide ——" he began.

"No, thanks." I stopped him sourly. To a traveled tourist the word "guide" is the most antagonizing in the language.

Then he said, "I only mention it because I'm down and out."

"And you aren't the only one on this beach, I bet," I replied indifferently, aware that rooms at four hundred lire a night are not infrequently occupied by bluffers and down-and-outs, sharpers, swindlers, the equivalent in the fashionable world to three-card-trick operators at a country race meeting.

No sooner had I said this than a memory stirred within me, awakened by the peculiarity of his voice.

"Excuse me," I said, in a new and somewhat apologetic tone of interest. "Were you at Oundle?"

"I was," he answered grimly.

"We were there together. You were in the sixth while I was in the lower fifth. Then your name must be—must be—wait a sec—Byatt."

"It is," he answered grimly.

"My dear chap," said I, eager to atone, "I'm really awfully sorry I didn't recognize you at once."

"Who are you?"

I named myself.

"No recollection of you at all—not the slightest."

It was a rebuff, but then he had had a rebuff from me. I felt sorry for him. Also the freemasonry of the public school began to influence my mood.

"If I can help you in any reasonable way, Byatt," I said, and I raised my body on my right elbow, adjusted my panama hat anew against the sun, and examined his sad face.

"Reasonable way be damned!" said he, with cold fire. "You turned me down without the smallest inquiry when you did not know who I was. But as soon as you find I was at a public school—yours—ours—your class instincts get busy and you think you ought to help. Yes; well, I don't happen to see things like that, that's all. Let's pretend I wasn't begging." He was sitting up.

"All right," I agreed cheerfully. "And come and have lunch with me, will you? . . . Pity old Sanderson died, wasn't it? He was a great head. . . . Let's lunch here, eh?" I pointed in the direction whence came the sounds of jazz.

"He was a great head. . . . But we can't lunch there. You can't lunch there because only bathing costumes are admitted. And I don't care to go into the big restaurant upstairs."

"Well, somewhere else then."

"No!" said Byatt shortly. "I'm hanged if I'll take any free meals. You needn't think I'm starving. I'm not."

"I'm sorry you refuse."

"You can prove how sorry you are by coming and having lunch with me, then," said Byatt.

I hesitated a moment, and replied, "I'll come with pleasure. Where?"

"Oh, my place in Venice."

I nodded, reflecting upon the queerness of a down-and-out and a would-be professional guide having a place in Venice.

"I'll be back in a minute or two," he said, springing up.

And in a few minutes he was back, clad in a worn suit of gray flannels. His face was sensitive, refined, set, implacable, with twitching nostrils.

"We'll take the penny steamer," he said, as we crossed the huge lounge of the hotel, full of the salt of the earth. And he pulled at his short outspreading beard.

"I've got a gondola here with two gondoliers," I protested. "It'll have to return and we may as well go in it."

I was afraid he might decline again, but he said, "Oh! If it's like that ——"

We boarded the black gondola at the landing stage of the hotel, and Byatt spoke to the gondoliers in Italian, giving them an address.

A stately way of crossing the lagoon! Beneath a white-fringed awning we reclined side by side on cushions, our legs on cushions, while the two bright-scarfed gondoliers, towering above us, forward and aft, swept the shallow, narrow craft swiftly through the glittering water with slow, powerful strokes. If there had been a breath of wind they would not have ventured forth; but there was no breath of wind. The incomparable panorama of the campaniles, domes and shipping of Venice spread itself in front of us. Richness and beauty and warmth everywhere. And Byatt was down and out. A large English steam yacht—it could not have been less than a thousand tons—passed us as we got near the mouth of the Grand Canal, turned ahead of us, and stopped; an anchor fell out of her with a quiet plop, and two sailors in a smart dinghy tied her up by the stern to a mooring buoy. A tremendous spectacle of wealth, this yacht, flying the burgee of a well-known yacht club. And Byatt, down and out, regarded her grimly. He spoke not a word during the short voyage; neither did I.

Presently, some distance up the Grand Canal, the gondola turned away to leave the wide thoroughfare of palaces, and neatly avoiding a motor launch and a plying passenger steamer, came to a halt in the Rio Carducci before a crazy building of extreme picturesqueness.

"Here we are," said Byatt quite nicely. "What time do you want your gondola to come back for you?"

Then he translated my reply. He had assumed, correctly, if humiliatingly, that my command of Italian was imperfect.

II

A LARGE and lofty hot room, with a broken ceiling through whose holes could be seen the rafters of the sloping roof of the building. Dark, though so high up, because lit by only one small window that had no prospect save the view of another and loftier house at a distance of about seven feet! The sole furniture consisted of a small deal table in a corner near the window, an enormous wardrobe of Italianate-Empire style whose open doors disclosed emptiness, one chair, and an enormous ancient oak bedstead, the mosquito curtains of which, hung from a point in the ceiling, were torn here and there and hence quite useless; the bed itself in a dirty disorder. Grime, decay and slatternliness everywhere. Such was the place of the old Oundelian. Outside one imagined all the marvelous antique beauty of Venice.

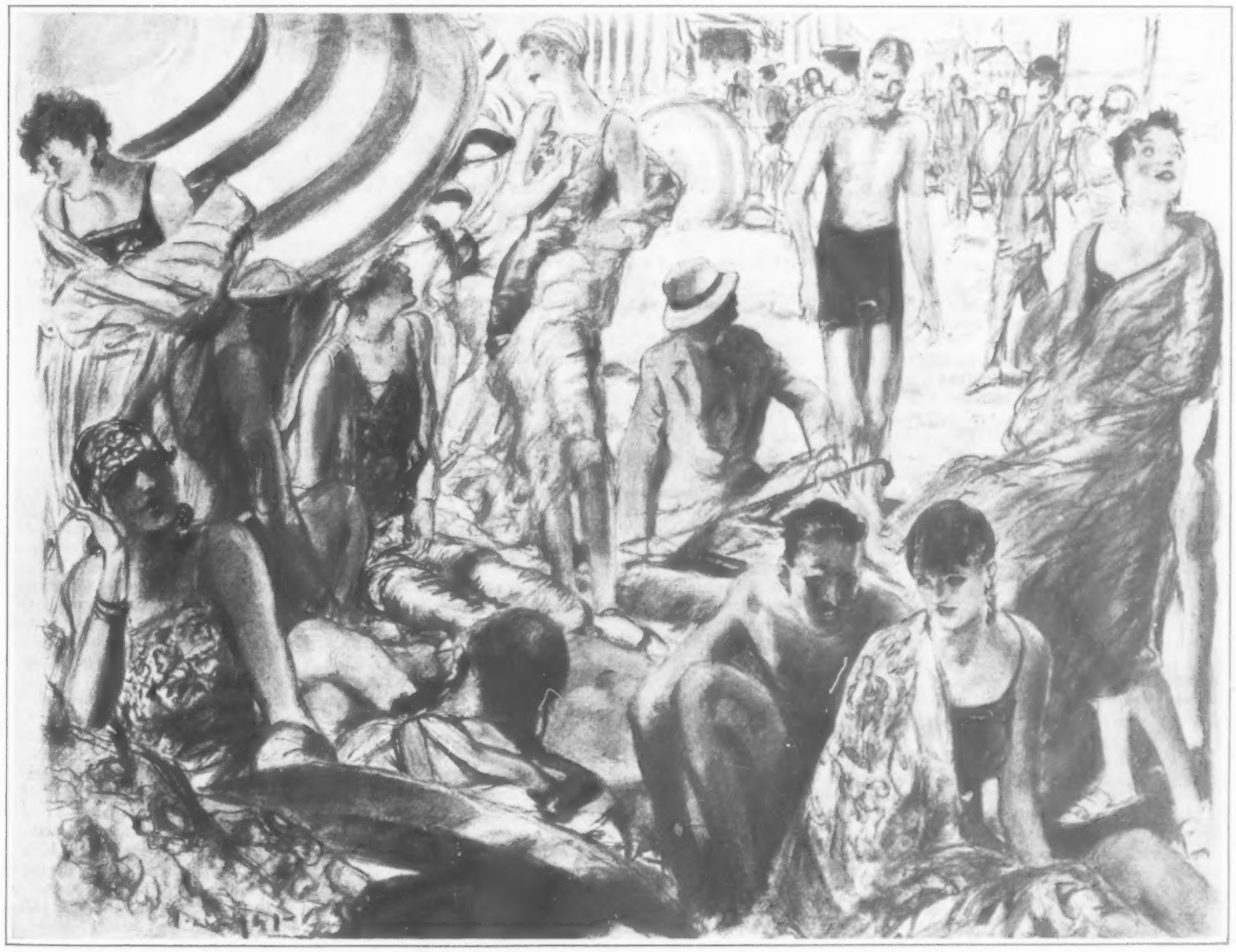
"Got a match?" asked Byatt, after feeling in his pockets.

I gave him a box, and he lighted a foul lamp on the small table in the corner, and began to warm up a mess that resembled vermicelli. As he totally ignored me, I walked about in the room, and finally looked out of the window, and far below saw hundreds of pieces of linen hung to dry, and a very narrow canal with refuse floating upon it, and a strong odor of the past arising from it. I brought my nose within the room again. Church bells clanged loudly at intervals; one of them was so deafening that it might have been on the roof.

"Take your coat off," said Byatt, and set me the example. "It's more comfortable."

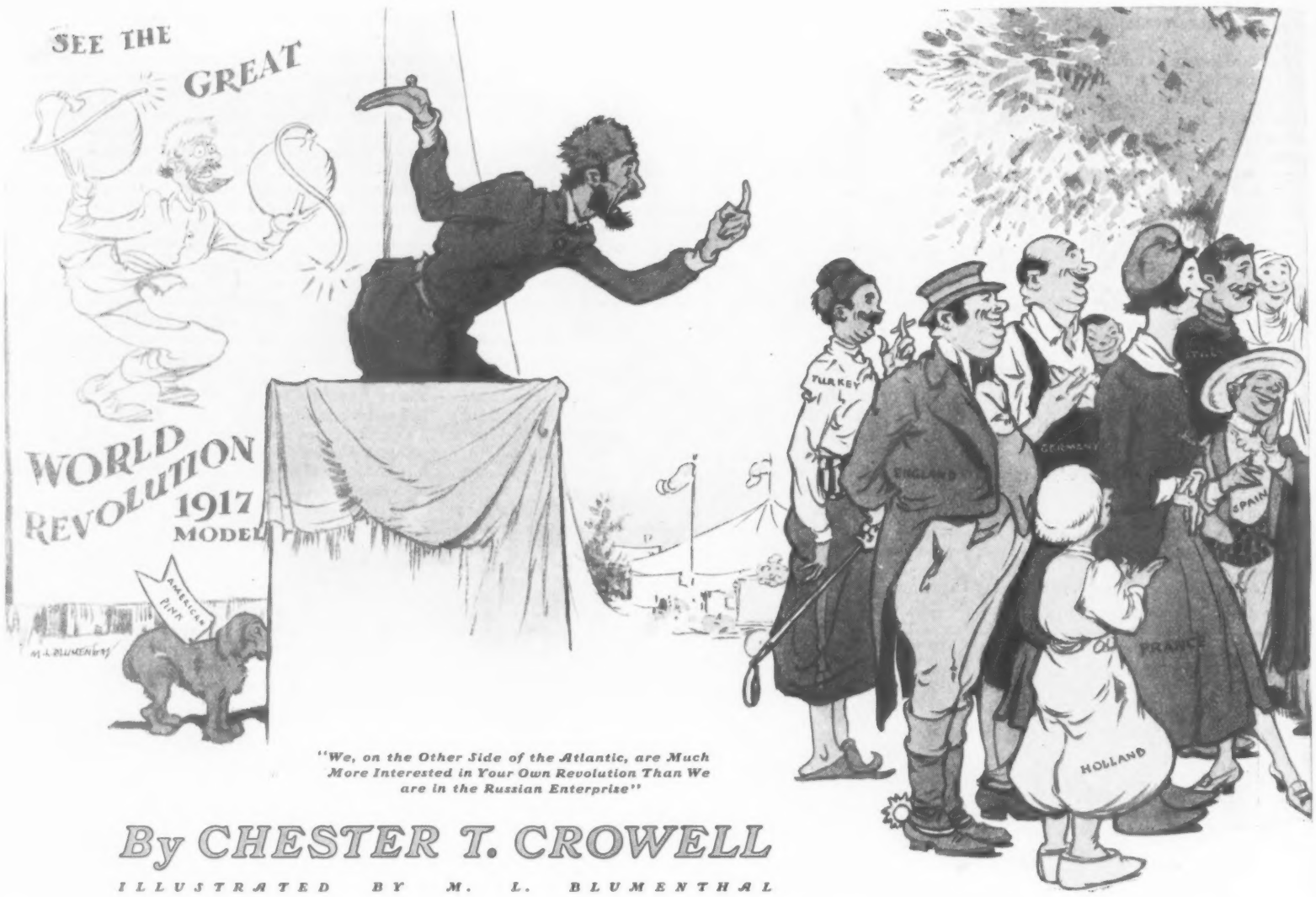
My host put the plates on the table; he fixed the one chair for me, and stood up himself. And thus we ate—first,

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I Had Come Over From Venice Not to Bathe But to See. I Saw; and What I Saw Was a Strange Sight, Somehow Semi-Oriental

The World Revolution—1927 Model



"We, on the Other Side of the Atlantic, are Much More Interested in Your Own Revolution Than We are in the Russian Enterprise"

By CHESTER T. CROWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

"YOU Americans," said a visiting industrialist recently, "seem to be under the impression that only one country is now engaged in promoting a world revolution. We, on the other side of the Atlantic, are much more interested in your own than we are in the Russian enterprise. Theirs depends primarily upon propaganda, and I doubt that it could possibly do more than create disturbance. Yours, on the other hand, marches in line with the inevitable; it represents the logical evolution of industry; therefore the rest of the world must endeavor to keep up with the pace it sets.

"The new facts and conditions now being brought into existence, principally in the United States, are of such a fundamental nature that they must eventually produce a world-wide effect. To some extent they are already doing so. Moreover, those very elements in the present economic order at which the Russian revolution aims are the ones most profoundly altered by what is now going on in the United States."

In this connection, he referred first of all to labor, and as he did so I was reminded of my friend Bill, who lives in a factory town where there are many trees, lawns and flower gardens, but very little smoke. The new manufacturing centers have no more use for the general ugliness or the grim architecture of twenty or more years ago than they have for equally aged conceptions of labor.

Shut Down With a Full Force

MY FRIEND Bill is some sort of thirty-seventh assistant manager or something like that; I believe they call him a supervisor. His salary is seventy-five dollars a week. I met him a year ago in the course of gathering data for an article for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. He is a highly skilled workman, and I might add that if it really turns out that the meek shall inherit the earth Bill is going to be landless. Be that as it may, I like him. Some six months after our first encounter I met Bill again, and instead of lording it over a crew of workmen, he was running around the place, carrying little slips of paper, putting check marks on them and apparently serving as office boy and messenger.

"What's happened?" I asked.

"Nothing," he said. "Dull season, that's all. Our department is closed. We'll be running again in about three weeks."

"What do you get for this?" I asked, pointing at the sheaf of papers in his hand.

"Same pay," he said. "They keep us all on."

I wondered. Bill is a proud fellow; he might tell a fib about such a thing, so I questioned the general manager.

"We close that department for about six weeks at this season every year," he answered. "Sales fall off and we can't afford to run at below 50 per cent capacity, so we accumulate enough goods to carry us over. That department uses an enormous amount of horse power that we can switch over to Building Nineteen and save several trainloads of coal. Its trucks and whole service of supply can also be transferred."

"What do you do with the employes?" I asked.

"We keep them on," he said. "Have to. There isn't an unskilled workman in that department. Fact of the matter is, there are not more than ten or twelve such factories in the world. We train our people for that department and we can't afford to lose them. Some day I hope we can give all of them vacations over this period, but at present we are afraid to because they might not understand; they might hunt for jobs somewhere else. The few that understand, we let them go free and foot-loose right now. Most of them, though, we keep around the place. Have to. See that fellow over there?" I nodded. "He is checking bills of lading. His salary is one hundred dollars a week. Isn't that a hot joke? He's chief inspector when the factory is running, but he is a nervous, energetic rascal and if I didn't keep him busy he might get away from us."

"Have you ever tried letting them all go during the dull season, and then assembling a new force?" I asked.

"I'll say we have," was the prompt answer. "Tried it twice. Cost us over $50,000 the first time, and darn near wrecked that whole shop the second. We'll never try any such insanity as that again. It would be cheaper to sit that whole force down on stools through the dull season and raise their pay for doing nothing."

A Citizen of the Entire World

THE department to which he referred is a very new industry. It is less than ten years old, but like most of the big industries that are less than ten years old, its market is international. My friend Bill doesn't realize it yet, but he is an international figure. The world is his playground. Literally for one month's pay he could go to any place on earth where there is a factory that could use his skill. And if he went to any one of those countries it is almost certain that he could get a job. If he went to England he might find more than one million persons unemployed, but I believe that Bill would get a job. His wages would be less than they are in the United States, but in proportion to English wages they might be approximately equal to seventy-five dollars a week here.

As nearly as any man can possibly be, Bill, it seems to me, is a free citizen of the entire world, with a few unimportant exceptions such as the Desert of Sahara, the Fiji Islands and the Arctic Circle. Now I like Bill and I am stoutly biased in his favor, but common honesty requires me to recognize the fact that this magnificent freedom is not Bill's achievement. It grows out of no merit that is exclusively his. The product in the manufacture of which he plays a by no means unimportant part is an invention of recent date, but he had no part in the inventing nor did he train himself for his job at his own expense.

He applied at a window, and a specialist, after looking him over, decided that he was a bright-witted fellow and gave him a card that admitted him to a training school maintained by the company, where some hundreds of



dollars, I do not know how many, were spent upon his vocational education. Even during that time he received a small wage. Now he is a trained man and very important to that industry. But why, you might ask, can't that training school turn out so many men equal to Bill that he will eventually be just one of thousands? I also asked that question. The answer is that Bill is bright-witted and his fingers are nimble and he knows how to coördinate those two gifts. Out of the thousands who apply for jobs, there are not enough Bills to glut the labor market. What's more, the company executives doubt that there ever will be, because the demand is growing rapidly.

A Wage Slave by Preference

THIS is the ultra-modern industrialism, and a picture of the conditions under which it operates. Bill's field of employment is international and the market for the product he helps to make is international. Now let us see what he has in common with the internationalism of Karl Marx. Has he anything? What difference is there between Bill and a capitalist, as Karl Marx described capitalists? Capital may take many forms, but according to its severest critics its wickedest form is gold. Gold is liquid capital; it can go anywhere. No obstacle has ever been devised that could restrain the international movement of gold. It may go, if its owner so wills, wherever the hire is highest. And so can Bill.

He does not refer to himself as a capitalist, but the point of view from which he judges men, events and affairs clearly discloses that he is aware of his actual status. As a matter of fact, he leans backward, for he has far less sympathy than his employers for unskilled, common labor. He refers to such persons with nicknames and epithets that certainly are not prompted by fraternal affection. He blames them for not having better jobs, thinks they are lazy and lack ambition. His employers could enlighten him on that point.

Not only is there no excess of highly skilled labor in this country, but the reservoir from which it can be drawn is also far from overflowing. Some of the men Bill thinks are lazy and unimaginative have already tried their very best to fit themselves for jobs equal to his, but the capacity is not in them. Their children, however, are being reared in a new environment. If they do not show a much improved average capacity, then the current conception of democracy is based upon error. But there is no need to discuss this point at great length, because children have always responded to environment.

The principal point to be made here is that the pressure exerted upon labor today by ultra-modern industry is entirely upward. It is not alarmed about a supply of common labor, because it doesn't use much and constantly endeavors to use less. Until this very new phase of the so-called machine age developed, such things as intelligence tests were regarded as the toys of psychologists and professors. Now the ultra-modern industrialist regards them not only with interest but sometimes with alarm, especially when they disclose that only a small percentage of the men and women who apply for work could be trained to fill his key positions. The number of these key positions is growing so rapidly that the whole industrial fabric is affected, as I shall set out in more detail later.

At present, let us return to Bill. According to the ancient dogmas, Bill is one of the proletariat. He is a wage slave. He does not own his own home and he does not own any stock in the company. But even here Bill slips two jokers into the deck. He could own his own home if he wanted to, and the company he works for fairly bombards him with propaganda begging him to buy its stock at par when it is quoted on the exchanges above par. Bill prefers an automobile, and buys a new one every year. Why should he worry? Suppose they fire him. It would be their loss more than his.

Now let us try to identify him by some common, economic interest with a child laborer in India or Japan or China. Neither child labor nor sweated labor nor even slaves could compete with the organization and mechanical equipment Bill helps to direct. But as I have already said, he did not originate this organization. He is merely its beneficiary. To present its full significance in our rapidly changing world I would have to create an imaginary competing company, perhaps in India, employing either hand labor exclusively or perhaps only primitive machines that almost anyone could serve. If such a competitor existed, no matter where, the company that employs Bill could blast it out of existence as completely as though it had been struck by a dozen high-explosive shells. In this fact lies an important phase of the international significance of the ultra-modern industrialism, a large part of which is not much more than ten years old, and most of it American.

That it is not representative even of all American industrialism must, of course, be granted Such companies are still a small minority of all industrialism, but the point one must keep in mind is that they enjoy no copyright on their system. It is open to any industry that has the initiative and breadth of vision to employ it. More than a few, and among them some of the most ancient, have already revolutionized themselves. It is therefore a reasonable surmise that the present minority will shortly become a majority. Unquestionably, it already enjoys admitted leadership.

As a matter of fact, the largest industries that have either grown up or been revolutionized within recent years do not stem from the ancient industrialism. They have no more in common now with the year 1890 than they have with the slave trade. They begin with a clean sheet and are as new as though the world and themselves were created on the same recent day. For a specific example, let us go to Detroit and ask the manager of an up-and-coming automobile factory employing thousands of skilled workmen what he thinks of the coal-mining industry and its problems. I tried that experiment; the man I questioned would not even discuss it. Coal mining is old—old—old. It is tradition bound. It stumbles through the dark. It bears no relation to his field of industrialism. As history counts time, he and his vast organization, with sales managers on every continent of the globe, were born day before yesterday.

The Man Overshadows the Tools

IN ONE of the plants over which that automobile manufacturer presides I met a man who inspects automobile engines. Before they are bolted into the chassis they are set up on blocks and operated in the presence of this inspector. He has various instruments, but he himself is vastly more important than any of them. His craftsmanship has reached the point where it merges into art. He knows, often without actually knowing how he knows, whether an automobile engine is perfect. In the possession of that capability he shares common ground with Bill, because there is no surplus of such men nor any probability that such a surplus can be created, in view of the fact that more and more pipe lines tap the reservoir from which such men are drawn.

Below a certain standard of intelligence, perseverance, integrity and innate capacity for developing skill, such men cannot be created even by training. Thus they inevitably comprise a distinct group under the régime of the ultra-modern industrialism which goes on reaching farther and farther into the reservoir, until the labor supply of other industries is also affected and pressure is exerted upon them. In the United States the industries which employ

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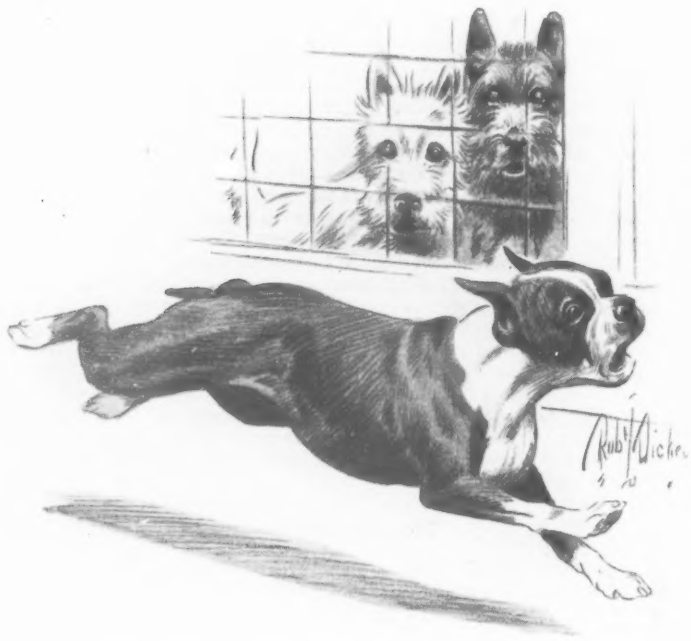


And if He Went to Any One of Those Countries it is Almost Certain That He Could Get a Job

SMUDGE-FACE THE PUP

By PHILIP CURTISS

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT L. DICKEY



The Hurt, Amazed Visitor Would Go Yelping Out of the Grounds

WHENEVER anyone was taken to see Mrs. Whitmarsh—and one always was "taken," exactly as one would be taken to see some exclusive art gallery or some royal personage—the sights of the place were led up to the view in the following order:

First, of course, came Mrs. Whitmarsh herself, incontestably handsome, an original, unexpected hostess, and continuously so witty as to be almost disturbing. Next, one was escorted through the kennels—those miraculous kennels that made the reports of the national dog show read like the catalogue of a one-man exhibit—"Class 83, West Highland Terriers, novice, First, Glaring Sunlight, owned by Mrs. G. J. Whitmarsh, West Gosset, Massachusetts; Class 84, Aberdeen Terriers, Championship, all ages, won by Birmingham Angus MacDonald, owned by Mrs. G. J. Whitmarsh, West Gosset, Massachusetts," and so on, and so forth.

Lastly one was taken back to the library, given tea and then turned loose to examine the charms of the house, which, as everyone said, was "simply tingling with personality." And it really did tingle. No one could deny that, any more than one could deny that Mrs. Whitmarsh was stunning. It had once been a colonial farmhouse and was now brought back to the very zenith of its cool perfection, but Mrs. Whitmarsh had been too original to rest there, too much a character to remain content as a mere antiquarian. The little library, for example, was crowded with interesting things that belonged to all eras and all countries—a photograph of an Italian prince with plumes and saber who, it was rumored, had once been in love with Mrs. Whitmarsh; a framed fragment of the manuscript score of one of Puccini's operas; a little table that had belonged to Catherine of Russia, and two or three brushwork sketches by famous artists, just sufficiently unfinished so that one knew them to be the personal gifts of the original painters.

But when these three show features had been exhausted—the hostess, the house and the kennels—it might occur to some very innocent or some very jocular visitor to ask about Mr. Whitmarsh or Smudge-Face the pup. The latter query, indeed, was more frequently satisfied than the former. It was comparatively easy to find and capture young Smudge-Face, but it was not at all a simple matter to place or explain Mr. Whitmarsh. The slight aura of mystery that always enveloped him was regularly expressed in the puzzled face of some otherwise enchanted newcomer who would cautiously lead aside a more veteran guest and quizzically whisper, "But is there a Mr. Whitmarsh?"

Yes, there certainly was a Mr. Whitmarsh, and really there was no mystery about him. In fact, many a guest who doubted his entity had probably seen him, but had merely mistaken him for a trusted foreman or upper-class servant. While a whole group of important visitors might be chatting away in the spectacular library Mr. Whitmarsh could often be glimpsed slipping furtively through the back hall with an armful of wood for the dining-room fireplace or, clad in an overall jumper, trudging slowly down toward the kennels with a panful of dog feed.

Sometimes when his regular errands brought him too near the center of sociability Mrs. Whitmarsh would jovially seize him and shove him bodily into the room, where she would introduce him with an arm held affectionately over his shoulder, while he would stand blushing to the roots of his hair, his tanned, innocent face all a-grin like that of a good-natured but thoroughly embarrassed farm hand. Even when the group of visitors was small and highly familiar to him Mr. Whitmarsh would never say anything. He would merely sit smiling hopefully in the background, like one who admires music but does not know how to sing. Yet when a glass was empty or a match was wanted Mr. Whitmarsh would be the first to notice it, and tiptoeing away, would make good the deficiency.

From all this arose the very natural query of how such a woman had ever married such a man. The obvious answer, and the one most frequently given, was that the snug little income which kept up the house and the kennels had belonged originally to Mr. Whitmarsh. His father had been a capable Yankee who had found a new way to manufacture whipstocks. But after all, what difference does it make why they had married? The important fact was that for twenty years they had been divinely happy; Mr. Whitmarsh in the belief that he had married the most wonderful woman on earth and Mrs. Whitmarsh in an attitude that did not deny it.

Not but what Mr. Whitmarsh had a faint social life of his own. For one thing he liked to go after the mail in the morning and spend a long time about it. Then, once a year, he used to make a week's visit with his bachelor cousin, Benson Whitmarsh, who was a real dirt farmer over in Lebanon. Here, it was rumored, the two men would sit around in the evening in their stocking feet and George Whitmarsh would have a curious, annoying barnyard accent for a day or two after he got back. Mrs. Whitmarsh considered her husband's cousin a disgusting person, and Benson Whitmarsh was even more outspoken about her, but on the whole these lapses from strict gentility were quietly overlooked.

For eleven months and three weeks of the year George Whitmarsh was loving, obedient and docile. Peace reigned in the little show place of West Gosset until the arrival of the smudge-faced pup or rather, of the poor pup's ill-fated mother.

For, with fifty or sixty fine dogs continuously yelping behind wire nettings, it can readily be understood that the Whitmarsh estate would be a natural Mecca for all sorts of dogs who were neither confined nor prize winners. Every two or three days some upstanding collie or tough Boston bull would come bounding into the yard, and at sight of the endless dogs in the runways, would say to himself, "Well! Well! If this isn't an ideal place for a fellow like me! I think I'll make it my headquarters."

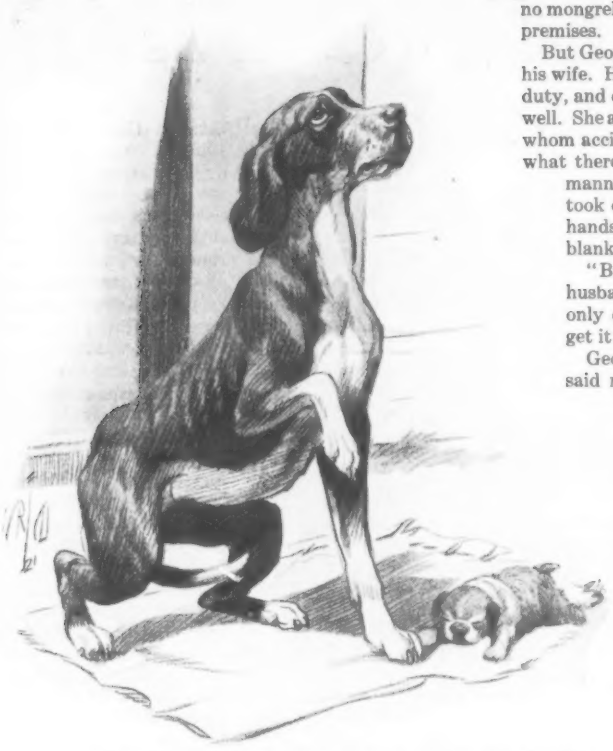
But suddenly all the dogs in the yards would fall into interested silence, as if they understood the rather fearful comedy that was coming; for just as the innocent visitor would be making up his mind whether to jump the wire or dig under, out would come one of the kennel hands, or even Mrs. Whitmarsh herself. There would be the crack of a long leather lash, and the hurt, amazed visitor would go yelping out of the grounds, while immediately all the dogs in the runways would set up a terrible clamor, half of sympathy, half of derision. Their glee was like that of prisoners in a penitentiary who at least found amusement in seeing somebody who couldn't even get in where they were.

In time it would seem as if all the regular dogs of West Gosset got up their backs about it. "After all," they would say with a shrug, "this isn't the only good club in the village—for instance, that excellent garbage heap down behind the meat market." But there came, one day, a little vagrant who had neither pride nor respect to deter her. She was an open scavenger, a professional sneak, without shame or hope, and, as it was shortly to prove, she was anyone's lady. In appearance she was a starved black and tan with a slight trace of foxhound, but she had neither the wistful eyes nor the merry impudence of the usual mongrel. Her gaze, when one met it, was hostile and shifty and she crouched habitually, with tail glued between her hind legs. The only





He Would Even Come Bouncing and Rolling Up When the Summer Lawn Was Filled With Mrs. Whitmarsh's Most Important Guests



Pansy Looked Up With Eyes That Were Large and Entreating

effect of the whip was to send her off in a wide, slinking circle from which she immediately returned as soon as the guardians were not looking. No one ever caught her in actual theft, yet one could not open a door or step out in the yard without finding her just running away from something. She was like a leech or a flea, a creature without personality or charm, yet one that it was impossible to get rid of without cold-blooded murder.

Pansy was the name applied by the kennel hands to the poor little vagrant, and Pansy was a name that stuck, for it expressed so completely everything that she was not. For six or eight weeks she hovered around the outskirts of the place, then one day she suddenly disappeared. Mrs. Whitmarsh fondly hoped that she was gone for good, but Mr. Whitmarsh was not so certain. He had a strange sixth sense about such matters, or possibly in his furtive, kind-hearted way he had taken more notice of Pansy. His suspicions began to concentrate on an abandoned tool house near the stables, and sure enough on the fifth or sixth day there he found her. Pansy was lying curled up on a fold of torn sacking, and snuggled under her flanks was a bit of smooth fur not quite of her color. Two other little shapes lying cold in the dirt denoted two sister tragedies.

For once in her life Pansy looked up with eyes that were large and entreating. She had come to that moment when every feminine thing knows that she is a privileged character. She did not even snap or object when Mr. Whitmarsh, with a practiced hand, reached under and took out the little ball of fur that was still living. On the contrary, she watched him with interest and pride, as if to say, "Well, doctor, what do you think of it?"

Mr. Whitmarsh thought a good deal. He gently stroked the little warm body, then suddenly chuckled. For, as he had turned the tiny pup over in his big palm, he had seen something irresistibly comic. The general color was brindle and white, with white on the head, but over the little snubbed face a mischievous hand had apparently drawn a big smudge of charcoal. Even at that age, with body curled up and eyes still unopened, one caught the impression that the little fellow, before going to sleep, had rubbed his own eye with a dirty paw during a romp in the ash heap.

Very gently Mr. Whitmarsh laid the little creature down on the sacking, and with an anxious look its mother struggled to her feet. She began to lick it, a few passing strokes, as if she were saying, "This seems to be all I can do at this time, but you will drop in again soon, will you not, with a good bowl of soup and a bathrobe?"

Mr. Whitmarsh looked away, and even if Pansy had asked an actual question he could not have answered. For Mr. Whitmarsh was deeply troubled. Would he dare tell his wife? Or should he just draw the curtains on the sick room, as it were, and leave poor Pansy to take her chances? In either case the chances were not very good, for no one knew better than he the ironclad rule of the place—that no mongrel of any sort could be allowed to grow up on the premises.

But George Whitmarsh had never yet kept anything from his wife. He walked slowly back to the house, he faced his duty, and on the whole Mrs. Whitmarsh acted remarkably well. She acted, in short, like a capable, high-priced surgeon whom accident has called in for a tenement case. She did what there was to be done in a swift, humane, hygienic manner, but she did not waste any tears about it. She took down warm milk for poor Pansy with her own hands and sent George for clean straw and a horse blanket.

"But you know, of course," she remarked to her husband, as they left the tool shed, "that there is only one thing to do. And the sooner you get it over the better."

George Whitmarsh said nothing. He said nothing all day, for though never in her life had his wife actually forgotten anything, yet it was an idea with which he sometimes liked gently to play.

However, he was not surprised, on the second day following, when Mrs. Whitmarsh asked casually, "Oh, by the way, what did you finally do about that little creature down in the tool shed?"

Mr. Whitmarsh cleared his throat. "To tell the truth, I haven't managed to get around to it."

Mrs. Whitmarsh looked at him sharply. "Every day you put it off only makes it harder."

"I know it," admitted Mr. Whitmarsh slowly. "I'll speak to one of the boys."

Nevertheless, a few seconds later he broke his own silence—a very rare thing with Mr. Whitmarsh. "I was just wondering," he suggested warily, "whether it wouldn't be better to wait until she's weaned it. Seeing she's lost two already—maybe it wouldn't be so hard."

As might be expected, the logic of this did not impress Mrs. Whitmarsh. "In that case," she answered, "you'd merely have two grown dogs to get rid of, instead of one."

"Well, at any rate," offered Mr. Whitmarsh, "perhaps someone will come along who's looking for a nice puppy—someone who isn't particular about thoroughbreds."

But no one did come along who was looking for a mixed black and tan with a foxhound tail and a dash of terrier. The people who came to see Mrs. Whitmarsh were looking for thoroughbreds. In the meantime the puppy waxed strong, and at the due age he came crawling out of the tool shed. The next step brought him as far as the stables, and the next to the house. Like any true baby he had no share in his mother's humility complex. So far as he knew he was as good as anyone else. He would even come bouncing and rolling up when the summer lawn was filled with Mrs. Whitmarsh's most important guests. What was even worse, Pansy herself began to follow him at a safe distance. She was, to be sure, always ready to run at the first uplifted hand, but just the same she was always there.

"And that," remarked Mrs. Whitmarsh, "is a fine thing to show people who have come to see the best-bred dogs in America—that sniveling cur!"

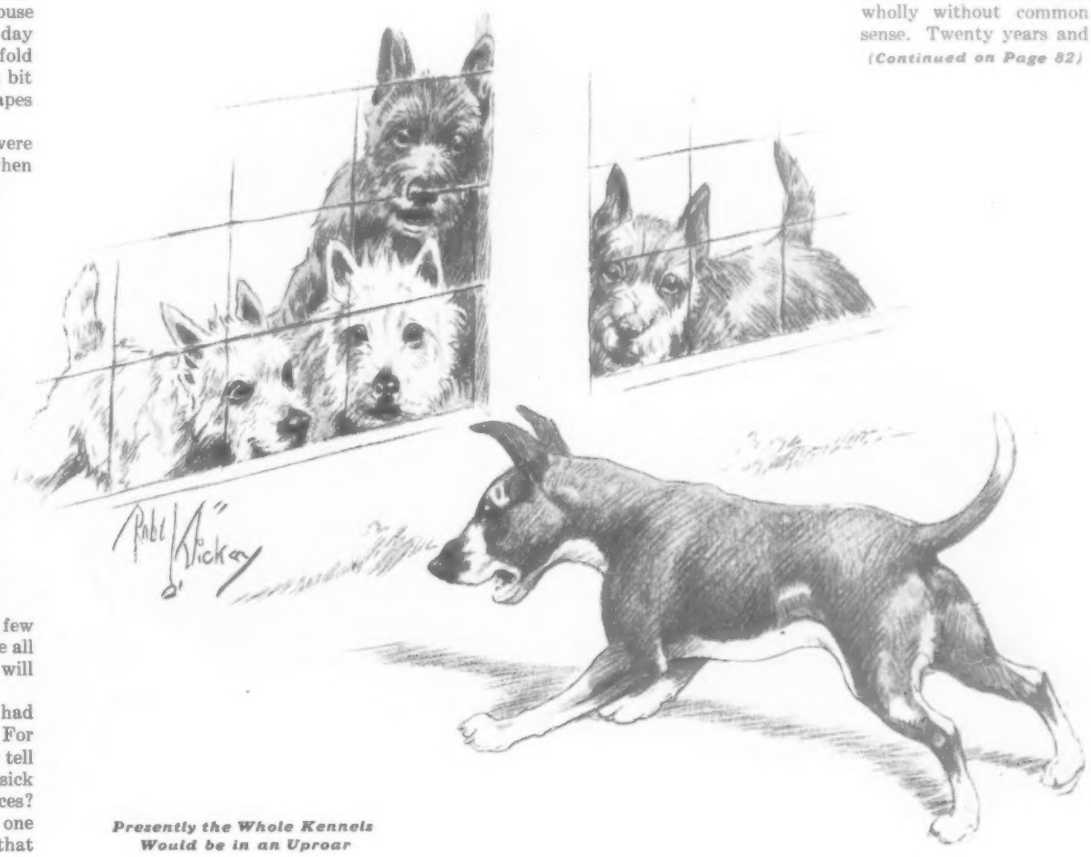
"I know," replied Mr. Whitmarsh sadly—"I know." But suddenly, in the most melodramatic manner, poor Pansy put herself out of the way of her son's social advancement. It may not have been suicide, really, but it certainly looked like it, for she was run over by a car going eight miles an hour. The little pup, mercifully, was playing away on the lawn at the time and he did not grieve much. Like most subjects of a single devotion it was the care that he missed and not the affection. He looked around rather lost, for a half hour or so, and then he adopted the next best thing. And the next best thing was, of course, Mr. Whitmarsh. The little orphan began to follow him all over the grounds, and when his new guardian went into the house the pup would lie down and howl underneath the screen door. As Cousin Benson said, when he heard of it later, this was only natural, for they were the only two mutts now left on the place.



It Made Him Look Oddly Complete and Capable

To Mr. Whitmarsh, however, this new devotion was almost as embarrassing as it was to his wife, for though Mrs. Whitmarsh was not wholly without humanity, yet neither was Mr. Whitmarsh wholly without common sense. Twenty years and

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Presently the Whole Kennels Would be in an Uproar

TWO YEARS IS A LONG TIME

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

THE presidential tinkers, who have been tinkering industriously since the 1924 election, went to work on double time after the 1926 election, including Sundays, holidays and weekends. It will not be long until they are tinkering twenty-four hours a day. After Congress recovers from its Christmas holidays and gets set for such things as it contemplates before its demise next March, forty presidential tin shops will be in active operation. When Congress does quit and the tinkers get away from roll calls and such drudgery, and are at liberty to tinker unhampered by legislative matters; or, to put it more precisely, when adjournment prevents their tinkering any further with legislative matters, the I-am-the-man din will be deafening.

And that is not the half of it. Unfortunately—perhaps fortunately; anyhow, certainly—not all the presidential tinkers tinker at Washington. No such luck for the rest of the country. There are numerous of them out in the great open spaces, to say nothing of those in the congested districts such as New York City, New York; Baltimore, Maryland; Columbus, Ohio; Los Angeles, California, and so on. These, like the others, are busily rapping and tapping and soldering and shaping their little candidatorial contraptions in the inspiring hope that they can fashion some sort of receptacle that will catch them votes in the national conventions of 1928. There are plenty of tinkers. That is one of our best political crops—tinkers who seek to tinker themselves into the presidency.



PHOTO. BY PACIFIC & ATLANTIC PHOTOS, INC., WASHINGTON, D. C.



PICTORIAL PRESS PHOTOS, N. Y. C.

Mrs. Eugene Meyer, Mrs. William E. Borah, Wife of the Senator From Idaho, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth and Speaker Longworth Watching the Hopi Indians From Arizona Do Their Native Snake Dances for Members of the House and Senate on the Capitol Plaza. In Oval—Governor Donahey, of Ohio. Standing in Front of the Governor is Captain T. J. Ryan, Commanding the Cleveland Grays. Below—Ex-Secretary Hughes and Will Rogers, Ambassador Without Portfolio, on Their Return From Europe

Experienced Tinkers

SOME of them are new at the trade, but not many. Mostly, they are old hands. Once a presidential tinker, always a presidential tinker. They just can't quit. It is like being an ambassador or secretary of state. They never recover. Appoint a man envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, or put him in the cabinet at the head of the State Department, and you have added another permanent fixture to American life. It makes no difference whether he serves thirty days or ten years. Forever, until they file him away beneath the turf of his favorite cemetery, that man is always ambassadoring around, is always premiering wherever he goes.

It is so with the lads who get themselves mentioned for the presidency, and virulently so with those who, by whatever chance, translate that mention into the actuality of votes in a national convention. Then it is all off. Until he dies, firm in the belief that the country missed out on its greatest opportunity by not making him President, every American who has had a sniff of the presidency by getting into the running, no matter how far behind, never loses the entrancing smell of it, and never exists for a minute when his nostrils are not quivering in the direction from which the favorable winds are blowing, in the passionate hope that he can get the scent that will put him on the trail that leads to the White House.

This explains most of the tinkers. They have had their sniffs. And the new hands have persuaded themselves that their olfactory qualifications are worthy of political and personal development. However, it does not explain why they divide themselves into two divisions, some sniffing Republican-wise and some Democrat-wards—save, of course, in a precedented and conventional sense. We have what pass for two great political parties in this country—nominally, anyhow. There is the Republican Party and there is the Democratic Party; but let any earnest political student seek to discover any essential difference between them, any outstanding issue, any typical or proprietary policy, and see where he comes out. Save, to be sure, the differentiating fact that the Republicans now have the presidency and want to keep it, and the Democrats now do not have the presidency and want to get it.

Grand-Stand Play

THIS past campaign and the postulates of this campaign for the 1928 nominations, now intensified, show that. The Republicans were swept into power in 1920 because of the great basic reason for all such political upheavals—taxes. They were the beneficiaries of the national protest over the onerous war imposts. They were retained in power in 1924 because they had set about reducing taxes. Since 1924 they have had for their principal reason for asking for a continuation of popular favor the actual reduction of those taxes to some degree.

Now there is nothing brilliant or epochal or new or superpatriotic in that program. That is old stuff. Even the most casual student of the political history of the world knows that, at the bottom, taxes have been the reason for every great political demonstration since time began. Fundamentally, all politics is hinged on taxes; and as government is politics, so is all government and the success or failure of it politically. Hence the Republicans, coming into power because of high taxes and the protest over them, merely did the obvious thing to repay the people for the offices and power bestowed on them. It took no great statesmanship, no vast intellect, no exceptional knowledge of the principles of government, to figure that out. It was the tritest of all trite political and economic facts. If you want to get the applause of the populace reduce taxes.

That was and is the great Republican policy and achievement. Therefore it would seem that, as the Republicans had gathered that policy to themselves, the Democrats, being in the

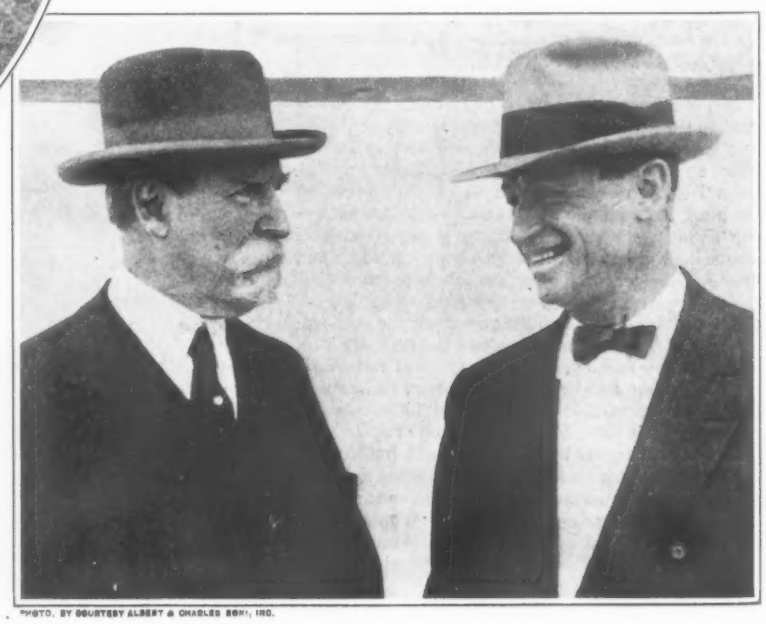


PHOTO. BY COURTESY ALBERT & CHARLES BONI, INC.

opposition, would figure out some other policy or issue with which to fight the Republicans and on which to appeal to the people. It would seem that the great minds of the Democracy, their statesmen and leaders and politicians, would cast about and get a policy of their own, formulate an issue, draw a line of demarcation between themselves and the Republicans, make their battle on that.

But did they? They did not. All the great minds of the Democracy, their national statesmen and leaders and politicians, could contrive in the way of a national Democratic policy and issue to reëstablish the Democracy as a going concern, to make an individual and separate political institution of it, was the reduction of taxes. They didn't dare go in for or against prohibition in a national party sense. Such prohibition byplays as there were in those eight states that voted on prohibition in their straw votes were local affairs, strictly state. The national Democratic organization had nothing to say about those.



PHOTO, BY INTERNATIONAL

Frank O. Lowden, Former Governor of Illinois, With Mrs. Lowden and Their Daughters

The Same Line for Thirty Years

THAT was the situation in the campaign of 1926 and that is the situation as we straggle along toward 1928. Of course the presidential tinkers were more or less in and of the 1926 campaign, and some of them lost their tin shops, while some new tinkers went into the business. On the whole, the industry showed no curtailment when a survey was made about the time Congress began. The trade is flourishing and the product is of the good old staple, conventional, time-tried sort. There hasn't been a new idea in that business since 1896. Then the greatest tinker of them all put out a new line of stuff, but the demand did not justify his anticipations.

That was thirty years ago. It is odd that in a country like this, where we constantly strive for new methods in every branch of our endeavor, where we seize upon the latest developments in every line and utilize them all, we should be content with old parties and old formulas in our politics. Here we have two political organizations, and the best the minority opposition can do in the way of setting up a reason for support from the people in its effort to defeat the majority is to plead that, whereas the Republican Party has reduced taxes, the Democratic Party will reduce taxes still more if given the opportunity. It is pathetic.

Neither party can claim to be a radical party, because both parties are part radical and part conservative. Neither party can claim to be a wet party, because both parties are part wet and part dry. There is no essential economic difference between them. There is no international question on which they stand unanimously on one side and unanimously on the other. There is no outstanding issue, no question of political importance on which one party can muster a solid front against the other. They have no party policies, no party regularities, no party solidity. They are scrambled, opportunist things, and the highest ambition of both of them is to get control of the Government and the offices thereof.



PICTORIAL PRESS PHOTOS, N. Y. C.

William G. McAdoo Off for a Rest After His Arduous Convention Work

A Candidate Automatically

HOWEVER, they control the machinery and the organizations by which presidential nominations are made. They own the trade-marks, copyrights, patents and labels required, at present, for doing business as candidates. Nobody can presidentially tinker with any hope of success except under their patronage. So we find numerous shops with the old familiar signs—Republican and Democratic—and the state of trade with them is as follows:

First off, there is the President himself. Mr. Coolidge is automatically a candidate for the nomination in 1928 until such time as he declares himself not a candidate. He has never said he is a candidate—publicly, at least—but that fact does not change his position. He has never said he is not a candidate, either, which has nothing to do with the case. Until he says he is or he isn't, he is a candidate. His position entails that. After a man has been elected President the first time in this country, it is part of our political procedure to give him a chance at a second term if he wants it and is there to take it. President Arthur didn't get this chance, but he was not elected President. He succeeded the assassinated Garfield. They counted President Roosevelt's three years in succession to McKinley as a first term, and Mr. Roosevelt did not try for another term in 1908. He tried in 1912, but that was another kettle of fish.

President Coolidge's circumstances are peculiar. He went into the White House as successor to President Harding on August 2, 1923, when Mr. Harding's term of office had until March 4, 1925, to run—a year and seven months. He was elected for a full term in 1924, expiring March 4, 1929. His term, as successor, was but half as long as that of President Roosevelt in succession to President McKinley. Thus it can be and probably will be, in case he decides to try for the nomination in 1928, that the no-third-term inhibition of our politics will not run so strongly against him as it did against President Roosevelt. Also, in case he decides not to run, the fact that he has technically been in the White House for two terms, no matter how short the first one was, will give him a graceful and patriotic retiring reason.

Without pretending to be in any way in the confidence of President Coolidge or his intimate advisers, if he has any, it is plain enough politically that his decision must rest not on what is in the past, but on what happens in the future. It is sure enough to those of us who have known Presidents that no matter whether Mr. Coolidge has decided to try or not to be President again, Mr. Coolidge would like to be President again. They all do. The statements of retiring Presidents that they are glad to be relieved of the enormous cares and responsibilities of the office are but necessary hokum. They have to accept what is coming to them with good grace. As a man who was closer to three Presidents than any other in this country put it, "They all go out with a smile on their lips, but with a pain in their hearts."

(Continued on Page 206)



Governor Ritchie, of Maryland, Placing a Wreath at the Foot of the Maryland Pylon in the Forum of the Founders at the Sesqui-Centennial, Philadelphia

AMERICAN BEAUTY

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



His Fine Dark Eyes Were on Her With the Worshiping Look She Had Recognized Last Night for the First Time. Her Wrap Had Fallen Open, Revealing Her Beautiful Gown; Yet She Knew He Didn't See It. He Saw Only Her

UNDER one of those rakish, greenish, rowdy-looking felt hats which a girl can get for forty-five dollars if she knows where to go, some thoughts were traveling busily one afternoon as a pair of alligator oxfords went purposefully up the very distinguished steps of the Hotel St. Swithin, Madison Avenue, New York. The thoughts, the hat, the shoes belonged to Melenie Howard, a heroine who knew how to dress, as an admiring carriage man could tell by the hang of her cloudy-gray suit whose sleeves, cut tight, revealed the graceful swing of slender arms. Her feet, too, were expensively trim. A very pretty girl of the metropolitan type, decided the door man, and couldn't guess what thoughts, if any, were racing around under the protective felt.

"Jerome has nice eyes," ran the thoughts, "but he hasn't any distinction at all. I wish he'd stop playing the banjo in his room. It gets on my nerves. What was that tune he was whanging this morning—about jail? Settin' in jail, mah back to de wall. He probably thinks I'm a trifling sort of zany. Was he jeering at me? No, he's too kind. Maybe he was trying to get my attention—after last night. And why didn't he go down to his office, as usual?

"He has nice eyes. I ought to call him Mr. Booth and keep him in his place. Last night he called me Melenie. That was impertinent. He can't afford to take me to the theater, and he knows it. He's all right for off nights, but he's not important. I can't let him waste my time. And above all things, he mustn't get any false notions about my attitude. I don't encourage men just because they're nice.

"I wonder," the thoughts raced on, "if Mr. Claverhouse goes around saying the same things to all the girls he meets. He must meet rafts of them. 'You're the first girl I've seen this year who could wear an American Beauty dress and look the part'—laying it on thick. Well, he's had two weeks."

This much brought her well within the lobby of intricate little corridors, floored with Chinese rugs and walled with Venetian mirrors, shrieking softly of wealth in the language of hotels. Uniformed men bowed to her as she passed; instinctively they sorted her into the Somebody Class. It needs background and ready money to make a girl of Melenie's stamp, and to please this sort the Hotel St. Swithin bends. An old gentleman with white side whiskers stood by the news stand, scanning the financial page; over a corner he recognized her, smiled eagerly as she returned his bow. He came to her, anxious to bask in sweet blue eyes. So she was back in town! Well! Warm for October, wasn't it? But the St. Swithin's better than the country. Nothing like the comfort you'll find in the St. Swithin. Yes, agreed Melenie. She preferred the St. Swithin for comfort. Then, dimpling and a little secretive, she passed on to the telephone room.

Here Melenie loitered long enough to permit a buck-toothed young man to look her over and pass along. The girl at the switchboard raised the knowing languid dark eyes of a Southern Frenchwoman, then directed them again to the work of pulling out little green snakes and plunging their copper heads into the complicated holes in front of her.

"Hello, Melenie," she said slyly; then interrupted herself to whang into the mouthpiece, "Lexington O-four-niyun-niyun, operator. What's the matter with it?"

"Hello, Claire." Melenie leaned far over to say this softly after a keen glance around. "Any messages?"

"Not a one so far." Claire's look held the obeisance which a homely girl of good nature yields a pretty one. "You got that one last night?"

"Yes"—with a curious uneasiness. That message had been from a milliner appealing for Miss Howard's patronage. These people didn't count. What had become of those who did?

An elderly woman was directed to Booth 1. "I'll be back later," Melenie had just whispered when Claire's hand went up.

"Yes, sir," she told the unseen. "Miss Melenie Howard? Not in her room just now." One of the dark eyes looked up and winked. "Do you wish to leave a message?"—scribbling rapidly. "Yes, sir. Yes, sir. We'll notify her, Mr. Claverhouse."

Mr. Claverhouse! Almost fiercely, Melenie snatched at the little slip which Claire was handing out to her. Very brief: "Call Mr. Claverhouse at his office before five or at his apartment after six. Important."

"Well," giggled Claire, "you've pulled one down."

Melenie wondered. Mr. Claverhouse preferred to be called before five, and it was now well after four. "Will you get me his number, please?" Her air was faintly, sweetly, definitely haughty; it had cost most of her life and much of her father's fortune to acquire precisely that tinge of manner.

"So soon?" whispered Claire. "Dearie, don't you think it'll be a little raw?"

"I don't think so." She went into Booth 12.

"Oh, Miss Howard," Melenie heard his pleasant, indolent voice over the wire. "So glad I caught you. They told me you were out."

"Stupid of them," she replied. "The operator got me just as I was going through the lobby."

"How have you been since our delightful luncheon?"

"Awfully well, indeed. Very busy though."

"People are finding out that you're back in town. I hope you'll have a little time for me"—deprecatingly. "I know it's outrageous on this short notice—I'm getting up a sort of scratch party, you know. Just beans or anything in the ice box. On the spur. The Fontaine Gillespies are back from the coast. You know them?"

"I've just met him." She had. Memory of a skinny person who danced with her at Miss Flick's school.

"Won't it be grand if you can come!"

"I'd love it!" Did that sound too eager?

"Bully!" She was apparently granting Mr. Claverhouse a favor. Followed a game of ear tickling. He thought in colors, he confessed, and he'd been dreaming American Beauty ever since the other night when he'd had the joy of sitting by her.

His words swam handsomely round and round like goldfish in a perfect crystal globe. She could have listened for days. But suddenly—"Well, eight o'clock then." And he hung up.

Stroked glossy with fair speeches, Melenie came out of the booth. The fashionable architect's invitation was the very stimulant she needed at that hour to revive her wilting self-confidence. Through the corridors and down the marble steps she marched as a graduate of Miss Flick's should, looking as if she owned the place and cared little for it. The carriage man touched his cap and made a gesture to summon a great lady's car. Miss Howard, however, preferred walking.

She crossed the avenues, Madison and Park; steadily eastward she went, and the action of her feet again set in motion the lively hippodrome inside her saucy hat.

"Archie Claverhouse, who sees thousands of girls, thinks of me in American Beauty. I've got to wear that old thing again. It's the only one even half decent." The champagne-colored one, recently presentable, was shedding beads. The pale coral was simply and dreadfully worn out. Archie, she knew by reputation, gave magnificent parties for dress-parade people. Beautiful women were on display. Oh, how she wished he hadn't seen her before in her one, her only American Beauty! Another bleak thought—perhaps Madame Rose hadn't finished cleaning it.

In spite of all that, delight increased with every step. For nearly a year she had awaited just such an opportunity as this, practiced ingenious deceits to keep the tiny, tenuous hold on society maintained by her father's lavishness until he snapped and died. Her mother, who survived Jerold Howard a year and squandered his small remaining fortune, had left one message to the daughter she had so carefully reared in vanity: Marry well. Know the best people. Get a husband—a rich one—a prominent one—prominent in the right places.

Anticipation stimulates for a while. But as she hurried along a cross-town street which eastwardly degenerated from fine apartment houses into rows of seedy brownstones, Melenie was again annoyed by a feeling of self-weariness; she was blaming somebody for the traits which had been sedulously educated into her. From her babyhood, her father, by his indulgence and generous supply of money, had as much as told her that she would never have to work for a living. Her mother, more fiercely direct, had warned her against common people who labored for their bread. The Howards didn't have to work—and yet overwork had killed her father. Her entire training had been toward idleness—idleness and the acquisition of a husband. She had been raised for the marriage market. And with what a squalid result!

At last she paused and turned up her nose at a six-story house whose face stared red and ugly like a battle-scarred old Indian's. A sign on the top floor, Mae McCosh, Art Photographer, was all too familiar to her; so was the one just below—Sig. Hauser, Furs. At the second-floor windows women appeared for brightly colored moments, disappeared, reappeared, Purveyors of rainbows; they worked for Madame Rose, who displayed no sign. It was not on the principle that good wine needs no bush, this reticence.

But Madame Rose had an honest reason to be quiet. Claire, the telephone operator, was madame's daughter and Melenie's friend. So there was one, at least, outside the business circle who shared the family secret.

Melenie moved up the chipped stone stoop toward the fourth floor, which showed just cheap lace curtains and dreariness. She had always hated that lace. Manufactured Nottingham. Today the thought of it, semi-obscuring her from a curious world, filled her with a mingling of amusement and disgust. Possibly if those socially prominent who telephoned or wrote Miss Howard at the St. Swithin had but a glimpse of her up in that shabby room, and knew of the fifteen dollars a month she paid Madame Rose for its dingy shelter, they would be less anxious to find her.

II

ON THE way upstairs Melenie had to pass two doors which faced the landing; Madame Rose's on the second floor and that irritatingly attractive Booth boy's on the third. Madame Rose's door was open, belching benzine and showing the wistful girl a picture that drew her as a fly to a web. Silken color everywhere, on long tables, over chairs, against the walls, where precious, perfect garments dangled from their hangers.

She lingered a moment, gloating, torn by the fiercest hunger of the feminine heart. Madame Rose, like a mighty energized dumpling, lumbered about the place, scolding, bossing, having a perfectly gorgeous time. Her business was lucrative, as Melenie and Claire knew. Very few people in New York were engaged in her specialized trade. For a great dressmaker, like Benoit, say, to acknowledge that a gown had been slightly soiled or torn in the finishing would be impossible. The last-minute cleansing and mending must be done discreetly, hurriedly, outside his shop by one who can be depended upon for fine workmanship and who, officially, does not exist.

Madame Rose was as expert as she was human. Once or twice in a labor crisis she had come to Melenie, tears in her eyes, and begged the girl to mend some broken threads in fine lace. Almost on first acquaintance the Frenchwoman had sensed her lodger's knowledge; lace, with Melenie Howard, was an instinct, inherited from many grandmothers.

The fat proprietress looked up suddenly and saw her favorite roomer out in the hall. "Madame Rose," she was calling gayly, "I'm going to a wonderful party! And did you have time to clean that American Beauty dress for me?" She couldn't urge too sharply. Madame had undertaken the job merely as a personal favor.

"Oh, yes, yes. You find it in your wardrobe." The good woman was in a bad humor. Beckoning roughly with a wide forefinger, she summoned her impatiently. "Melenie! Melenie! You must come in queek. I was waiting so long for you." In seedy black alpaca, she looked like a swollen witch, commander of a thousand temptations which already were plucking the girl's heartstrings.

Something had gone wrong with madame's enterprise. "If my girl Claire she 'ad any sense she would stay 'ere and 'elp me in business, instead of that seely 'ello-'ello at a 'otel. Nobody wants to work any more. You pay good money"—she pronounced it mawnee—"for nothing, nothing."

Melenie had been called in, it seemed, to be lectured on the relation of labor to the economic situation. But her mood wasn't economic. While the energetic dumpling talked, wistful blue eyes went wandering round the smelly room, from table to table, drinking in the scintillating, intangible rainbows, under her hand, out of her life.

"It's really dreadful the way you can't get anybody to work!" This, from Melenie, had its humorous value.

"That McCarthy girl," scolded Madame Rose, "she got the same disease. Too tired for work. The only one I can trust to mend fine lace. This afternoon that work come in. What this McCarthy do? She look once. Then she got *mal de tête*. Ow! Such a 'eadache!" Mockingly madame pressed her own damp forehead. "She must go 'ome and be seek."

(Continued on Page 171)



Under Some Pretense She Had Brought In a Hand-Picked Audience to Witness the Ruin of a Girl Who Had Dared Attract Her Husband

A Poem Lovely as a Blast Furnace

By R. G. KIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

A WILLOW tree on a steel plant? Bet your neck! At the north end of the Conemaugh Coke and Iron Works—right to this very day. Charlie Simms put it there. But it wasn't because of that that A. B. X. decided Charlie Simms must go. The willow tree was only an excuse. The reason A. B. X. marked Charlie on the slate was because A. B. X. was a snob—as poor a reason as I could think up in ten years for firing as good a man as Simms.

But there are mighty few of the higher-ups who can stand straight talk from the lower-downs, and there are no snobs who can. So when Charlie up and spoke his piece to A. B. X. about young Fenston, I knew right then that I was due to lose the finest young field engineer I'd ever had the luck to hire.

I would have let young Fenston ride. In fact I did. And so would any other ninety-eight men out of ninety-nine. But Charlie Simms was number ninety-nine—maybe a hundred when it came to compromising about something he was sure was wrong. Stubborn as a Finn; not regarding stuff like working methods, engineering practice and the like. He'd yield there any time to keep peace in the family; but about stuff on the next plane higher; stuff that makes character for the piece of work you happen to have in charge. He would yield not an inch to the devil himself in matters of this kind. He ding-donged at me for about a month to let him lay young Fenston off. Good night! You'd have thought it was Charlie's money that was paying Fenston. But Fenston's salary was charged up against Charlie's survey costs, and love of Lizzie, how he used to roar to me about it—especially since I wouldn't O. K. a whole bushel basketful of raise-in-rate cards for his corps boys that he'd dumped on my desk.

Young Fenston was a pretty good sort too. Being the son of the richest director, the president of the board and the heaviest stockholder in Conemaugh Coke and Iron hadn't spoiled him at all, except for one thing—work. Young Fenston, even though he was the pride and joy of A. B. X. Ledeaux, plant manager at Conemaugh, was not a snob. He was a good egg, and Charlie Simms liked him.

But personal likes meant nothing at all to Charlie Simms when it came to putting up blast furnaces. Work put blast furnaces up, and work was then, is now and ever will be an utter stranger to young Brander Fenston. Work, in the abstract, he respected more or less. As a stupendous fact, it awed him just a little. Work, as he saw it, was a vast necessary evil—necessary, God be thanked, for others. But for his own needs, purposes and inclinations, work was plumb ridiculous, and he laughed himself half sick when his dad sent him to A. B. X. Ledeaux to take a shot at the gentle art of blast-furnacing.

In this move Fenston, *père*, was very wise—in part. If Fenston, *fils*, was at last to grasp in brotherhood the horny hand of labor, no better place for that introduction than the mills. And if he was to clap a flying mare on Giant Steel and toss him for a chain of pig-iron molds, no better way to train for that tough go than at blast-furnacing, the terrific primal task, the awesome starting off of steel, the fiery genesis of safety pins and battleships.



Nevertheless, Compliance With His Dad's Wishes Seeming to Offer the Line of Least Resistance, He at Length Rolled Into Ovenville, Seated Comfortably on the Back of His Neck in a Nickel-Hooded Roadster

But Fenston, *père*, was only wise in part; and the thing that made his wisdom partial was its lateness. As regards his boy, it was about twenty-five years behind the time clock. Indulgence from the cradle had unfitted that young man permanently for work. Nevertheless, compliance with his dad's wishes seeming to offer the line of least resistance, he at length rolled into Ovenville, seated comfortably on the back of his neck in a nickel-hooded roadster, and reported to A. B. X. Ledeaux. A. B. X. had decided—rightly too—that if a young man was to learn steel-captaincy blast-furnacing, there was no better place for him to start than on a blast-furnace erection job. And so young Fenston found himself at work, if you don't care what you say, on Charlie Simms' survey corps.

Charlie gave him a level rod; but since it is difficult to plumb a rod exactly while rolling a cigarette, he didn't do so well at holding plumb the rod. Then, too, when a levelman's all set up at eight, and he hasn't thought to bring along a cushion and a magazine, it's very tiresome to stand around till half past ten waiting for the rodman to get on the job and give him a back sight. You really can't subject your levelman to such hardships. Young Fenston hadn't been on the job three days when Charlie Simms started to roar at me to lay him off.

But I was figuring on having plenty of trouble getting those furnaces lighted off on schedule without getting in bad favor with the plant manager. "Ah, let it ride," I told Charlie. "He's old man Fenston's boy, and A. B. X.'s charge and chief delight. Don't get yourself in wrong trying to fire him off your corps. What difference does it make? Let it ride. He won't last long, working, anyway."

"Working?" shouted Charlie. "Whadayamean — him working? That's the trouble. You can't make that egg work. He may be satisfied to play around here half a year, and long before that he'll have my whole corps ruined."

"Well, don't get rough with him for a little while," I advised Charlie. "I'll see what I can do."

A nice phrase that—"I'll see what I can do." Fine for raise requests and a lot of different things. I often wonder how we'd get along without it. A month went by and I hadn't seen anything that I could do. I had plenty of real troubles—to which was suddenly added another when I abruptly realized that I was due to lose the best young field engineer I'd ever had the luck to hire. Charlie Simms had seen what he himself could do about it. He had spoken his little piece to A. B. X.

A. B. X., so it seems, had come stepping precisely on the site of the new blast furnaces one morning when ground-clearing operations still were under way. The survey corps, that day, was establishing a base line for the work to come. But when A. B. X. arrived on Charlie's job that morning, a transit man, a levelman, a rodman and a chainman, ably assisted by a chance timekeeper, the material checker and one of the plant's assistant yardmasters, were all busily superintending the activities of one lone bohunk who was shoveling concrete around a rail end, marked with an X cold-chiseled on the head, which, held postwise by the masonry in the ground, would mark one coördinate of the new base line.

As A. B. X. approached the scene of all this bustle and confusion, he came upon Charlie Simms, seated on a pile of new railroad ties, watching his engineering corps with evident interest. A. B. X. doesn't know to this day that Simms had placed himself in that position upon seeing A. B. X. approach, hoping by this strategic device to provoke the plant manager's attack.

"Simms," said our shrewd plant manager, walking right into the snare—"Simms"—in his most smoothly sarcastic manner—"would it disturb your train of thought too much to climb down from that tie pile and go find out for me how your survey party would entertain the proposition of putting in the balance of the day at work? And then will you come back here and let me know?"

Charlie climbed down off his grand-stand seat and stood respectfully. "I was just going to do that very little thing, Mr. Ledeaux," stated Charlie, "just as soon as young Fenston had finished with his story. I'd hate to interrupt him. It wouldn't be courteous to him or fair to the boys. Notice his gestures? I'm sure from them that it's the one about Abe and the lady in the yellow silk kimono. It's a knock-out. Ever hear it?"

That counter punch just about broke up Ledeaux's attack. For once in a lifetime of ready suave replies, he was left groping a moment for the right comeback. Charlie's return had landed square on the button, and before A. B. X. could shake the cobwebs out of his skull, a great shout

of mirth burst from the surveying gentlemen and aids. Even the gang of one whom they were superintending desisted from his labors. He leaned on his shovel handle with a degree of ease and comfort only to be acquired by years of patient practice, and grinning blankly out of mere contagion, made the merriment unanimous and rounded out the atmosphere of care-free leisure.

"Thus," explained Charlie Simms to his superior, "are blast furnaces rushed to completion. It's a tough racket—steel."

He grinned, and paused to gloat while A. B. X. still searched his brain for comment suitable to the delicate occasion. Young Fenston was old Fenston's son. Family and wealth and social prestige dwelt in him—fetishes to A. B. X. Ledeaux; directorial influence also—not so much fetish as considerable fact.

"Great lad," he managed laughingly at length. "Great lad, young Fenston. Exuberant, let us say." The suave sarcasm in his voice had died. "A little difficult to break to harness, maybe. But when he gets into steel's stride, there'll be no stopping him. But work's not a necessity with him, you must realize—a choice. So use tact handling Fenston, Simms. He's of finer stock than most men we take on. Ask him"—and A. B. X. smiled a knowing charity toward boys who will be boys in steel or out—"ask him to keep his yellow-kimonoed ladies till the lunch hour. But bring him along, Simms, bring him along. You're helping to develop one of steel's great captains."

Ask him! I think that made Charlie madder than any of the rest. When men worked for Charlie Simms, he was used to telling them! Aside from that, there wasn't much in the plant manager's speech that didn't make Charlie mad. Finer stock! Choice as to work or not! Work's a necessity if a man's to stay a man—and Charlie Simms knew it. If Fenston didn't know it now, it was too late.

"Mr. Ledeaux"—here Charlie spoke the piece that ruined him with A. B. X.—"I like Fenston. He's a whale of a good fellow. But good fellowship is like faith—without works it gets up no bustle pipe. For a month I've been trying to make young Fenston work; but he won't, and he never will. He was started in too late. So I don't want him any place in my outfit. I've tried to get the chief to lay him off, but he won't do it. I've been trying to get him to boost my salary total so I can give my survey crowd more money, and he won't do that either. Here's a proposition then: Young Fenston's salary buys me less than nothing. Let me use half of it for raises for my corps — and save the other half."

Here Charlie Simms came up for air. But A. B. X. had been so jolted by that utterly bold attack that he was back on his heels, and couldn't get set to take advantage of the opening and wallop Charlie. A. B. X. had been on the delivering end so long that he had just about forgotten how to take 'em. So Charlie went right on speaking his piece:

"And laying him off isn't so much a matter of cutting survey costs as it is a matter of fairness to me and to that corps. To be honest, Mr. Ledeaux, the only great steel captain I'm interested in developing is me. And the only way I'll go ahead, if ever, is with the help of loyal men below me. But how am I to get that bunch of surveyors there, for instance, to give me all they've got when they know Fenston's getting more than the corps leader and doing less than the kid that pounds in stakes?"

Charlie Simms told me about it, grinning, that same day. How much more he said, heaven knows. Half what he told me was enough to hang him.

"I never would have gone over your head about it, chief," said Charlie. "But he walked right into the trap I'd set, and hopped my frame personally, and so I let him have both barrels."

"Well," I told Charlie, after he had finished, "I always hate to lose a good work horse. I'll be sorry to see you go."

Charlie laughed. "Oh, I've got him where he can't let me out. He can't fire a fellow for trying to cut his costs down, can he?"

But I knew A. B. X. Ledeaux. "What did he have to say about your proposition?" I asked.

"Not a thing doing," Charlie said. "He told me very suavely that it was necessary to use different methods to get the best out of different men. Said that he himself would speak to Fenston, and that I should keep him on. He left me with the thought, very subtly suggested, that here was a higher type of man than I was used to handling—or even knowing. I guess I'll have to hurry up and develop Fenston into a great steel captain to get rid of him. But meantime, chief, I surely ought to have those raises for the survey gang."

I told the kid I'd see what I could do. But there wasn't much use now—at least as far as Charlie's interest in the construction outfit was concerned. I knew Ledeaux. Charlie Simms was right then marked up to go.

A smooth, shrewd man, this A. B. X. Ledeaux; of most remarkable talents. But when he married the daughter of old Fenston's business partner, the greatest potential corporation lawyer in America was lost to the bar, while steel acquired that questionable asset, a brilliant brain misplaced. There is no worse anomaly than a snob in steel. Everyman works in steel—works, if you know what I mean. Drones come to swift abolishment. Steel is not only body-breaking; it is brain-cracking. I have seen a dozen crack. Executives work ten times as hard in steel as the mill hands. And this universal grind builds up a fine respect of highest man for lowest—and reverse; establishes democracy, unseen and unacknowledged, even denied, but a fact just the same, in face of which either snobbery quickly perishes—or the snob. Ledeaux is what he is, and will never change. So it is not strange that the first thing Lehigh Valley Metals did upon purchasing Conemaugh Coke was to bounce Ledeaux out on his ear.

Still, it was during Charlie Simms' time at Conemaugh that A. B. X. reigned his short reign in steel. And Charlie had given him straight talk about young Brander Fenston, in whom dwelt fetishes.

"I tell you what," I said to Charlie, "I'll give you a letter to Popsy Klein. Popsy graduated in my class at Valley Tech, and he's a brother Atter Dammer Beater Pelter. He's building a railroad from a new coal field up on the Great Backbone in West Virginia out to the United States. He'll take you on if I say so. You work for Popsy till I send for you. There's five years of construction coming here at Conemaugh, and there's no telling when A. B. X. will move along."

But—"I'd rather stick," said Charlie, which was a characteristic answer.

A good kid, Charlie. A sticker in the face of odds, enjoying his bulldog tactics all the more because of odds. An idealistic sort of kid; but he might get far in steel in spite of that. He'll play under the severe handicap of observing certain rules that the other fellow won't. But the other fellow, win or lose, will carry marks of battle, you can bet on that. I often wonder what became of Charlie. I lost track of him after he left Conemaugh.

I said to him that day, "I'd quit. I know Ledeaux. He'll let you out, dead sure, one reason or another. Walk out on him. Why get a discharge marked up against your engineering record?"

"Why not?" asked Charlie. "Why not, if he's like that? It'd be a credit to me."



It Swung and Bent—the Long Arm of That Willow Tree That Had Been Reaching Out So Eagerly to Help Him

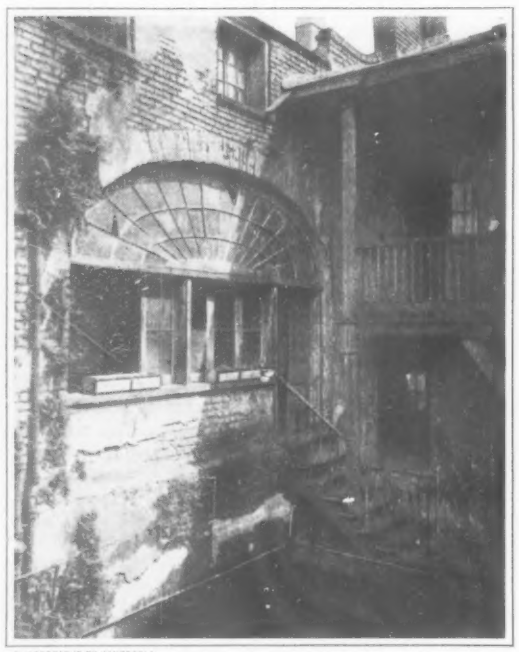
It wasn't long after this that Charlie Simms came to me about the willow tree.

This tree, a great majestic fellow, was one of those fine willows that here and there still grace the hideous streets of Hunkytown in Ovenville, Pennsylvania. Once on a time a pleasant meadow spread where Hunkytown now squats. A tiny stream ran through the meadow, wandering, and many willows marked its course. Then came the company, and filled the meadow, grading for Hunkytown. They buried that green, living meadow under brickbats, ashes, greasy dirt and grimy plant refuse, carload upon carload. They buried the little stream also; but because it was so insignificant a

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THE CHARM CITY

By Kenneth L. Roberts



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITESELL

A Fragment of a Typical Courtyard in the Vieux Carré, New Orleans

CHARM, like many other words, is defined differently by different persons. Some authors, for example, present a lady as charming because she is simple and unspoiled. Like the beggar maid who gave King Cophetua palpitation of the heart, she may have large runs in her cotton stockings and need a little wholesale vulcanizing along the upper seams of her gingham gown. Because of these things, and the naïve and childish manner in which she kicks the cow in the midriff to make her get over so that she can be milked, she is charming to everyone who reads about her.

Other authors, on the contrary, find that charm comes with sophistication and large dressmaking bills, as may be seen in the case of Cinderella and the little glass slipper—a tale whose plot is more popular with modern authors than it ever was with the man who originally wrote it. Cinderella, it will be remembered, was something of a washout so long as she chose to crouch in the chimney corner in her shapeless calico dress; but when she emerged from the chimney corner through the kind offices of the fairy godmother, with her blond slenderness accentuated by cloth of silver and several pounds of glass beads, her charm was so pronounced that a strong man fought enthusiastically with table legs in order to win her favor.

Consequently it is not particularly surprising that in the city of New Orleans, which is credited by persons of conservative outlook with having the largest amount of charm of any American city, there is as much mental haziness over the source and the meaning and the worth of the city's charm as there is in Nova Zembla over the advantages of municipal ice plants and tropical worsteds.

New Orleans is an ancient city, as American cities go, and many of its citizens are the direct descendants of those who came over from France soon after 1700. As a result, they possess a detached, critical and aged-in-the-wood viewpoint that is frequently lacking in various newer cities on the North American continent.

Unlike the residents of some sections of Florida and California, they refuse to give their hearts' blood in order to protect the climate of New Orleans and all its other possessions against attack. They admit with perfect equanimity that New Orleans occasionally suffers from mosquitoes, heat, cold, bad plays and bad politicians.

They are, in short, regular people, among whom it is possible to rest easily, tranquilly and pleasurably for long periods of time. It is not only in fiction that strangers have come to New Orleans to remain five weeks and finished by remaining fifty-five years.

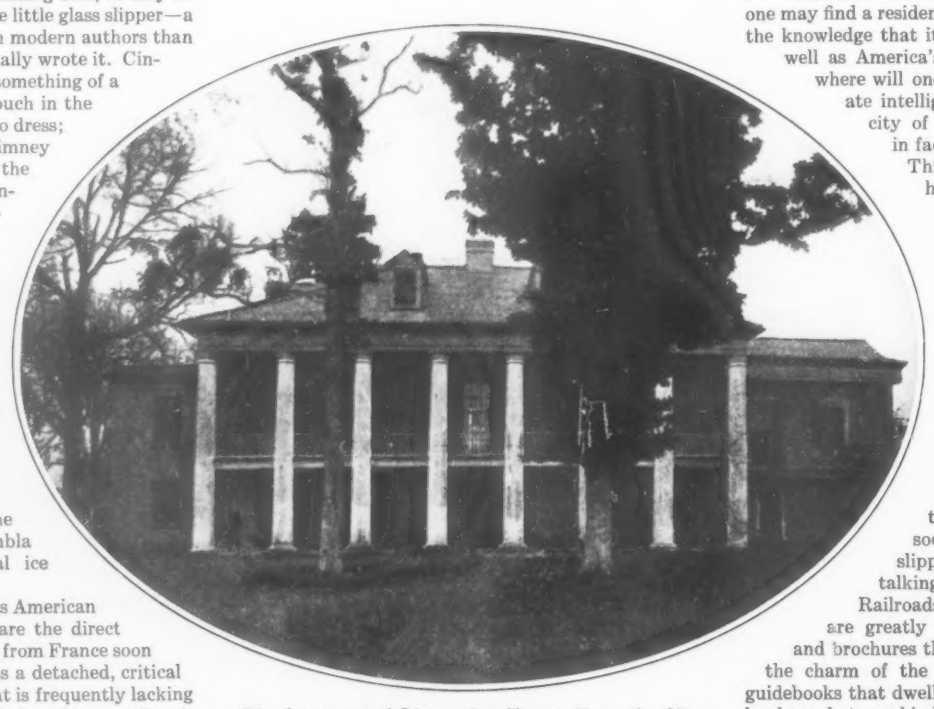
There are two subjects, however, on which the detached and critical population of New Orleans is entirely and unanimously, not to say violently and passionately, agreed. The first subject is the definition of the word "Creole." The second subject is the charm of New Orleans.

A Passport to Conversation

THE Creoles of Louisiana are the result of intermarriage between the hardy and hard-boiled *courriers du bois* who came down from Canada with Iberville and Bienville and explored and built up the wilderness along the lower Mississippi, and the French and Spanish women who came over to make a start at populating the depressingly large province of Louisiana.

They also include the descendants of early French settlers who came to Louisiana from France and the French Colonies. Many Spaniards flocked to Louisiana during the Spanish possession and intermarried with the French settlers. The descendants of these marriages frequently retained their Spanish names but adopted the French language and customs and are consequently known as Creoles too. Many of the leading citizens of the state are proud of their Creole ancestry. To their great distress, there has sprung into existence, in Northern circles, the belief that the word "Creole" is synonymous with the word "mulatto." This belief causes as much excitement in Creole circles as would be caused among the members of England's House of Lords if they were credited with being half Tartar and half Siwash Indian.

Citizens of New Orleans therefore like to get this matter cleared up before entering into any discussion with any Northerner. If a Northerner, for example, steps up to an Orleanean, as a resident of New Orleans playfully refers to himself, and asks to be directed to the Old Absinth House, the Orleanean is apt to look at him searchingly and ask whether he is from the North. On being answered in the affirmative, the Orleanean is very likely to say, "I hope, sir, that you understand what a Creole is."



The Beauregard Plantation House, Near the Site of Jackson's Victory Over the British



The Arts and Crafts Club in the Vieux Carré, Formerly the Brulatour Home

If the answer is given promptly and correctly, the Orleanean will immediately oblige with directions for reaching the Old Absinth House; otherwise he will deliver a lecture on Creoles calculated to make the Northerner's throat so dry that he will bitterly regret the passage of the prohibition law.

As for the charm of New Orleans, there is no resident of the city over the age of nine who is not thoroughly aware of the fact that New Orleans is a city of charm. Some Orleaneans may forget that New Orleans is The Crescent City; a few of them may neither know nor care that it is America's Second Port; one or two may have neglected to learn that it is The South's Greatest City; here and there one may find a resident who has carelessly failed to absorb the knowledge that it is The City That Care Forgot, as well as America's Most Interesting City. But nowhere will one encounter any resident of moderate intelligence who doesn't know that it is a city of charm—the city of infinite charm in fact.

This unanimous charm consciousness has come about through the unwavering persistence and determination with which artists and authors and architects and newspaper men and advertising writers and people of taste and discernment from various sections of the United States have, during the past few decades, harped on the charm of New Orleans. Occasionally they have varied the monotony of their harping by emitting a more or less maudlin outburst on the romance of New Orleans; but nobody has ever been able to advertise the romance of New Orleans without sooner or later finding that he has slipped off the track and gone back to talking about charm.

Railroads that have terminals in New Orleans are greatly addicted to publishing pamphlets and brochures that set forth in well-chosen language the charm of the city. Newspapers publish helpful guidebooks that dwell fluently on its charm. Hotels and banks and steamship lines and bus lines and various other institutions and organizations are constantly holding the charm of New Orleans up to the public gaze, and mentioning it with a sentimental affection that frequently causes the impressionable visitor to cry sloppily into his Creole gumbo. Consequently everybody in New Orleans knows that the city has charm.

Unfortunately, there are large numbers of Orleaneans who are somewhat hazy as to the exact source of the charm.

Some of them have never seen the charm themselves, though they know from hearsay evidence that it exists. Some of them have seen the charm, but are inclined to think that its market value is on a par with old clothes, junk and matters that the garbage department will remove



PHOTO. BY LINNENKOHL

A Section of the Vieux Carré That Delights All Visiting and Resident Artists

for a consideration. Some of them are reasonably certain that the charm exists, but only in the minds of persons from the North who are more or less weak in the head.

As has been intimated, it is difficult to find two people who can agree on what it is that constitutes charm in a given individual or locality; but when a careful examination is made of the various statements and rhapsodies that have been propagated and hawked about by New Orleans agencies and sundry dispassionate observers in the interest of the city's charm, one is quickly forced to the conclusion that the basis of the present-day charm of New Orleans is the architecture that was peculiar to early New Orleans. And it should be remarked in passing that the early Orleaneans who were responsible for this architecture were chiefly concerned with the problem of living as comfortably as possible. There will doubtless be many persons to dispute this statement, and to declare that a large part of the charm of New Orleans lies in the historical associations that cluster around the ancient section of the city. There may, of course, be an element of truth in this contention; but the fact remains that one cannot take a photograph of a historical association, nor can one point it out with any satisfaction to a tourist or to a visiting fireman, friend or relative. Since these two methods provide almost the only means whereby a proper conception of the charm of New Orleans can be conveyed to the average person, it seems reasonable to insist that the old architecture of New Orleans is the basis of its present charm.

When Bienville, the founder of New Orleans, laid out the town with Sieur Le Blond de la Tour, Knight of St. Louis and military engineer in the armies of His Majesty King Louis of France, he located its heart—the Place d'Armes—at a sharp bend in the Mississippi, so that a person standing in its center could see far up and far down the river at a single glance.

The Place d'Armes, with the passage of the years, has changed its name to Jackson Square in honor of the distinguished gentleman who so severely embarrassed our British cousins at the Battle of New Orleans in January of 1815. It is generally regarded, by persons who are in a position to know what they are talking about, as one of the most charming squares in the United States.

Almost Charmed to Death

FROM it one can no longer see far up and far down the Mississippi at a glance, as Monsieur Le Blond de la Tour originally intended; for the city of New Orleans, in one of its many moments of political absent-mindedness, in 1879 leased the open end of the square for a coffee warehouse for a period of fifty years. The city of New Orleans received $35,000 for this lease and the citizens of New Orleans received an unsurpassed view of a large roan-colored coffee warehouse in place of its river view. It is the remainder of Jackson Square, however, that provides the architectural charm. Across the end of the square, facing what was originally the view of the river but now is the view of the coffee warehouse, rise the spires of St. Louis Cathedral, flanked on each side by twin buildings, the Cabildo and the Presbytery. Down each side of the square extend the warm red-brick arms of the famous Pontalba buildings.

Some years ago the cathedral started to collapse. If it had been successful in collapsing, the city of New Orleans would have lost a large slice of the charm that it uses so freely for advertising purposes. No cries of anguish arose from the City Fathers over the impending fate of the cathedral, nor was there any noticeable stampede on the part of the populace to raise money to save it. Fortunately for those who appreciate charm but do not care to pay for it, money for the restoration of the cathedral was provided by Radcliffe Irby, a New Orleans banker. The two beautiful Pontalba buildings on each side of Jackson Square were also threatened with evil days. They were held by the descendants of the Pontalba family, and the descendants lived in Paris, far removed from the crudities of American dollar chasers. The buildings were occupied by Syrians and Italians and Greeks; and every time the occupants cooked dinner the odor of garlic sent tremors through the floor beams and almost blew off the roof. Furthermore, there was talk of adding a few stories to one of the Pontalba buildings and making it into a nice modern hotel.



PHOTO. BY LINNENKOHL

The Courtyard of the House of the Two Sisters in the Vieux Carré

This state of affairs caused little grief among the New Orleans charm lovers, who kept right on talking about charm, but doing nothing to save the charm from decay and destruction. Fortunately again, in order that they might be preserved for posterity, Mr. Irby stepped forward and purchased one of the Pontalba buildings, while the other was bought by a wealthy New Orleans attorney, Alfred Danziger.

These matters are mentioned by way of showing that it is frequently dangerous to leave unprotected charm lying around carelessly in the United States. Unless fortune smiles its sweetest smile, the charm will vanish with the same mysterious suddenness with which a lemon-meringue pie disappears in a group of hungry duck hunters.

Bienville and Monsieur Le Blond de la Tour made the Place d'Armes, or the present Jackson Square, the arrowhead of the ancient city

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PHOTO. BY WHITESELL

A Small Plantation House in New Orleans

SOMETHING JUST AS GOOD

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

IT HAD been a hot day in Blueblanket, with the main street ankle-deep in dust, except where the more enterprising spirits among the merchants had persistently sprinkled. Of these three or four, Henry Albien, postmaster and proprietor of the Mammoth general store, had been the most thorough, he having a dandy well, a humdinger of a windmill, a whale of a high-set tank, unlimited hose and a clerk who was otherwise superfluous a day like this here. Henry's thirty-foot stretch of the street therefore was positively sloppy, his sidewalk water-logged and the inside of the store damply cool. As good a place to be as any, unless you might wish to except Garry Lynch's Eagle Bird; and Mr. Samuel Stegg, ex-bullwhacker, seldom lingered long at Garry's.

"Account of my hating to hurt my many friends' feelings," Mr. Stegg explained, as he sat at ease, the center of an admiring group. "I'm sort of sensitive myself, and I know how it is to have a person you esteemed hitherto take a cigar on you, or a soda, or some such cat-lap, when you was aiming to rejoice and make glad his heart. I don't want nobody to do that to me and I won't do it to nobody, even if the man who asks me ain't no particular friend of mine. There's gentler ways of insulting folks."

"Ways that don't involve no pers'nal sacrifices or deprivements," Tip Yoakum, the Hat Creek granger, suggested maliciously.

Albien, a man of a serious mind and sober countenance, remarked that he didn't see what difference it made what a man took when invited, provided he took something; and if a man liked a soda ——

He was interrupted by a chorus of objection that the hypothesis was too ridiculous to be considered, unless as an ingredient or for purposes of dilution.

"I'm putting it for the sake of argument," said Henry doggedly. "I claim that anyway it's a liquid and wet, and so's ginger ale; and used as a bev'rage, it answers the purpose of quenching thirst. I claim that it's easier on the stummick than what budge is, and ——"

Again he was stopped. Oliver Crewdson this time. "You can't break him of the habit," said Oliver. "Always a-trying to make you take a substitute. If he ain't got no sardines in stock, he'll tell you he's got an elegant line of gum boots that'll keep your feet a sight dryer than what sardines will. Always got something that's just as good or a heap better, even if it ain't what you called for and what you wanted."

Mr. Stegg shifted his base. "If such is so, I don't see where you have any kick coming, Ollie," he observed. "This here world of sin and sorrow is hard on a man who won't take no substitutes. The way it is, he's apt to get one worked off on him before he's a week old—a-getting his nourishment from a brindle cow, like as not, and drawing it into his system through a rubber nipple. He may thrive a heap better on it, nevertheless and notwithstanding, even if it ain't the original, old-established and highly recommended article.

"That's just the beginning of it. When you're a little tad, a passle of growed-up and full-matured liars tell you that if you mind your book and wash behind your ears, and so forth, there ain't going to be nothing in the way of you being President of the United States when you get big. You figure that that would be pretty slick, having the say-so about the postmaster and ever'thing, and bossing ever'body around, and having a band play in front of you when you drove out in your carriage with the four-horse team all diked out with silver-plated harness. So you do a heap of unnecess'ry things that make you right unpopular with boys who don't care shucks about being President, and when you grow up and bear the heat and burden of the day your party gives you the nomination for constable, which is better for you in some respects than being President—if the horse thief running against you on the Republican ticket don't get the most of the votes at election."



"How!" Says He, and "How!" Says I; and Then He Says, "Light Off and Look at Your Saddle. Have You Et?"

Another thing—Mr. Stegg went on. You take a notion that you'll marry some special and particular girl—which reminds me of Clay Oglesby, who used to have a claim down on the Belle Fourche in the early days. Clay would take a substitute every time. He was brung up thataway, his daddy, Levi Oglesby, having meandered into the country when there wasn't much there besides the bounties of Nature, so to speak. Mis' Oglesby did bring along her cookstove and the fam'ly feather bed; but they traveled light, figuring that they could buy what they needed when they got wealthy and would kind of make shift for a couple or three years until then. I reckon the poor woman would have liked to have been laid away in a white-satin-lined casket, but Levi had to fix her up a substitute out of some pine boards he'd hauled thirty miles to build a summer kitchen for the cookstove. The boards wasn't even planed, but Levi lined the box with the best blankets and slept cold that winter. Picked out a right sightly spot for her, too, and sodded it up and prettied it with flowers from the seeds she'd brought with her; so I reckon she rested just about as peaceful as if she'd been buried decent. Clay was eight years old then.

I first met up with him about a year later. I was riding for Dan Scott then, and we'd got word that some of the TAN cattle had drifted up the river north, which was how come I was so far off my range. It was away past noon when I rode up to the Oglesby sod mansion with nothing inside of me but emptiness and appetite. When a yellow cur dog got up from the doorstep and came tords me growling, my first thought was that if nothing better offered I could eat him, and it give me a feeling of relief. Then the door opened and here come little Clay, a slim, black-haired, big-eyed, sunburned kid all dressed up in portions of a shirt and a pair of short panties nailed to a strip of denim that went over one shoulder. He gave me a quick, friendly grin the width of his face, looking at me straight and square, like a man and a gentleman, and kicked the dog away with a bare foot.

"How!" says he, and "How!" says I; and then he says, "Light off and look at your saddle. Have you et?"

"Colonel," says I, "it's so long ago that I've most forgot, but sometime in the dim past I think that I did eat.

I've a sort of hazy remembrance of so doing, and, as I recall it, the sensations was agreeable." He smiled sort of polite at that. "Where's the rest of the folks?" I asked him.

"Pa's doing some breaking for Charlie Black and there's just me," he says. "Turn your horse into the corral and give him some hay. The fork's in the stack. I reckon you let him drink at the crossing, didn't you? I'll be fixing some fodder for you."

I done like he told me, and then went to the house and found him standing on a box at the cookstove, stirring something in a kettle that smelled mighty good. The table was all set, with a clean newspaper for a tablecloth and a chair pushed up to it all ready for me. I took notice that the table and the chairs was all strickly handmade by an unhandy hand, and had been a kerosene bar'l and some shoe and soap boxes in their day; also I got a glimpse through an open door of a bedstead constructed out of peeled ash poles and rawhide. Not that it was anything out of the way to find homemade furniture in a granger's shack; but I took notice.

"Set up, mister," says little Clay. "There ain't no bacon and the last of the beef we had sp'iled on us, so if you don't like rabbit stew, you're out of luck. But I hope you can make out. Pa's bringing some butcher's meat and a sack of flour from Charlie's. All the bread I can give you is johnnycake. There's blackstrap molasses in that jug and I reckon you'll have to use it for sweet'ning until we get in some sugar. I'm real sorry we ain't better fixed."

I tasted as much of the stew as I could get balanced on my fork and I concluded that I wasn't out of luck none to speak of. It was licking good, and the johnnycake, which that darned kid had baked on the top of the stove himself, just hit the right spot. I was plumb ashamed of myself the way I et, but it seemed to tickle the kid to pieces, so I throwed all restraints to the winds, as the feller says, and it wasn't long before my waist and my waistband met once more.

"When we ain't got no bacon, we can always get rabbits," Clay says. "Down on the river bottom there's more'n you can shake a stick at—jacks and cottontails—and we raised a right smart of sod corn last fall, pa and me. How do you like the coffee?"

"I never flopped a lip over better," I told him, which wasn't strickly true; but the boy seemed anxious to get my good opinion of it.

"It fools lots of folks," he says, grinning at me. "It ain't coffee, though; it's co'n and barley mixed with the blackstrap and roasted in the oven and ground up in the coffee mill to give it a coffee flavor. That's what pa says, but he's just joking, because we grind up the co'n for the johnnycake in the same mill and it don't taste none of coffee. Pa always says if you can't do the way you want, do the best you can, and if you can't get one thing, take another. I reckon that's a good way to do, don't you?"

I thought it was. "If you can't get what you want, try to want what you can get," I says, and he studied over that a spell.

"But how do you know whether you want it until you get it?" he asks. "You might not, once you've got it."

"That," says I, "brings us back to the question whether there ain't more pleasure in anticipation than what there is in reelization, and there's so much to be said on both sides that I don't think you and me had better pursue the subject, being that its animosity rejuvenates the impecuniousness of the compendium, or, in other words, relegates the atrabilious conditions."

"I reckon maybe that's so," he says, his face as straight as a string. "My name's Clay Jackson Oglesby. What's yours?"

I told him, and he asked me if I'd let him look at my gun. I slipped it out of the scabbard, dumped the cartridges and handed it over to him, and I wish you could have seen how his eyes shone as he turned it over in his small freckled paws, asking me questions about it.

"It's a jim-dandy!" he exclaims, which it was. "I never seen one like it. Pa's is a cap-and-ball. I wish't I had one just like that, and a saddle like yours. I got a bow'n arrers though. An old Crow name of Black Moon gave it to me and showed me how to shoot. First off, I busted that windowpane that's got the oiled paper in it. The paper ain't like glass, but it lets in the light and keeps out the weather. That was sorry shooting; but now I can hit 'most anything I draw string on, and I couldn't do much better'n that with a gun."

Well, we had quite a visit, Clay Jackson Oglesby and me; and after a while we got right confidential, and he told me about his mother and about his pa substituting for her, which I made out he'd done the best he could. Seemed like, poor as they was and looked to be, old Levi was putting money away to send the kid back East to get him an education. Clay wasn't sure that he wanted it, being able to read and write and spell tolerable well already, and he was dead sure that he didn't want to go away and leave his daddy. I would have liked to have stayed until the old man got back, as pressed to do, but I hadn't no time to waste—or Dan Scott hadn't, so there it was. As we was on our way to the corral, I offered to let him try my gun. I saw that he could hardly keep his eyes off it. But he shook his head, set his mouth tight and put his hands behind his back.

"Pa don't want me monkeying with guns until I'm twelve years old," he says. "I thank you just the same, and I want you to come again and come often. I'll be sure glad to see you—and pa will too."

"I reckon you'd be glad to see 'most anybody that come along," I says. "Ain't you lonesome, staying here so much by yourself?"

"Why, as to that, I've got the dog—old Pluto here," says he.

Time moved on, like it has a way of moving if you don't watch it, although it moved a heap slower in them days. Anyway, enough of it passed to give me an elegant sufficiency of punching cows. Five years of it convinced me that it was too dog-goned sedentary an occupation for an active man, and I seen with pain that the symmetry of my legs was rapidly departing and taking on a tendency to bow. So I threw in with Don Gurney and we strained our means and our credit to get us an outfit and went to freighting from Sidney, Nebraska, to points west and

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"Melanie and I Will Then Sit Out on the Porch and Listen to the Plaintive Feline Wailing of the One-String Fiddles That Floats Up From Chinatown"

MATE IN AMERICA

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

IN THE distinctly moth-eaten grand salon of the Hotel Superbo sat Professor Aleck Champagne's Jazzphony Orchestra. Through the open window streamed the dazzling sunlight of a perfect Venetian day. The attenuated director rose to his feet, tapped authoritatively with his slender black wand and issued orders.

"Us will now render Home, Sweet Home—with variations."

The musicians settled themselves. There came another tap, and then the strains of the popular ballad, plus variations, surged sweetly over the slow-moving waters of Rio di San Polo.

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
Home! Home! Sweet, sweet home!

The music wailed and throbbed. The lengthy Sam Gin essayed new and sobby saxophone effects. Willy Trout triple-tongued his cornet. Sidney Sprott tore heart-rending chords from the throat of his violin.

And something happened! The door of the grand salon was flung violently back. A large black figure surged furiously through the door, waving two pudgy fists in the Venetian atmosphere. A hoarse, vibrant voice howled a command:

"Stop it!"

The music trailed off. Professor Champagne raised hurt eyes to the distorted face of Lawyer Evans Chew, legal counsel for the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., of Birmingham, Alabama, U. S. A., then on tour in Europe for the purpose of manufacturing rollicking two-reel comedies for American consumption.

It was quite obvious that Lawyer Chew was perturbed. So, too, was the almost-as-large gentleman who trailed the attorney into the salon. This person—Orifice R. Latimer by name, and by profession President of Midnight—seemed quite as worried as Chew.

"How come us shoul'n't practice, Lawyer Chew?" inquired Champagne.

"I ain't say you shoul'n't practice. I just asks fo' Laws-sake that you don't play Home, Sweet Home."

"But, Lawyer Chew ——"

President Latimer frowned sternly. "Do what Lawyer Chew requests, Aleck. Does he crave not to heah that piece, then play him somethin' else."

"The Gintown Blues?" suggested Willy Trout.

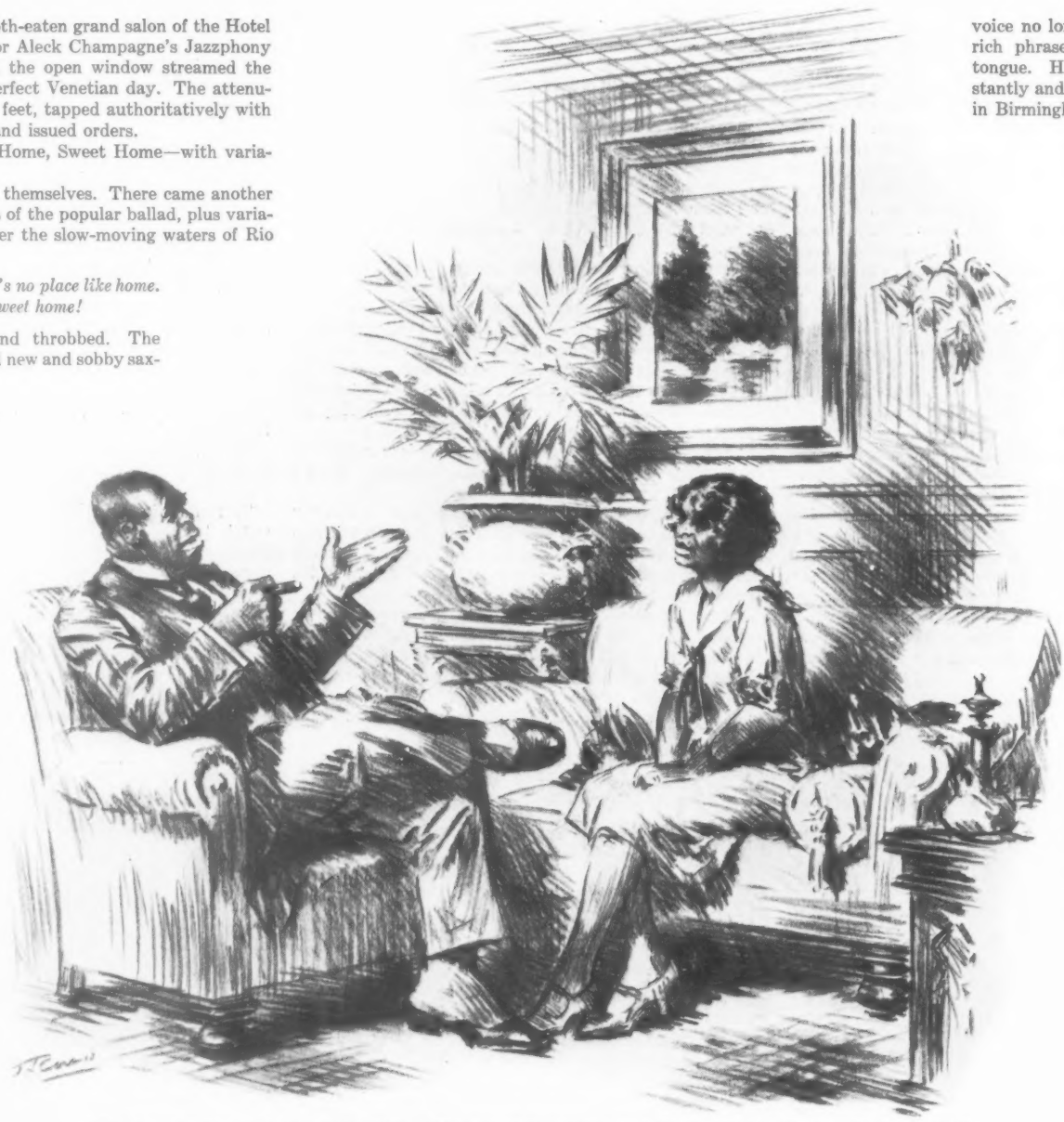
"Yeh. Anythin' lively an' happy. Venetian love song or somethin'. But nothin' about Bumminham, Alabama. Ain't that the idea, Lawyer Chew?"

"Uh-huh." The one-time pompous legal luminary cringed. "Don't play nothin' that gits me to thinkin' of Bumminham an' Eighteenth Street an' the Penny Prudential Bank Buildin' an' Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room and Billiard Parlor an'—oh, gosh, boys, Ise homesick as hell!"

Silence fell upon the gathering—a silence freighted with understanding and sympathy. President Latimer, his forehead corrugated into a thousand parallel lines of worry, gestured impatiently.

"Well," he snapped irritably, "where that jazz piece is at?"

Aleck gave the signal and The Gintown Blues sprang somewhat sourly into life. Chew listened, eager and haggard. But the syncopated strains failed to tickle his toes or lighten the burden of woe which moored his heart to the buoy of misery. He turned and moved heavily from the room, shaking his head. The door closed behind him, and President Latimer crossed to the window where he could look down upon the narrow reaches of the Rio di San Polo.



The Lawyer Found in the Fair Sicily a Woman of Sympathy and Discernment. To Her He Could Talk Ceaselessly and in His Best Latin

It was a modest thoroughfare, lacking all the sweep and magnificent prospect of the Grand Canal. San Polo was scarcely wide enough for two gondolas to pass. On each bank was a narrow ledge which did duty as a sidewalk, and rising sheer from these walks were three-story stucco-and-stone buildings—residences, third-rate hotels and small stores. But, for all its modest proportions, the scene from the hotel window was perfect—a sun of gold in a sky of unflecked sapphire; tints of ruby and silver on the rippling waters of the little canal; the low, musical cries of gondoliers; and, above all, the peaceful hush which hovers always above this city where there are no street cars and no automobiles.

But the fat figure of the big colored man moving moodily down the narrow sidewalk bespoke desolation and loneliness unutterable. President Latimer understood and was afraid.

Lawyer Evans Chew, foremost member of Birmingham's colored legal fraternity, was afflicted by nostalgia. The good old disease of homesickness dwelt largely within his flabby frame, and its effect was little short of shocking.

Where, ordinarily, Lawyer Chew was urgent with life and language, he was now reduced to a silent, thoughtful, moody pulp of a man. His eyes, customarily bright with interest and eager for verbal combat, lacked luster; his voice no longer roared sonorously; rich phrases lay frozen upon his tongue. His thoughts dwelt constantly and pitifully upon his wife in Birmingham and the four thousand watery miles which separated her from him.

Lawyer Evans Chew walked slowly along the quiet waterway in the general direction of the Grand Canal. He wanted to be alone; to think, even when his thoughts tortured. He craved to revel in his misery, and to reflect upon the manifold beauties of the Alabama metropolis where, even at that moment, Mrs. Chew was probably preparing a succulent Brunswick stew for lunch, with, perhaps, candied sweet potatoes and greens cooked with white meat, and—devastating thought—one of her crispy, crumbly, deep-dish apple pies.

President Latimer watched the fat and forlorn figure until it vanished on the far side of a narrow, arching bridge. Then, after a moment of intensive thought, he whirled on the orchestra. "Cease yo' tootin'," he commanded. "An' ev'y one of you git busy. I want ev'y single member of Midnight to dissemble in this room inside of five minutes. Go git!"

They realized that their chief executive was exceedingly wrought up, and so hastened to obey. Within a minute the others of the Midnight troupe commenced streaming into the room—actors, male and female, directors, technical experts, cameramen, one child progeny.

Latimer knew that he faced a crisis. Aside from himself and perhaps Director J. Cæsar Clump, Lawyer Evans Chew was the most influential person in the organization of twenty-one. Midnight's European tour was yet in the experimental stage, and most positively still on the wrong side of the financial ledger. A few pictures had been sent back from Naples, three or four from Rome and one from Florence, but it was not yet known how they had been received in America, and the expense incurred thus far had been out of all proportion.

Latimer addressed his hirelings. For the moment he abandoned his cloak of superlative dignity and spoke with low-voiced, passionate fervor.

"Friends," he declaimed, "an' feller citizens of Bumminham an' Venice! Us is faced with a predicament which there ain't but one way out of. Heah we is fo' thousan' miles away fum home in a city where there ain't nothin' on'y water an' Italians. We don't speak their language an' we ain't crazy 'bout their eatments.

"But, folks, us is pioneers. Us is the fust cullud motion-pitcher company in the world ever to come to Europe to shoot comedies, an' we is doin' it puffeckly swell. Also we is spendin' money so fast that sometimes I gits sick thinkin' about it. An' the on'y way we can square that up is to make it faster than us can spend it.

"Now I requests you, folks, to think about how much this means to all of you. Think about when you gits back

to Bumminham an' can talk easy an' nachel about when you was gondolaing up an' down the canals of Venice. Think of how you can high-hat all them other cullud folks in Bumminham. What does they know 'bout Naples an' Florence an' Venice an' places like that?

"Now, folks, Ise talkin' frank. We has brung with us to Europe the most eruditest and smartest cullud legal lawyer south of the Mason an' Dixie line. That pusson is Lawyer Evans Chew. Tha's right, go ahead an' applaud." He waited for the pallid enthusiasm to die down.

"You woul'n't hahdly none of you-all b'lieve it, folks; but Lawyer Chew is homesick. Terrible homesick. I is sorry fo' him. Us all ought to be sorry fo' him. He cain't see nothin' but all that Atlantic Ocean 'tween us an' home. An' the reason is, folks, that Lawyer Chew has got him a wife back yonder in Bumminham.

"Now, I ain't sayin' that he ain't glad to be separated fum her when he's home. Not slanderin' her n'r nothin', but I don't remember the time when Evans Chew woul'n't slip out fo' a lodge meetin' or a poker game. But the farther away he gits fum her an' the longer he stays got, the sweeter she seems an' the anxiouser he becomes to be back where she is at. An' the difficulty us faces is this: That he'll bust loose an' go back to America!

"Lawyer Evans Chew is homesick. Mostly he's homesick 'cause he ain't got nothin' to do but think an' eat spaghetti. Bofe them jobs ain't easy. He cain't talk, 'cause there ain't nobody to talk to. An' unless us snaps him out of this trouble, fust thing you know we is all gwine git the same homesickness an' we starts makin' bad pitchers an' wantin' to git back home, an' then the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., goes bust an' we is all out of jobs an' stranded in Europe.

"Now, gemmun an' ladies—an' also you, Excelsior Nix—us has always been one happy fambly an' we ought to pull together like a piece of adhesive plaster. Unless us yanks Lawyer Chew out of his homesickness, it's gwine git us all. An' we's gwine be sorry the longest day we lives. So I calls upon each an' ev'y one of you—man, woman, chile an' author—to git yo' heads together an' proteck Lawyer Chew against hisse'f. What he needs is sassiety an' amusement. Git you up some poker games. Take him out sightseein'. Pep him up. Make him forget that wife of his back in Bumminham.

"Folks, Midnight needs you! It needs each an' ev'y one of you, 'cause if we don' strangle this trouble right now I glimpses Ol' Man Disaster hisse'f walkin' up an' slapping us right in the face. Therefore, as president of Midnight, I offers a reward of one hund'ed cash American dollars to any pusson which gits Lawyer Chew out of this mess, an' makes him happy he is where he is at an' not cravin' to be where he ain't. Come now, folks, what does you say?" The listeners were spellbound. They pledged their assistance in saving Lawyer Chew from himself.

Of all the company, Florian Slappey was the least afflicted by nostalgia. The debonair little man was pretty much at home wherever his best suit happened to be located, and Europe was a continued delight and surprise to him. He cornered his president.

"Orifice," he asked, "does you really mean you'd give a hund'ed dollars to the feller which gits Lawyer Chew to forget his wife?"

"We-e-ell, I di'n't say ezackly that. I ain't cravin' fo' him to forget his wife. On'y I don't want him to remember her so constant."

"But you really pays the hund'ed if such gits to be the case?"

"Yas-suh! An' I is countin' on you to he'p."

"Fo' one hund'ed dollars you can count on me plenty, Orifice. An' besides, Lawyer Chew is a good frien' of mine. I hates to see him make an idjit of hisse'f by wishin' he was home. Just you trust Florian Slappey."

The fashion plate oozed from the room. He made his way from the hotel and stepped to the edge of the canal. A long, slender gondola, like a huge dragonfly, slipped insinuatingly forward.

"*Quanta costa*," demanded Florian, "*una ora?*"

"*Dieci lire*," responded the boatman.

"Forty cents," murmured Mr. Slappey. "*Grazie!* Done with you, big boy." He waved his hand languidly. "Travel me around. *Viaggio!*"

The gondolier gave a powerful sweep with his oar and the slim, graceful craft shot off down the narrow waterway. Florian sank back luxuriously in the upholstered seat and gazed through half-closed eyes at the high walls of the picturesque city. But this was becoming an old story to Florian and his voyage had not been undertaken for the purpose of sightseeing. This was an excellent opportunity for solitary thought having to do with the earning of one hundred American dollars—a small fortune in this city of no street sweepers.

Florian not only wanted the hundred dollars, but he also wanted very much to remain in Europe indefinitely. He was receiving a wage which, while modest in Birmingham, was exceedingly fine in Italy. He did virtually no work and all his expenses were paid. And day after day he was adding to his not inconsiderable store of worldly knowledge. If disaster should come, the colored argosy would return ignominiously to Birmingham. . . . Tossing about idly on the waters of the lagoon, the great inspiration came to Mr. Slappey. He rose suddenly and addressed the languid gondolier.

"*Restituire*," he ordered vaguely, gesturing toward the lower reaches of the Grand Canal. "*Albergo Superbo. Rio di San Polo.* Heap quick! Git you gone!"

"Si-si-si!" grinned the boatman, and swept his ship around. Florian chuckled with satisfaction.

"Hot diggity dawg!" he exulted. "I sholy masters these foreign languages quick."

Florian found Mr. and Mrs. Clump very much at ease in their room at the hotel; Cæsar reclining on the chaise longue in a flowered dressing gown; the fair Sicily immersed in an American magazine of ancient vintage. Mr. Slappey drove straight to the point.

"Director Clump," he inquired, "how does you stand on the talk Orifice Latimer just made us?"

Clump frowned. "Ise worried, Florian. When a man gits to yearnin' fo' his wife ——"

"Lot you know 'bout that!" sneered Sicily.

"—— an' she is fo' thousan' miles away," continued the slender director imperturbably, "he's in one rotten fix. An' Orifice is right—does Lawyer Chew git good an' yearnin', the others is gwine fall also. Chew is a rich man. He ain't like some of these fellers which coul'n't afford to go home. He can buy him a ticket to the States any ol' time. An' just watchin' him go will play thunder with the rest of this company. Which I says is a dirty shame, 'cause us is just gittin' goin' good, an' does we stay another six months we make a millium dollars."

Florian turned to Mrs. Clump. "What do you think, Sicily?"

Mrs. Clump was in a captious mood. "Cæsar says he is the on'y one entitled to think aroun' this fambly."

"Quit fussin'!" commanded Mr. Slappey. "Ise in heah to 'scuss us savin' Midnight an' also makin' a li'l' money."

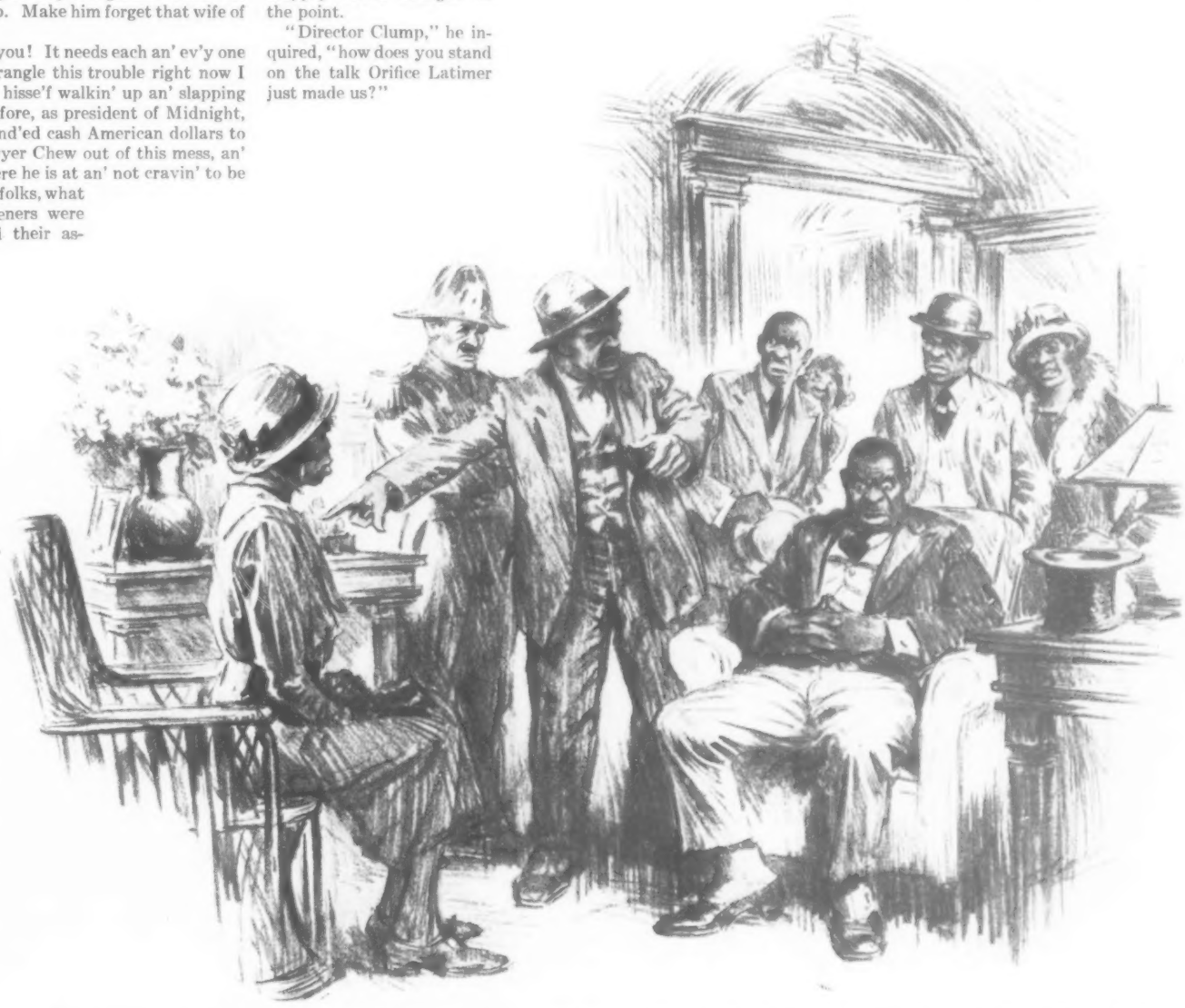
"Who-all?"

"You an' Cæsar an' me."

Mrs. Clump seated herself. "Tha's different, Florian. Speechify."

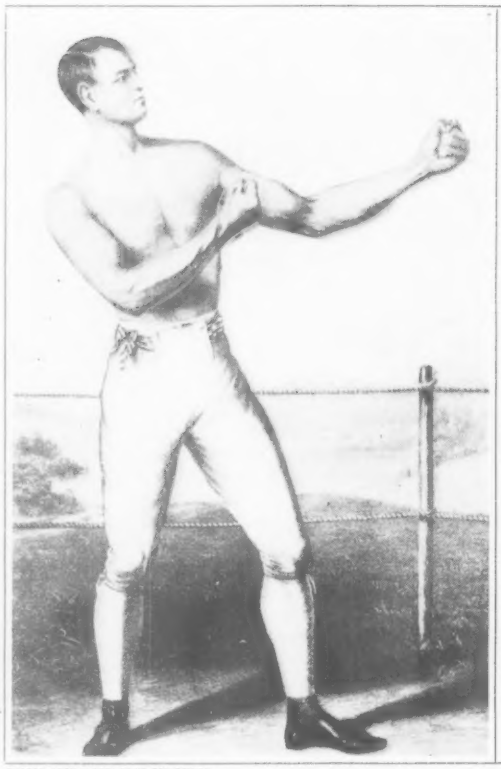
Florian spoke with arresting earnestness. "Ain't no need to rehearse ev'ything, folks. Just git down to this—homesickness ruins us all. Does we cure Lawyer Chew, ev'ybody passes away fum danger. Now there's fo' persons in this comp'ny which ain't homesick. One of 'em is President Latimer—he's too worried. Another is me—I ain't got no home. The third an' fourth is you two, 'cause you has got each other. Orifice cain't do nothin', but us can. Now listen. Lawyer Chew misses his wife. He misses havin' somethin' to do. In Bumminham it's law work an' lodge work an' home work. Heah he ain't nothin'. He cain't even talk the language, an' when Lawyer Evans Chew cain't talk he's bound to be mis'able. But," and Mr. Slappey gestured—"but I believe that if us could find something or somebody to get Lawyer Chew waked up—somebody in Venice which could make him think of somethin' besides his own troubles ——"

(Continued on Page 185)



Pietro Piloted the Policeman to Lawyer Chew. With Much Vehemence He Told His Story. He Demanded Lire—Many, Many Lire

Classics of a Ring Recollection

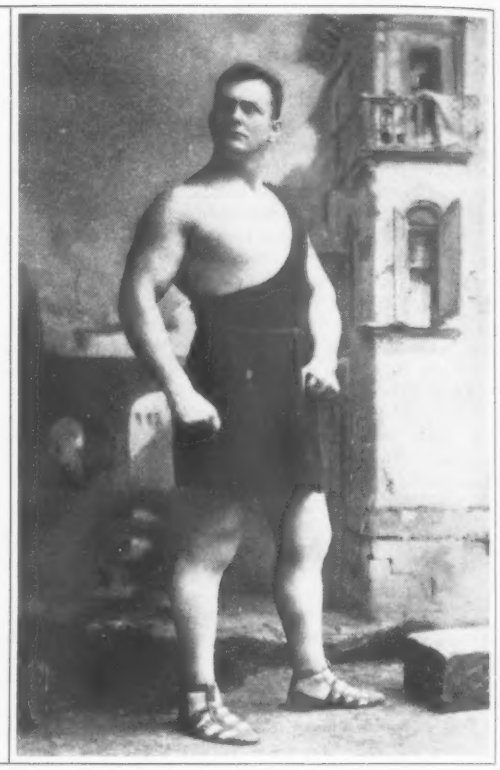


PHOTOS, FROM ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION

Tom Hyer, America's First Champion and One of the Greatest Fighters Who Ever Stepped Into a Ring



John C. Heenan, 1860, Known as the Benicia Boy. He Was Six Feet Two Inches Tall



William Muldoon, Trainer of John L. Sullivan for His Fight With Jake Kilrain

As Told to Charles Francis Coe

THE fight game has changed. It has become commercial, which, in America, is but another way of saying that it has become great. When a grumbler mentions the suddenly attained eminence of the gladiatorial profession, should he complain about it, scoff him. The whole development is fitting and proper and right. You might even point, for comparison, to the progress of other professions.

I am all for the fight game. It has become a national structure. It has caused total admissions paid to college football games to assume the status of pin money and has placed upon athletic prowess a value commensurate with cold drawing power. That sounds to me economic and just—and I do not receive tickets to fights gratis.

With that point established, at least for purposes of this article, we have a basis of predication for that which is to come.

A study of fight records, and a knowledge of fighters, their managers and trainers, will disclose the cause of greatness beyond all the psychologies yet disclosed to a gullible eye. The fight game is great because the men in it are great—that and nothing else. The ability to be a champion is as much an evidence of genius as the ability to paint or sculp or write.

The Stuff Winners are Made Of

IN EVERY hundred thousand heavyweights there is a fighter worthy of the name. Since the advent of huge purses this has been indubitably proved. Every manager in the business seeks a heavyweight, and most of them admit that class makes little difference other than in avoirdupois.

"The big boys draw the dough," a prominent fistic promoter recently said frankly. "Run through the list of heavies now fighting and you will soon run out in disgust, buy a dozen hygienic milk bottles, a couple of rattles and turn to baseball. But announce the big lads and the crowd comes!"

He is right. The answer is simple. The big fellows can hit, and usually one clean blow from either side will, if it fails to win completely, at least shift the tide of battle. It is the wallop, the sock, that wins; and the world loves a winner. In a heavyweight battle just about anything can happen.

Once let a heavyweight show the peculiar combination of temperament that makes him a fighter and you have a champion that stands out like a wart on the nose of a debutante. He reigns supreme and is classed alone, which proves that weight, strength, even boxing ability are at a discount before that strange genius which makes a champion. Fighting ability—never mind the art of side step and block—it is just plain fighting ability that makes the ring great.

The subject of this narrative was not a heavyweight. His fighting career was sandwiched into the smaller classes, where, as a champion once said, "the boys are men and the men are dead." One did not grow old in those classes while still fighting. Age was a matter of moments. Invariably its arrival was proclaimed by a knock-out. The athlete of the hour entered the ring. Twenty minutes later an old man was assisted through the ropes into oblivion.

But the boys fought. There was no stalling, no false pretense of sportsmanship. A belt meant exactly nothing but personal glory and the ability to shine, momentarily, at the apex and bask in the right to demand high purses.

Perhaps you will see from this that, though the central character of these experiences never received more than $7000 for a bout, he has no ax to grind with present lads who receive twenty times that sum for considerable less fighting. The game has progressed. It has come into its own, and we are glad, and wish for it the best the world has to offer.

However, an army is as good only as the men who are in it. That is true of all organizations, all parties, all beliefs and all sports. It is true of the fight game. Present-day glories may truthfully be said to be the result of beginnings made by men whose names have been forgotten and who, in many cases, gave of a stout fighting heart only to die in poverty. More power to them! Hail their memory!

I know now perhaps 200 boxers. Some of them are old; some of them are still fighting against an irresistible tide; some of them are young and can see only the fame and fortune ahead. But, within reason, there is not one of them who does not value the fame more than the fortune!

Perhaps they do not realize that fact themselves; perhaps they like to assume what might be termed a hard-boiled attitude. But in their hearts they hate to lose; they want to be great for the sake of greatness itself and would rather be called champion than paid an excessive loser's end.

That is what makes the fight game what it is, regardless of the traveling squawker who brands each fight crooked and who assails all things to which he pays admission. It is the fellow who would not dare climb into a ring himself, but who professes to see all and know all, who generally slanders the game; and he is too small to achieve much.

You will find him whispering "One of those things" after an unexpected ending to a fight. You will hear him sneering "Yellow" at the fall of a warrior. But you will never see him in tights! You will never see him grin when he has tasted a snappy shot to the chin or body!

Men With the Championship Spark

FEW men who are really yellow ever get into the ring. It takes a certain courage to climb through the ropes and fight. Imagine yourself in there sometime and see if you can get a clearer conception of just what "yellow" means.

When Jess Willard toppled from the peak of pugilism, battered to a hulk by Jack Dempsey, the world said yellow because he did not die fighting; he sat in his chair while the mantle of fame was lifted from his massive shoulders.

Yet let me proclaim it earnestly—Jess Willard is one of the gamest men the ring ever produced. He fought past the stage of courage and into the realm of valor that hot day in Toledo. He trudged through a million agonies that he might follow a lost cause to the bitter end; and in the last round, after his sight was gone and his body a mausoleum of tragedy and anguish, he almost won in a punch!

Little Abe Attell, according to his own story, fought Harlem Tommy Murphy twenty rounds to a draw in August, 1912. Murphy, a great fighter, weighed 137 pounds and Abe weighed 118. The little champ, again on his own say-so, entered the ring planning to fight eight rounds.

He was not well trained, but when the eighth round passed and Abe discovered that the end was not yet, that plans had failed of fruition, he smiled his smile of battle and said, "Come to it, big boy! We'll go like —— while we go!"

What a fight! What a show of courage! What an epic tradition for any profession which finds its existence in the fact that men are men! The uncertain matter of the eight rounds pales into nothing compared to the fact that, when necessity called, Abe had the championship spark, the genius of the fighter, the sheer will to do that knows no failure.

It is this trait that makes nations safe. It is this trait that makes luminous the pages of history; this trait upon which mankind depends for the defense of right and progress; and this trait for which big purses are offered and to

which man, woman and child pay tribute, financial and otherwise.

But bear in mind that the fighter is essentially an easy-come-easy-go sort of fellow. He is an easy winner and an easy loser—a philosophical combination that never fails to offer its best and regard its insufficiency as a break. Therein lies the meat of the boxing business as I see it.

Your fighter wants to fight and he wants to win. Through countless years he has been termed a bruiser and a carouser and a menace to safety and progress. Suddenly, enter the fight manager. There the story begins.

Most of the managers I ever knew were shrewd. They had not the fighting instinct, the innate love of triumph, so they made of the game a money-making venture, and under manipulation the fighters responded in kind. It is no more difficult to fight for a million than for a dollar. To the fighter it is a fight. To the manager—ah, something else again. Because he is not fired by the flame of battle, the manager measures success in dollars, and those dollars he shares with the fighter. It has worked out well. As a class, fighters have improved. A better personnel has been attracted to the game.

From that fact, in turn, springs all the talk about the present weaklings of the ring—weaklings, it is said, because they do not compare with the old-timers. Plain rot. They do compare. They compare favorably. Jack Dempsey is among the greatest of them all. Note the present tense, please, for I consider him still head and shoulders above any other man in the game, even though shorn of his title at Philadelphia. Jack is a true fighter. Kearns is the true fight manager. Personally my love is entirely for the fighter, but hand it to Kearns. Dempsey missed his guidance—the certainty that Kearns would handle the business of things better than he could himself. He soon found new angles that never before had been presented. We had a picture of a fighter trying to be something else.

From Blunderbuss to Machine Gun

I MENTION the above to illustrate my point. The managers of the game have made it great in money affairs, but it is the fighters who make the game itself; and if they seem to have changed, it is because rules have been promulgated that restrict their natural instincts, and public opinion has made a decision of victory just as valuable as a knock-out punch.

Fighters are taught to spare themselves; preserve their hands; tread sparingly and cautiously the road to the heights that nothing may keep them from big money for managers and themselves. Of course they have changed. But who can say that the change is for the worse?

Science has replaced sheer brutality and brawn. Brains have replaced, largely, a battering, bleeding, blinded rush of physical combat. The old muzzle-loader has developed into a sharpshooter.

Again, follow the natural trend. To this the fighter has responded by increasing cleverness and thought. He has become somewhat of a schemer instead of a slugger. He has evolved into an offensive weapon rather than a grinning shock absorber.

The manager, on the other hand, has merely increased the size of the figures he writes. There was once a rather ponderous heavyweight who came to me for instructions. He had been matched with a colored fighter who was good. The negro was fast, clever and a hard hitter. When I was told of the match I sighed feelingly for my would-be protégé. Without the use of lethal gas, he was due for infinite suffering.

But I worked with him, tried to inculcate in him a spirit of speed and slashing attack. It did little good. I found myself, three days before the fight, just as capable of hitting him at will as I had been the afternoon we first boxed. I could see no improvement in his attack or defense.

"You," I told him, "are due to spend an evening spitting out boxing gloves. This dark cloud will massage you plenty!"

He grunted nonchalantly. After all, a fellow had to be licked now and then.

All would have been as per schedule but for a development on the afternoon of the fight. My heavyweight friend received a wire from a Midwest promoter offering him twice as much as he ever before had received if he would later meet a local boy. But the offer was predicated upon a victory over the colored fighter. Immediately the heavyweight's sense of importance inflated. He strutted a bit; spoke of big offers from the West.

"But," I tried to counsel, "you've got to beat this lad first. That offer is nothing in your young life, if you ask me. It's like being told that you will be paid a cool million for carrying home a brick building on roller skates. The million remains a long way off."

That seemed to impress him finally.

An hour or two before the fight I saw him in earnest conference with a shady fight manager. A part of my agreement with him was to handle him during the bout, but I let it rest there. What he did with the manager prior to that was exactly nothing, multiplied, to me.



PHOTO. FROM THE ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION

Joe Coburn, Heavyweight Champion, 1863

I learned later that he agreed to pay the manager a goodly slice of his Western purse if the manager could find some way to get around the fight that night with a victory on their side. Here is what followed:

The manager sent word to the colored boy that three gunmen were in the hall ready to shoot him if he won. He then bought some tea which comes in packages and removed the tinfoil, or lead, from the wrapping. This he proceeded to wrap carefully about the right hand of our heavyweight just before bell time. Over the tea lead he spread the bandages, and then, for good measure, some tape. The heavyweight smiled complacently. The wily manager responded in kind. I kept a well-sealed mouth and washed my hands of responsibility entirely.

A Loaded Fist

THE negro showed, in the ring, that he believed the gunman story. His punches were pulled palpably; he let a thousand opportunities pass. Just at the close of the first round the white fighter swung an upper cut that struck the colored boy squarely on the lip and knocked him down. Some hefty caress!

In the rest period I watched the negro. He was smart—knew that the hand of our man was loaded. He chose the wise course. He did nothing to knock our boy out, which he could readily have done, but kept his distance, making it look like a fight and avoiding that ponderous right hand as an improvident buyer shuns an installment collector.

I saw that we had a chance to win. The opposition doffed its hat to our starboard battery.

"Use your right!" the wily manager implored our fighter. "For the love o' Mike, yuh big punk, stick that right into his dial!"

So it went. Our fighter plodding, plodding; the negro dodging, dodging; the wily manager begging, begging that the right hand be brought into action.

The fight was for but six rounds, and the darky showed increasing relief as the minutes sped and he avoided ruination by his splendid ring generalship. Our boy plodded on, working in as close as he could, the deadly right cocked for a chance that the slippery colored lad always foiled.

(Continued on Page 86)



PHOTO. FROM THE ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION

Jim Jeffries, Fighter and Actor, Who Played for Two Seasons in The Man From the West



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Jem Mace, a Contemporary of John L. Sullivan



PHOTO. FROM THE ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION

Hon. John Morrissey, One-Time Champion of America, and Later Elected to Congress

OPPORTUNITY

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN



"I Suppose Rennett Went Out There to Bring in These Bonds, and Found Firkin in Charge There. Probably the Sight, the Thought, Was Too Much for Him"

"THAT," said the man across from me—"that is what comes of seizing hold on opportunity."

And with a gesture of finality he folded the newspaper across and laid it on the seat beside him. His name was J. L. Neal. This is of no importance, except that it is as well to know the channel through which a tale has come, so that allowance may be made for wind and tide. Four of us had been ten days in the northern woods, a-fishing; we had changed to the Boston train at Bangor a little while before. The other two were still in the dining car, but Neal and I had been ahead of them there, had come back to the compartment to finish our cigars. At Bangor we had picked up a Boston paper, and Neal read it through while I smoked and watched the black night slide past our windows.

This had been my first close contact with the man, but I knew something of him. He was an attorney who seldom came to court; an able man with wide interests, a trustee of estates, a director of corporations and of a bank or two. He wore, habitually, an icy composure not at all mitigated by the pleasant quality of his smile, or by his habitual good humor. He had proved to be a good woods companion, not given to complaint or to repining; but I was, somehow, a little afraid of him. There was something cool and pitiless about the man.

Curiously enough, he liked to talk, to narrate episodes and incidents; and since his life had been a full one, there was pith to whatever he related. I had, before this, found it profitable to listen to him, and I listened now. The noise of the train was such that I could not always hear; it was necessary now and then to interrupt and ask that he repeat a word or a phrase. But I was able to follow, accurately enough, the burden of what he had to say.

His remark about opportunity had referred, it appeared, to a young man named Rennett, an employe of the Cheap Street Trust Company. Neal was not only attorney for this bank but also one of its directors. After the robbery brought Rennett to his attention, he interested himself in the young man, sought out his antecedents.

Rennett, he found, had left college during his junior year to enter the service, and he chose aviation. That was an activity calculated to appeal to an adventurous spirit, and Rennett was adventurous. As it happened, and through no fault or failure of his own, he was not sent across; but he displayed definite abilities, and he had a boldness and an audacity which made him generally popular, and served to command respect for his courage. After the Armistice he had the good sense to return to college and secure his degree.

His father had been a newspaper man of varying fortunes. During the late 90's and the early years of the century he was editor of one of the Boston dailies, but his health failed and he died about 1910. Rennett's mother was already dead at that time, and he was an only child. His father's insurance paid for his years in college and left a small balance when he emerged and began to seek employment.

It was his father's advice which determined him upon banking as a career. The elder Rennett had been used to say that if a boy went to work in a bank, did his duty faithfully, saved his money, and invested it in line with the information and advice to which his position gave him access, it was a mathematical certainty that he would be in possession of a comfortable income by the time he reached middle age. Young Rennett used to smile at the conservative character of this prediction; he had the impatience of youth, and the bold confidence in his own powers. Middle age seemed to him a good many years away.

Nevertheless, he sought and secured a place in the Cheap Street Trust; and he proceeded to demonstrate his fitness for the work there, displaying from the first certain qualities which marked him for advancement. He had, for one thing, a gift for friendship; and that is a gift with a market value. Also he was quick at figures, and he wrote a clear and legible hand.

Neal, at this point, commented with a certain cynicism, "I sometimes think that honesty, a head for figures, and a legible hand are the only real essentials to success in banking." I made no dissent, and he went on.

Rennett, he said, made progress in the bank; he came forward, not rapidly, because such matters do not move rapidly, but steadily and surely. The cashier was a man named May, and May liked Rennett. He perceived, even before the robbery, the young man's impatient spirit; and he went out of his way to reassure the boy. In his third year with the bank Rennett went to May and asked, in a deferential and good-humored way, for some larger responsibilities, and May said to him on that occasion:

"You can't hurry such things, Rennett. You've no need to worry about it. You're doing finely. But you're bound to a wheel, and you started at the bottom. The wheel keeps turning all the time. At first you may not seem to get much higher, but if you stick, you're bound to get to the top in the end."

Rennett, of course, was in no position to insist; not at that time. And so matters went along until the robbery occurred.

I remembered, when Neal came to speak of this, some of the newspaper versions of the affair. The Cheap Street Trust had a branch office in one of the nearer suburbs; an office at that time newly organized, and housed in quarters inadequate and cramped. An old storeroom, long and narrow, had been remodeled, floored with tile, and fitted with wickets for the tellers, and with desks where depositors might stand to make out their slips or to draw checks. These desks were against the right-hand wall. The safe was in the rear, and the cages for the tellers were on the left. Between them and the street front there was a railed inclosure where the manager had his place. A corridor ran along the wall behind the cages to the bookkeeping department and the safe in the rear of the room.

(Continued on Page 200)

THE GIRL FROM RECTOR'S

By George Rector

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

WHEN George M. Cohan moved lock, stock and barrel into the Hotel Rector he did us a great favor. The Broadway crowd swung in back of him and soon the same old eggs were roosting in the same old nest. Our bankruptcy was inevitable because of the immense carrying charges of the mortgages which we used instead of shingles on the roof. Like the bulldog which tackled the marble statue, we had bitten off more than we could chew.

Cohan's presence kept us going for five years, and then my father called me into his office one afternoon and told me that the builders of the hotel had announced that they were in and we were out. We were using defeat for a mirror. We stared it right in the face and it had halitosis. The interest on the mortgages was due, and having the walnut in the forceps, the builders proceeded to crack it. They cracked us along with the walnut, and my father retired to his estate on the Shrewsbury, where he died inside the year. It wasn't the loss of his fortune that affected him, but the blow to his pride. He died of a broken heart. Some people are gaited that way.

Knowing that the play called The Girl from Rector's had placed a gypsy curse on the hotel, the new owners changed the name immediately. It was up to me to keep the name of Rector before the public; but like many other business men in the same quandary, I was walking Broadway without a dollar. My creditors would have been forced to utilize Madison Square Garden for their indignation congress, while my debtors could all have found standing room on one soap box without crowding.

I was willing to take any job connected with the catering game, for I had started in the kitchens of Paris and I was willing to start all over again. The break came inside of two months. I was attending the annual sale of race horses in Madison Square Garden, and during the spirited bidding on The Abbot, a famous trotter, I walked over to get a sandwich at a stand run by a man who has since become one of the wealthiest caterers in the country. He started selling peanuts in the ball parks and proved there was no easier method of making money without resorting to counterfeiting. He was busy slicing a roast turkey when I strolled over, and I will say that he was chipping the meat very thin. The bidding on The Abbot had reached $8000 and was jumping by leaps and hundreds. Vernie Barton also was purchasing a turkey sandwich and was looking in between the slabs of bread in an effort to discover the turkey, which looked like a very small infant in a very large bed. Then he asked the price of the sandwich just as $14,000 was bid on The Abbot.

"The sandwiches are a dollar apiece," said the caterer, sharpening his knife—which was too sharp already.

Just then a bidder shouted, "Fifteen thousand for The Abbot."

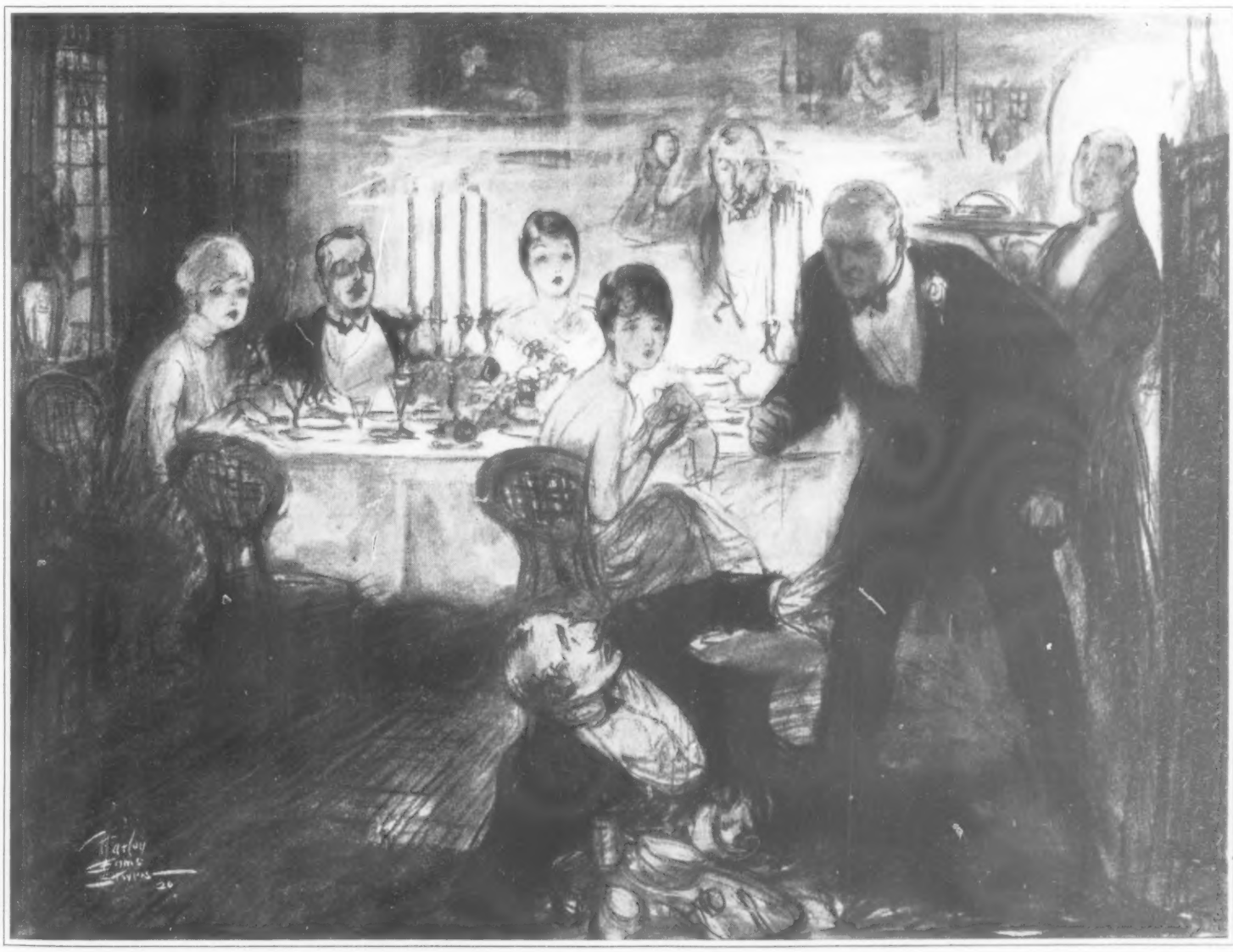
Barton took a look at the turkey, then glanced at the auctioneer, and reaching into his pocket, cried, "I will lay $500 at ten to one that the turkey brings more than The Abbot."

The big laugh that followed almost broke up the auction. I got into conversation with Barton and he asked me what I intended doing. I told him I was trying to obtain a lease in Times Square with the view of opening up another Rector's. He introduced me to two young fellows who were standing there and told us to get together. I discovered that the two strangers were seeking to acquire a lease on a restaurant property at Forty-eighth Street and Broadway.

They told me they had already sounded the lessee of the building and he wanted $45,000 a year for the place. They thought if I threw in with them on equal one-third shares they could use the name of Rector and chisel the lessee down to their terms. Although I knew one of my future partners but very slightly, and the other was an absolute stranger, I was in a position where a wet straw is a life line, and I was grabbing at anything. All I needed was financial backing and I knew I could make good all over again.

The three of us interviewed the owner of the lease and he tumbled for the name of Rector. He was perfectly willing to switch his demand for $45,000 a year and accept a proposition which gave him 15 per cent of all beverage sales and 5 per cent of the food. There is such a thing as being too smart. We three wise guys were as brilliant as the boy who was so dumb that his folks had to burn down the schoolhouse to get him out of the second grade. For

(Continued on Page 154)



He Kept the Table in a Well-Modulated Uproar and the Night Culminated in a Fist Fight

BACK OF BEYOND

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

VIII

DOCTOR HEMENWAY left sketch maps, much information and Mavrouki; took his ship and departed. Maclyn and Kali Sana were left to find each other out and to make their adjustments. This was an interesting and at first a dubious process. It was more difficult on Maclyn's side than on Breck's.

In the first place, the young man was not accustomed to delay. He fretted and exhibited considerable impatience when things did not move as fast as he thought they should move. It seemed to him that if he had the managing of it he could have done better than Breck in hustling things along. He suggested various ways to hurry matters, very reasonable ways. Breck merely said aye and went on in his deliberate fashion, doing just what he had been doing.

"You'll have to let him go his own gait," Barton told the young man. "He's an old hand at this."

"But there's no sense to it! He could just as well ——"

"It's Africa," Barton interrupted equably. "You can't hurry or hustle it any more than you can the Orient. Read your Kipling, my boy, and possess your soul in patience. You'll get off in time."

"But listen here—by sending a couple of runners ahead he could have the bearers waiting for us at Kilima Kadogo when we got there, instead of our waiting there for heaven knows how long while they are sent for."

Barton surveyed him amusedly, though with a slight impatience; then decided to explain: "Nothing is certain unless you do it yourself, on the spot—and then it isn't certain. The chances are that your runners would either miss their way or bungle their instructions. We have no men here who know either this route or the people from whom carriers will be recruited except Mavrouki."

"Why can't he go—and meet us?"

Barton shook his head. "You'll see why in time. My advice to you is to leave it to old Kali Sana." Maclyn started another objection. "Look here, old chap, you'll pardon me, but I've the mail to catch this morning. Now just say the word and I'll send you out spick-and-span in three days' time to some of the regular shootin' grounds near here. You'll see all the beasts you want and you'll be thoroughly comfortable. To be frank with you, I haven't any first-chop hunters available just now, but I can get some of the young farmers hereabouts to run you a *safari*, and I'll guarantee you good shootin'. Just say the word. Or you can carry on with this show. You won't see quite so much game up here, but you'll see plenty and of all varieties. Nobody shoots more than about so much, anyway. Which is it?"

Maclyn fell silent.

"Then leave it to Kali Sana and go play some golf until he says he is ready."

Maclyn did not play any golf; he continued to fret among the slow-moving details of preparation. It was worse than watching the filming of a motion picture.

But he had one triumph. It had been arranged that the *safari* carrying Doctor Hemenway's field equipment was to be intercepted and stopped at Garnett's Drift, and runners had been dispatched to do this. The supplementary supplies were to be sent by ox wagon to the same point, thence to be carried to the end of the motor route.

When this had been accomplished, then—and not until then—the leaders were to leave Nairobi in their car.

"Look here," suggested Maclyn, when this much was clear to him, "as I understand it, we're going down ourselves in the flivver as soon as our effects have arrived. If one flivver will get there, why won't more? Why don't we get a flock of them and take the whole mess down at one fell swoop? Why do we have to wait around here for oxcarts and such things?"

"Are ye aware of what cars cost in this town?" asked Breck dryly.

"No, and I don't give a damn."

"Ye'll be using them for just four days, and then they'll be lying there idle until we return."

"Well, what of it?"

"Ye'll have to leave men in charge—good men—and feed them."

"What of that?"

"Good men and food cost money."

"Why don't we hire cars and let them return, after dumping us?"

"Physically possible," admitted Breck, "but that gives away the route."

"By Jove, yes! Then buy them."



"Where are You Going Then—Unless it's a Secret?"

"It is a sinful waste," said the Scotchman.

But so the matter was arranged, and nine whole days saved. Maclyn felt a strange exhilaration. He had put over something.

But that was all he did put over. In his relations to Breck he felt as baffled as a man fighting fog. The elephant hunter listened, sucking his short pipe. He said his invariable aye, and he proceeded imperturbably along his own course as though nothing more important had happened than the wind blowing through the trees. Maclyn's spirit was periodically in a turmoil of petty frustrations. That, however, was not on the whole the most aggravating part. The thing that irritated him most was the fact that as far as he could determine, he made absolutely no impression, nor was he able to venture the smallest guess as to Breck's

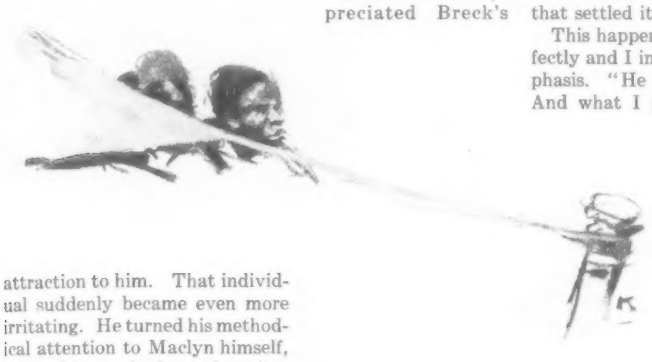


Near Noon They Overtook an Ox Wagon Creaking Along. It Was an Open Two-Wheeled Affair

opinion, feeling or reaction. There was no reaction. He was a slowly functioning impersonal machine. He was—he was —— Maclyn gave it up. He was the most exasperating, maddening, inscrutable, self-contained outside human being known to man.

Two things only prevented Maclyn from revising his decision in favor of Barton's alternative suggestion. They were equally remote, over the horizon of imagination, quite dissimilar in fact, but possessing a strange kinship in their lure to adventure. He did not define to himself this lure as yet. Yet it was there, drawing his desire. The Mountain of God—the man behind the old elephant hunter's outward appearance. The journey to both was long and hard; yet already, unknown to him, Maclyn's dormant spirit turned toward them as the sleeping seed stirs toward its germinating sun.

Not that he appreciated Breck's



attraction to him. That individual suddenly became even more irritating. He turned his methodical attention to Maclyn himself, taking him up in due order, after he had finished with the chop boxes, bestowing on him the same minute, methodical attention. Maclyn had brought with him considerable baggage. It contained most beautiful sporting equipment and personal effects without which Maclyn felt he could not exist with decency. These were spread out on the floor of the bedroom and gone over item by item. Three-quarters of them were discarded. Maclyn protested each, but that did him no good. Breck said aye and calmly assigned it to the boxes that were to remain in storage. He did not explain; he just did. Short of bursting into tears, or hitting the man with an ax, or throwing over the whole enterprise, there seemed to be no remedy. No man ever felt so futile as did Maclyn, nor anything, unless it might be a bowlder in front of a glacier.

"That will be about right," observed Breck, surveying the one tin box that remained. He was quite serene and assured, he and his little black pipe, as though he had not heard one word of Maclyn's protests, explanations or demands for reasons why not.

This being completely finished, he sat on the tin box and turned his thorough attention to the next item on the program.

"This boy of yours—Sammy," he said. "Ye'll be paying him off on Thursday. Ye'll give him his fare to Mombasa, third class. Suit yourself as to baksheesh; but considering he's overpaid, I'd no advise it."

"Sammy?" repeated Maclyn blankly. "I'm going to keep Sammy."

"We'll no be wantin' him," said Kali Sana, as though that settled it.

This happened to be the last straw. "He suits me perfectly and I intend to keep him," stated Maclyn with emphasis. "He can ride down on one of the spare trucks. And what I pay him is my affair—strictly." He was breathing hard, prepared to fight for Sammy. After all, was this or was it not his expedition? Was he or was he not a baby to be led around by a string? Maclyn in sober moments would have acknowledged that he had seen and heard of remarkably few babies being led around on strings, but that is the way he felt for the moment—mixed. To his confused surprise, Breck offered no resistance. He merely opened his eyes in a wide blank stare.

"Verra well, if you are set upon it," he replied equably, without heat. It was merely as though he had found some river unexpectedly in flood, and must adapt his measures in accord. Maclyn instantly came off the boil.

"Will you tell me why you object to Sammy?" he asked.

"Mission boy—unreliable—superfluous—gets too much pay," Breck summarized.

Maclyn did not agree to a single one of these counts. Furthermore, he clung to Sammy as the only symbol of his independence. As long as Sammy remained to him, he did not feel entirely like that baby being led around on a string.

But Sammy did not long remain to him. Sammy had been watching these preparations with a knowing eye, and he had in his own shrewd way sized up not only M'bogo and Mavrouki but Kali Sana himself. The wages were good, but Sammy valued his ease and comfort, and the symptoms were not favorable for much of either of these desirables.

The African exploration Sammy liked comprised fourmen tents and easy-chairs and dining flies and tablecloths and silverware, and many chop boxes, and unlimited scented soap, and an extensive aristocracy of gun bearers, tent boys, headmen, skinning *fundis*, cooks and cooks' helpers and *askaris*, with whom to be elegant in befitting leisure between easy marches. So one evening, two days before the intended start, he appeared before his young master where he sat on the veranda. He had on his brightest colored turban, a long saffron robe, and he carried a bamboo cane.

"We go on *safari* now?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"I must have rice. I do not like *posho*."

That seemed reasonable to Maclyn. He nodded.

"And sugar."

Maclyn could not imagine rice without sugar or something like that, so he agreed.

"And tea."

"All right."

"And *ghee*."

"What is *ghee?*"

"But-ter," enunciated Sammy painfully.

Maclyn was a little doubtful on this point. He could not remember for the life of him whether there was any butter even for the white men. But he half assented.

Sammy took a breath. This was easy. Perhaps it might be well to go on this *safari* after all.

"You must give me money for shoes and clothes," he went on. "It is *distauri*—custom," he added firmly. "Always *bwanas* make present shoes and clothes when he go on *safari*. You ask *bwana* Barty"—by which he meant Barton. "One hundred *shillingi*," he suggested.

A bulky form slipped into the chair next Maclyn's. "You will pardon me, old chap," said an amused voice, "but I could not help overhearing this blighter." Maclyn turned to meet Culbertson's twinkling eye. "It's not strictly my business, of course," continued Kingozi, "but you are new to all this, and you can't know that this chap is being deliberately impertinent. *Samama!*" he commanded sharply to a collapsed Sammy, who was striving to fade away.

"No, I didn't know," replied Maclyn, puzzled. It did not occur to him to question Kingozi's statement. This was the first time the elephant hunter had spoken to him more than a bare greeting. Maclyn had seen him about—him and his tall fierce gun bearer, Simba—and had little by little absorbed some of the respect all men accorded him. No one could live long in Central Africa without appreciation of this man as master of them all. So, far from resentment at the interruption, he could not avoid a faint hero-worshiping gratification.

Kingozi seemed to take this for granted, for without waiting for permission he turned upon the uneasy Sammy. "You are then headman of the *bwana's safari?*" he inquired suavely, speaking in English for Maclyn's benefit.

(Continued on Page 70)

Drawn by Twelve Mild Lean Oxen of the Humphacked Native Type, in Charge of Two Naked Savages

THE HAPPY PILGRIMAGE

By Corra Harris

WE MAY make a happy pilgrimage and feel reasonably blessed by the adventure, but after it is all over there are various circumstances which require more explanation than if we had remained dolorously at home. My idea is to use up all my own personal copy, leave no stone of a deed unturned, and to clinch the whole thing with my own interpretation. The lives of great men all remind us of what biographers can do to them. I was never in that class; still somebody with a biographical animus might come along after I have retired from this present world, rake up the discards I have made in living here, publish them and destroy any happy illusion posterity might otherwise entertain of me as a worthy person—not, you understand, in his effort to be damnably truthful for conscience's sake, but to select those petty truths to tell that would be the least enhancing to my memory, or to accomplish the same effect by perverting my best traits according to his own disillusioned mind. The fact that he is an interesting biographer is no proof that he is a gentleman, or even an honest man. As a rule he is less subject than any other writer to the charm of the character he portrays—as an autobiographer is most easily hoodwinked by the same. I suppose this is because the latter has more at stake, poor soul, while the former may be as meanly veracious as he pleases without suffering the damaging consequences. For example, I should be embarrassed in my very dust if some primitive writer cast the spotlight of sex on my memory and accounted for my best virtues as being the results of suppressed gender. I have experienced great hardship in acquiring them and deserve more credit than such a Boswell would have the honor to give. They are all too maliciously inclined to explain away the heroic elements in human character as being some kind of twisted natural phenomenon.

Observe what some of our cleverest writers have lately done to certain of our national characters. A man may have kept a cow and have drunk milk, but nobody is concerned to prove that, because there is no moral turpitude attached to the drinking of milk. We only become erudite in looking up precedents when we have transgressions to defend. Heaven deliver us all from the researching activities of such people! They have a bad taste for knowledge concerning others acquired in their own defense, and they are unscrupulous in their methods for obtaining and using such information. Therefore it behooves the humblest of us to leave some kind of rebuttal evidence of our decencies, lest some local biographer make the worst of us in spite of our epitaphs.

I have written such a record in My Book and Heart and the other Circuit Rider stories with as much luminosity as my moral vanity could shed upon it. But this is another kind of tale, with the scenes laid helter-skelter, far from those earlier scenes and influences which formed my character and enslaved me. It records the faint, prim, absurd and somewhat courageous adventures I had recently when I led a sort of private world movement in my own behalf. The whole adventure was based upon the doctrine so admirably set forth in that noble but theoretical instrument, the Declaration of Independence, that we are entitled to life, liberty and at least a sort of traveling pursuit of happiness. I wanted to practice the thing and find out what would happen, as a little boy takes his first chew of tobacco to find out whether he will survive it and become a man. If I get a bad name by recording my experiences I will give it to myself. No biographer shall do it, because I shall not leave enough unsaid to afford him the opportunity.



"End of the Road"—The Home of Carrie Jacobs Bond in Hollywood

What I am coming to right now is this: That there actually may be something wrong with me because I am not drawn to eminently respectable and incontestably good men and women. They are dull people, however vocative, and short on personal charm. In my meaner moments I have even entertained the suspicion that they are so infernally wise they have found out that it is not quite moral to be attractive. They want to be loved and honored as you do the Holy Scriptures, something like that, when you know their very flesh and mortal mind makes them too fallacious to be accepted on that grand basis. Besides, who wants to go around with the Bible clasped to his bosom? We must respect them and we are glad to trust them, but I defy anybody really to like them. Personally their effect upon me is always quenching. I never could tell such a woman how I feel, or such a man what I really think, not even if he was my pastor. I have a hunch that he will not know how to compute me. He has a sour jaw, a too godly eye to be in a mortal man's head, and he lacks that little adding machine of charity and understanding which he would need if I should be the sum he was doing on the thing, but he has installed as one of his severer virtues a sort of subtracting machine which would leave very little of me to praise in the remainder.

This may be due to the sense of guilt with which I am endowed, like a backhand talent, for all I know, but I am just telling you there is something frightfully antipathetic in that man's goodness from my point of view. He does not know enough, only the best things, ripe on one side, green on the other, thinks he must shun the very knowledge of evil, although evil is at least half the scriptures of man, and much good is to be derived from understanding them. But he sticks like a scholar and a gentleman to just the classical sins of Abraham and David. He is finicky, morally, I say; the kind of man we all recognize æsthetically, who would not sit down to a table when a fly gets there first and is already perched on the rim of his butter plate, because he has read something awful about flies; who would not eat the good part of a rotten-specked apple—that kind of person—a neurasthenic nursing himself in the Kingdom of God as he pecks around delicately in the society of men.

He goes on growing more and more upright about nothing at all, because the Almighty Himself could not bring him to grips with a real temptation—as He tried out Job, and a lot of the rest of us!—until by a process of elimination and ignorance he is completely out of touch with his fellow men and thinks his loneliness is due to the nobler life he has lived. As a matter of fact, it is due to moral cowardice and a lack of sense. God surely makes us, but not like that!

On the other hand, I hope no one will think I am giving myself airs when I confess that I have always taken a sort of homely interest in wickedness. To me it is queer bright stuff sometimes, and the glamour of it attracts me. I have tried to understand the charm it frequently imparts, as something I need to burnish the dullness of my virtues. Virtues must have their bright side. How do we so frequently miss it? Surely the good God would not impose upon us a set of attributes and clinch them with the Ten Commandments just to make us safe people to deal with in this world and fit for the next one, when the practice of them makes us somber figures except in a holy procession. Surely flowers are not so bad because they are so lovely to behold without making you feel pious at all. Nothing that He has made is ugly. Why then do we make ourselves ugly so often with goodness?

I have known many holy men and women who made a sweetness and light of themselves very different from the lean-souled man I copied in a while ago, but I never could bear one of them, either, for keeps. Their note is too high; it gets to be a falsetto in living. And I never could provoke one into a state of mortal retaliation; no matter how wrong I might be in my contention, she would go on bearing with me. When all is said, the thing I loved most in Lundy was his humanness, the way he could wolf up and take one down a peg or two. He never allowed anyone dear to him to get by with the wrong deed or the wrong idea. He had a sword of a tongue such as no mere mortal braggart would have the skill to use. It was the kind of rapier he used for plucking out eyes and cutting off right hands if either one offended, no matter whether they were his own or yours.

This is what I want to know: Is there no golden lovely mean between the incontestably good who are not very interesting, and the damnably bad who so frequently are? I have worked on that proposition for years with all the astronomical passion of a Galileo, though, of course, with less arithmetical talent for computing immeasurable distances. The only thing I have discovered for certain is that goodness, honor and all the virtues do not make any man or woman lovable unless these qualities are warmed, flavored and vitalized by their humanness. The same thing is true of wickedness. It never makes any man hateful until it dehumanizes him, and I admit that evil tends in that direction. Still these people do get by with a lot more meanness than we can afford. Not only that, but it seems to endear them, especially to truly good people. The last one of us will forgive a sinner his sin sooner than we would overlook the shortcoming of a saint.

The whole Christian world has been yearning over them and trying to save them for centuries. Don't tell me this is due to the quality of Christian charity. We simply have that fund which we must spend on them. The truth is that they are very attractive people. Jesus Himself loved them more than He did other people, not because their wickedness attracted Him but because He really was divine, unprejudiced and knew what very few of us ever understand—that there is something ineffably lovely and effulgent about humanness. If you can clarify one of them by his transgressions he is worth more than a saint who



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Mrs. Harris, From a Photograph Taken on Her Visit to Hollywood

never had any. And I will stick to it till the end that if the wearisomely righteous would take a little more care to stay honestly human they need not necessarily become wicked. The trouble with us is we are fools of fear and have not enough faith or stamina to take the chance of lighting up our virtues in the flesh, as these scandalous ones know how to do, even with their vices.

Maybe I am wrong about all this. It does not sound orthodox, but carnal-minded. That's also my point—we are carnal-minded. We are made so, and will be so as long as we are in the flesh in this present world, and it actually makes me uneasy to think what I will do without mine in the next. I am simply trusting the Lord to make me more interesting spiritually. But does any saint think he is not using his carnal mind when he puts it critically on the life and deeds of a sinner? Why not use it more profitably to find out why the sinner is so much more attractive than he himself is, unless he wants to admit that his wickedness makes him so, and have done with it? For my part, I will concede nothing of the sort. I have a decent horror of evil. What I want to do is to humanize my virtues and be as attractive as that scamp is. I am certain it can be done, if I only knew how.

This, as near as I can tell it, is the process of thought by which I arrived at the idea of going to Hollywood. It was like an inspiration, not to go wrong but to go to school late in life. I had heard much about the untoward conduct of the leading people of that place and I have had little opportunity in my life to study wickedness rampant. My plan was to sit down quietly and meekly on that bright rim of perdition, look at it carefully and find out, if possible, why perdition is bright.

I arrived late and went to the Hollywood Hotel. There was an air of grandeur about the long series of drawing-rooms downstairs. They were wide and splendid; fine draperies; lofty arches; huge casement windows open with the wind blowing through; bowls of gorgeous flowers everywhere, quietness, nobody there. I concluded that the night life had not begun. Why do we associate night life with the gayer forms of perdition, when students and slaves make up more of it than any other class of people?

I went upstairs to my room. It was not a room, romantically speaking, but an immense chamber with many windows and a kind of Juliet gallery overlooking an inside court filled with flowers and palm trees, birds singing out there in the swinging spires of slender cedars, a fountain playing. Certainly the setting was good, I concluded.

If you are young and beautiful you can afford to wear the latest modes in clothes, however bizarre, but if you are a stodgy, comfortable, elderly person ambling along in your middle fifties, it is silly to dress in this manner. You lose your value, your tone of time, that mellowness of blurred lines which is one of the assets age bequeaths. If you try to appear stylish you look like an old piece of a good period which has been retouched and outrageously varnished.

For all these reasons I was satisfied with my dinner frock of a former season—sleek black satin, severely cut. The skirt had been shortened, to be sure; this, however, was not a concession to style, but a sort of nether proclamation I made of life, liberty and the right to step as far as I pleased. The contrast, I knew, would be noticeable and becoming to me when I went down to dine where everyone else would be so modishly dressed that to be ultrafashionable was to be commonplace. My appearance would not be that of a successful screen star, but I would come in like the peaceful kind old person I am. And I would be calmly conscious of the difference I made personally in this anxiously primped crowd of men and women.

Can you see me carrying on this enhancing colloquy with myself as I made that toilet for my debut in Hollywood, sticking up my hair to grim high lines, putting on a little rouge, then rubbing it off, not for conscience's sake, but for the same reason Queen Victoria probably eschewed the paint pot? She was not pretty, poor soul, but she had a noble countenance. My grandmother resembled her, and I am said to resemble my grandmother. Therefore, in my grander moments of vanity, I scorn rouge, expose my forehead and leave the lines Nature made to define me. We are all actresses, my dears, if we are women, whether we are on the stage or off it.

Saint or sinner, smart woman or fool, we make little plays for ourselves and practice them in secret, before the mirror or sobbing on the bed. How else could even the best of us have endured the dullness of the past ten thousand years if we had not been private playwrights in our own behalf? Lovers do not last long. We live years and years without romance. Husbands, however kind and faithful, are like curtains that fall between us and the audience every maiden has by the very act of living and being herself. Children are joys and cares who destroy us. The world never knew us. Nobody raises much of a monument to our memory. We must make out somehow in secret, then, to be our own heroines, recite a few fine lines to the images we cast in the glass. No harm is done, and we are faintly refreshed by the character we think we are in these little dramas.

That evening was a fiasco as far as I was concerned, if it is to be judged by the sensation I made. No one noticed me. Still, I had the comfortable assurance that if any of them ever did they would wonder who the woman was sitting in the corner with that good old-wedding-ring look on her face. Still projecting my scenes, you observe, and occupying the center of my own inside stage! There is no great difference in human experience. It is the way you tell it or the way you feel it that makes the difference in you. You may be in a mean little hole of life and wail like a coward to heaven for succor, but if you cast yourself in big terms like these:

No retreat, no retreat;
They must conquer or die
Who have no retreat ——

then you arrive at the hero consciousness of yourself and nothing else matters. You can always make the grade inside even if you do not advance a step.

I think this explains the whole problem of class distinction. The difference between classes and masses is not determined by living conditions, poverty or wealth, but by the sense these people have of themselves. It is a matter of taste and manners; the quality of courage they have. A man may swear equality, fight for recognition, but if he feels inferior nothing in mind, wealth or philosophy can cure him of this ignoble complex.

People are not barred from the best society because of coarse clothes and grimy faces, or even on account of radical opinions—some very elegant men and women hold the same opinions—but because they lack breeding, not culture. They are without the right telepathy toward the sensibilities of others which is the genius of good will, the basis of that gentlemen's agreement which even well-bred enemies never violate. I have known more than one man who was unendurable socially, not because he picked his teeth and spat on the floor but because he had no more than a fool's perception of other people. One, I remember, added culture of two universities to his natural idiocy, acquired honors as an erudite scholar and inherited a fortune without ever being able to enter in. It was his lack of taste as a human being that queered him. He was artlessly obvious in choosing his friends from among those who despised him because he liked the luster they shed and he was always for shining in some false light of himself.

Taste in the best of us is a sweet meekness very close kin to an honorable pride. One of its qualities is a gentle recognition of others as being in the majority. They always are! Such people are the only ones in this world who can remain gracefully and contentedly in the rear of all pomp and circumstance. Some of them do pass the whole of their lives there in placid satisfaction without ever being recognized and invited to come forward and take part in the ceremony of being prominent.

I have known many women who were anxious counterparts of this man. They may move frantically in the best society without ever being of it. They are the rich, beautifully dressed and efficient maidservants of polite society who work hard to hold their positions. They are the good little

(Continued on Page 221)



Carrie Jacobs Bond, Corra Harris and Charlotte Mineau, of Paris, as Mrs. Grimes, a Woman Without a Soul, in Mary Pickford's Picture, Sparrows



The Photograph Mentioned by Mrs. Harris in This Article

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 8, 1927

Welcome, Mr. Massey

THE most cordial welcome imaginable awaits Mr. Vincent Massey, Minister-Designate to Washington from Canada, who will be the first occupant of the new legation which our northern neighbor is to establish.

The movement for setting up a Canadian legation in Washington dates back several years. It was at first regarded rather as a gesture of nationality than as the expression of a real need. Curiously enough, the opposition which developed was stronger in Canada than it was in Britain. Though irritation had sometimes arisen from the fact that differences of opinion over diplomatic questions were negotiated by the British Ambassador instead of by Canadian officials more intimately concerned and in closer touch with the points at issue, pleasant relations were usually maintained; for the interchange of ideas was not infrequently supplemented by personal visits of Canadian ministers who dealt directly with our Department of State. The outcome of these occasional contacts was so satisfactory that several outstanding Canadian ministers believed that the establishment of a legation, though right enough in principle, would result in lost motion and would pile up needless expense.

A dozen years ago this view was, perhaps, entirely sound; but during the past decade our relations with the Dominion have steadily become more important. Vast amounts of American capital have crossed the border and have been used for the upbuilding of Canadian industry and for the development of natural resources. Large numbers of Canadians and Americans are constantly migrating across the border, hither and yon. Immigration matters, forbidden liquor traffic, customs regulations and the technicalities of the fishing industry frequently require first-hand adjustment.

Quite apart from the Dominion's desire to give expression to her growing sense of nationality and her wish to be a principal in those negotiations between Britain and the United States in which her own interests are at stake, there are strong reasons for believing that she has taken a wise decision. Her selection of Mr. Massey to be her first envoy to the United States is of the nature of a substantial compliment, for he is not only an outstanding figure in her public life but a brilliant scholar and a man of broad interests and varied contacts. He will be welcomed not only for his own sake but because of a prevailing belief that his presence will do much to strengthen the ties of good will between ourselves and our friendly northern neighbor.

Railroad Progress

A HIGHLY educated Syrian recently had occasion to cross the United States twice by rail and also to travel in the South. When asked what had impressed him most in his travels he replied that the most striking thing in America was the facility for moving food supplies about the country: "India and China will have to come to it or perish. Gandhi is absolutely wrong in thinking India can go back."

We rarely pause to consider that the railroads carry every year the equivalent of one ton of freight the distance of five thousand miles for every man, woman and child in the country. This is from ten to fifteen times the average of the most progressive and developed countries in Europe, and, of course, exceeds in still greater ratio the less developed countries. With only seven per cent of the world's population, we have forty per cent of its railroad facilities.

But the future of the railroads is of more pressing concern than the mere fact of their existence. We are fortunate to have such facilities, but will they continue to serve in the same ratio of usefulness? The prospects are more than fair. The railroads are moving not with sensational rapidity, but steadily, all the same, into new fields of service.

A few weeks ago several of the transcontinental lines began a new and much faster passenger service to the Pacific Coast. Four new trains now make the run between Chicago and points such as San Francisco and Los Angeles in what, because of the rearrangement of schedules, amounts to a business day less than the former running time. These companies have put large sums into their roadbeds and equipment since the war, and are able to make time which would have been impossible ten years ago. In all parts of the country railroad officials are opposed to extreme rapidity of schedule on the ground of danger and cost. But with the steady improvement of roadbed on so many lines there should be a gradual reduction of time on more than one run. Many lines that were streaks of rust ten or fifteen years ago are now in excellent condition.

There is much fear, both within and outside of railroad circles, of the competition of motor vehicles, public and private. One railroad president has startled some of his peers by declaring that thirty thousand miles of track should be scrapped, in any case. The fact is that many branch lines need to be abandoned, while, on the other hand, there are sections of the country which are seriously underbuilt from a railroad standpoint.

It is said that motor vehicles will show nearly three times as many passenger miles of transportation for 1926 as the railroads. In 1925 the railroads took care of only about the same volume of passenger business that they did twenty years earlier. The automobile is responsible for the lack of increase. But if long-distance travel only is considered there has been a considerable increase. One long-distance train carries six times as many passengers as it did some twenty years ago.

President Crowley, of the New York Central, has expressed the opinion that the failure of passenger travel, as a whole, to grow is only temporary. In any case passenger traffic represents only one-quarter of the business of the railroads. Freight traffic is now four times what it was thirty years ago and double what it was twenty years ago. It has increased fifty per cent since 1914, during the period which has seen most of the nearly twenty million motor vehicles put in use.

Nearly every railroad is in better financial shape now to take care of the communities it serves than at any time in years past. The spokesmen for these companies are constantly demanding fair treatment from the public. Too often the railroads are made the goat in the matter of state and local taxes. They have been bled about as far in that direction as they can stand, paying something like three hundred and fifty millions a year. Not only dead geese but geese bled white never lay golden eggs.

But the railroads have their part to play. For one thing, they can remain useful and prosperous only as they adjust themselves vigorously to the advent of the motor. The real transportation genius of the future will be the man who most economically fits the two forms together.

These are exciting days for railroad executives. Under the pressure to merge many lines into few, new and greater systems may in time emerge. There is much jockeying for position, for the best terms, for the strongest combination. It is a veritable battle of giants, although carried on quietly and without stock-market fireworks. Thus far there has been plenty of opposition all around. Each big railroad fears the others. Each move is blocked or objected to before the Interstate Commerce Commission by jealous rivals.

The largest measure of usefulness does not seem to us to lie this way. Hitting one's rival is never so efficacious as improving one's own services and offerings. The country is fortunate in having so many strong railroad systems, each capable of earning fair profits and of reasonably extending its mileage. The railroads have reached a point of prosperity where mere complaint either at the public's treatment of them or at the designs of rival systems is a uselessly negative policy.

Cancellation Objectives

GREAT BRITAIN wants her war debts canceled because they cramp her international practices. The recent Imperial Conference has made it clear that the several parts of the British Empire stand in equal right and dignity with one another. Great Britain naturally wants to retain the financial control that a parent has by advancing money to children. The Dominions need capital for developments, and Great Britain wants to be in position to furnish it. Her debt to us restricts her capacity in this direction. In addition, she wishes to resume her leadership as chief creditor country to the rest of the world. Her debt payments to us restrict her leadership as a creditor country and restrict even her investments in the United States. Also she wants her war debts canceled to enable her to facilitate the development of the regions secured as result of war. Great Britain wishes us to cancel the war debts of other ex-Allies because this would facilitate the early restoration of the gold standard throughout the world, and this would be a benefit to the trading and banking of Great Britain. Domestically, Great Britain wants her war debt canceled in order to reduce taxes, since this would lower the cost of living and enable her to expand her export trade. All these wishes are in themselves proper and natural. But we do not see why we should cancel debts of a rich country in order to enable her more rapidly to become richer.

The European debtor countries wish their debts to this country canceled firstly in order to secure reductions in their debts to Great Britain. They wish their taxes reduced. They wish to resume the gold standard, but cannot stabilize their currencies, they feel, without fresh loans; and they cannot secure loans or metallic reserves without reduction of their present debts. They are overburdened with internal debts and feel that they cannot pay both their internal and their external debts, and, as between them, prefer to be released from their external debts. Most of all, these countries desire cancellation of their war debts in order to enlarge their borrowing capacity. What France really wants is that we as a government should cancel the war debt—or rather the post-Armistice debt—of the present value of a billion and a half, so that she may thereafter borrow that amount from our nationals. Freed of their debts to us, these debtors would then secure cancellation from Great Britain, hold Germany to her commitments, and borrow from British subjects as well as from Americans. The merry-go-round of private borrowing would follow the merry-go-round of public cancellation.

All this would mean getting out of us the maximum usefulness of a creditor. And after a decade of fresh borrowings had followed the cancellation of governmental debts, it would be time for another group of European business men to issue another manifesto to the effect that international debts of certain magnitude disturb the free currents of trade and should be canceled in the trading interests of both creditor and debtor countries. It is a great game.

Wealth in the Outdoor West

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD



PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM. COPYRIGHT BY C. E. BISBEE, TWIN FALLS, IDAHO

Twin Falls, Idaho

WHEN men talk about the causes of prosperity their thought is usually of the country as a unit. They advance many explanations, ranging from the American form of government, the wealth of natural resources, the spirit of the people and the initiative of industrial management, down to scores and hundreds of lesser reasons, but all are alike in being of general application.

Perhaps the condition of well-being with which we, as a nation, are blessed may be looked at from a different angle. Is it not a reflection of the rapid development of many sections of the country which previously added very little to freight earnings or bank clearings, and which figured much less than now in production and consumption; a development which had to abide its time and await the growth of population?

Eliminating temporary boom features and allowing for some slight loss in Northern and Eastern population, the growth of Florida and Southern California must have added greatly to the general business turnover, including that in the North and East. The opening of new lands and the construction of new railroad mileage in Texas is another illustration. Above all, the industrialization of the Southeast, particularly of North Carolina, is the outstanding recent example of the spreading of wealth and power into new areas.

New England may be losing its textile monopoly, sharing supremacy with the South. Yet in the main the South and West are developing as additions to the sum total of resources rather than as a mere change in their location. What is going on is a great but normal process of increment, enlargement and extension. The structure of prosperity is being held up by more props, by increased supports.

Unknown Wealth

THUS one reason for prosperity is the gradual, steady shaking off of poverty by the South and Far West. These United States are still filling up and building up in just as real if in a less romantic sense than in earlier days. The poverty of the South in the past may be described as historical, part of the clash and adjustment of social and economic systems. The South has never lacked natural resources, but it suffered from the Civil War.

It is coming up now because enough time has elapsed for the natural processes of recovery to make themselves felt.

This article is not about the South, but concerns the Far West. In a way the West is richer than it seems. We need a broad and deep set of values truly to gauge the resources of any country. It is not sport for shallow-minded players—this effort to appraise a dozen states.



PHOTO. BY WALTER L. HUBER

Indian Pass, Glacier National Park, Montana

The bounties of Nature and the rewards of man's labor do not stop beyond the most westerly wheat fields of Kansas. There is the rich, handsome, stable city of Denver, distributing center for a great intermountain region. There are the highly efficient agricultural and business operations in Utah, the result of Mormon unity of purpose. Montana, Utah and Arizona all boast rich copper mines, and Salt Lake City is one of the world's great smelting centers.

Wonderland

NEW as its development is, Idaho has much about it of an agricultural marvel. Rising in the eternal snows of the Rockies, the Snake River meanders for 1000 miles through the state; a greater distance, it is said, than any other river flows through any other state, but in any case furnishing the water for fruitful crops. On the coast there is, of course, the immense residential and agricultural exhibit that is California, and farther north, the last major resources in timber.

The most Northwestern state—Washington—is the gateway to Asia and Alaska. Great civilizations have usually been built near rivers and harbors, and Washington boasts the most remarkable inland sea on the Pacific, while it shares with its neighboring state of Oregon one of the mightiest of all rivers, which will no doubt in time provide for power and agriculture on a befitting scale. So one might go on indefinitely in a justified panegyric of the wonderland of the West. But the fact remains, unaffected by the pleading of loyal sons, that the West, with practically 40 per cent of the country's area has only 8.4 per cent of its population. Even if five big states to the East, which are really Middle rather than Far Western, but in the popular mind are often associated with the Far West, are added to the column, there is still only some 15 per cent of the population accounted for.

The West has produced, and will continue to produce, largely mineral wealth. California, because of its oil, and Arizona, because of its copper, rank high among the mineral-yielding states. Oil has enriched many an out-of-the-way place, and will continue to pour its golden flood where

(Continued on Page 145)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Bye-Byes

I'VE SAID
Bye-bye,
Blackbird,
And farewell,
Bluebird;
I've watched
The red-red
Robin go
Bob-bob-bobbin'
Back home.
But I
Don't feel
Bad, 'cause
They'll all
Be back
In the
Spring; but
I sure
Do sigh
When I
Say good-by
To that
Good old
Eagle on
The American
Dollar, 'cause
I know
He's gone
For good.
—L. T. Fitzpatrick.

Aggie and the Deeper Drama

I'M CRAZY about Eugene O'Neill; he's so significant. He's so profound you never know just what he's talking about. Any dramatist has a message, but it takes a genius to keep you awake all night wondering if you got the wrong number.

Back in Whycogomagh, our Little Theater group produced his play called The Emperor Jones. It's all about a Pullman porter, and we did a double bill—a minstrel show first and then The Emperor Jones, so we wouldn't waste the burnt cork. No, we didn't pay royalties. What on earth are they? I thought this country was democratic.

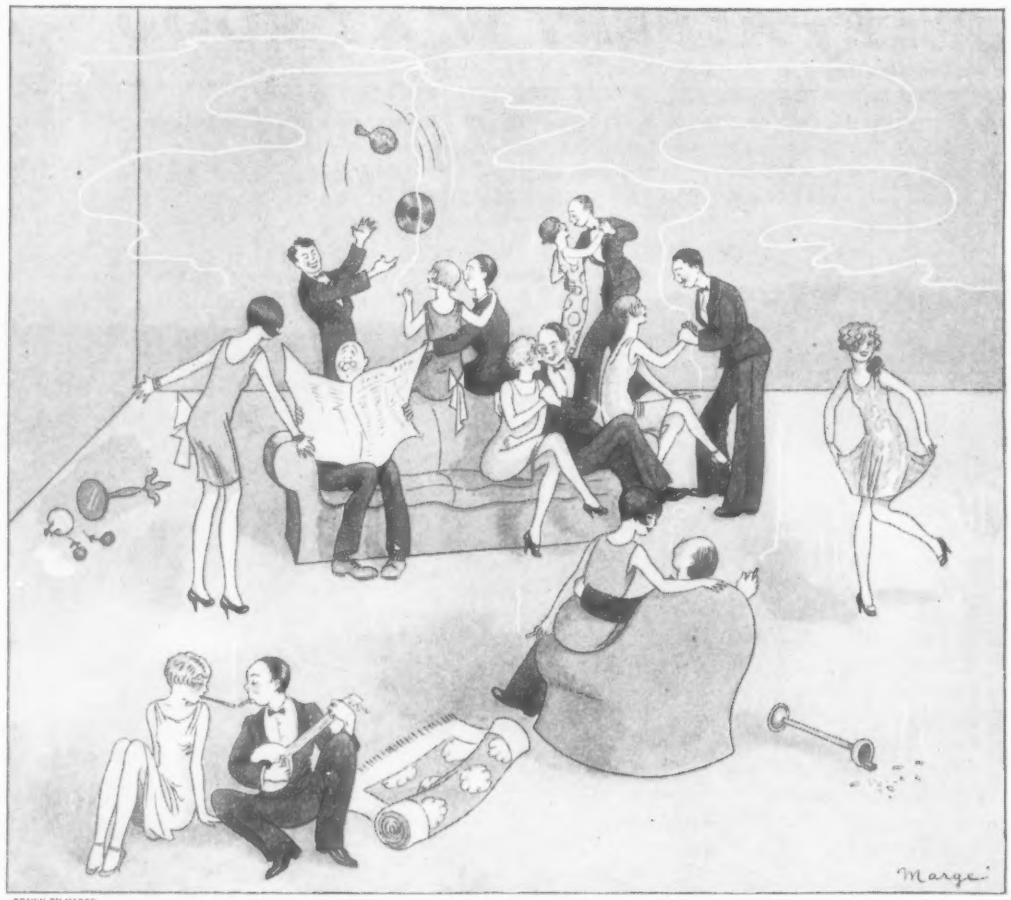
We were going to produce Anna Christie, too, and I was to play Anna, because I look like Pauline Lord—if she had black hair. But my papa read the part while we were rehearsing, and it was all off. Papa's so crude; he objects to profanity. Besides, even if Anna wasn't all she might have been, the play taught a lesson. I don't know what sort of a lesson, but maybe it warned the shop girls against Erie Canal barges.

I saw Desire Under the Elms, too, and it was so significant. We couldn't ever produce it in Whycogomagh, because there's a boarding house called The Elms, and the landlady might think we were casting asparagus upon the character of her place.

I haven't seen The Great God Brown yet, but I hear it's frightfully significant. Isn't it all about masks and dual identities, like Doctor Hyde and Mr. Jekyll and those creepy pictures Lon Chaney plays in? As for the masks, did you ever hear the funny, funny story about the party where there was a contest for making funny faces, and they awarded the prize to a lady who wasn't——

What's that? You've seats for The Great God Brown tonight? How perfectly, thrillingly wonderful! But it's rather hot for heavy stuff. Couldn't you take the tickets back to LeBlang's and change them for two for Sex or the National Winter Garden?

But I'm crazy about Eugene O'Neill; he's so significant. —*John McColl.*



DRAWN BY MARGE

The Hostess: "Dad, for Pete's Sake, Do Go Somewhere Else to Read the Paper! You're Putting Such Restraint on Everybody!"

Against Time

BANDIT *(to bank teller)*: "And get a move on you! Don't you know I can only park my car out there for fifteen minutes?"

Taking Effect

HE: WHAT is that I smell?

HIM: That's a disinfectant. It kills all insects.

HE: It is making me sick.

Tonight

Not by the World's Highest-Salaried Editor

UNCLE SAM is rich; oh, ever so rich. He has broad acres and hoards of gold. He owns roaring factories and fleets of automobiles. He is the world's grocer and banker.

What good will all this do him when the fierce Eskimos swoop down in their fighting planes? Uncle Sam has no planes. He is like a big fat duck that can only waddle and quack. He can't fly; he can't fight. Poor Uncle Sam!

California is a great state. Land of flowers and sunshine. Garden spot of America. Some day all the New Yorkers will dwell there on the mountain tops and fly back and forth across the continent as casually as you now commute to your suburban home.

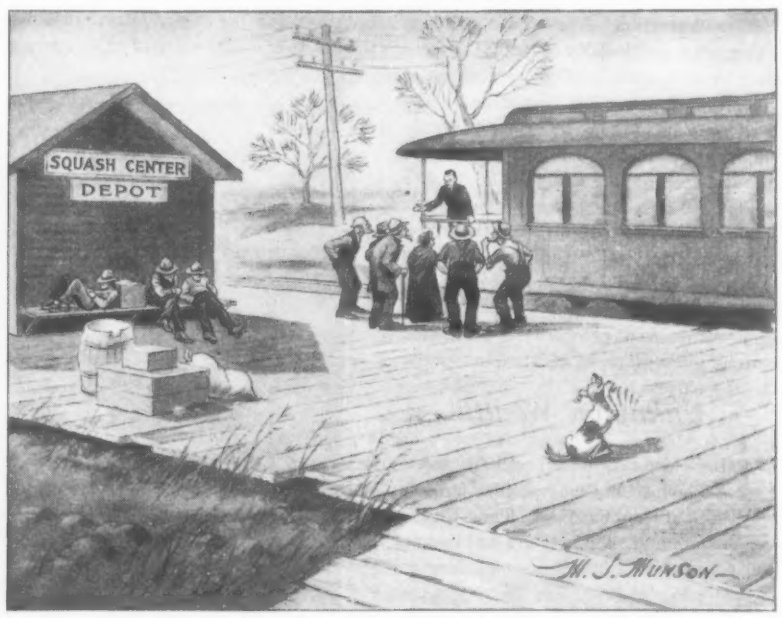
But America has no airplanes yet. Japan has hundreds. Smart and brave people, the Japs. So are the French, but

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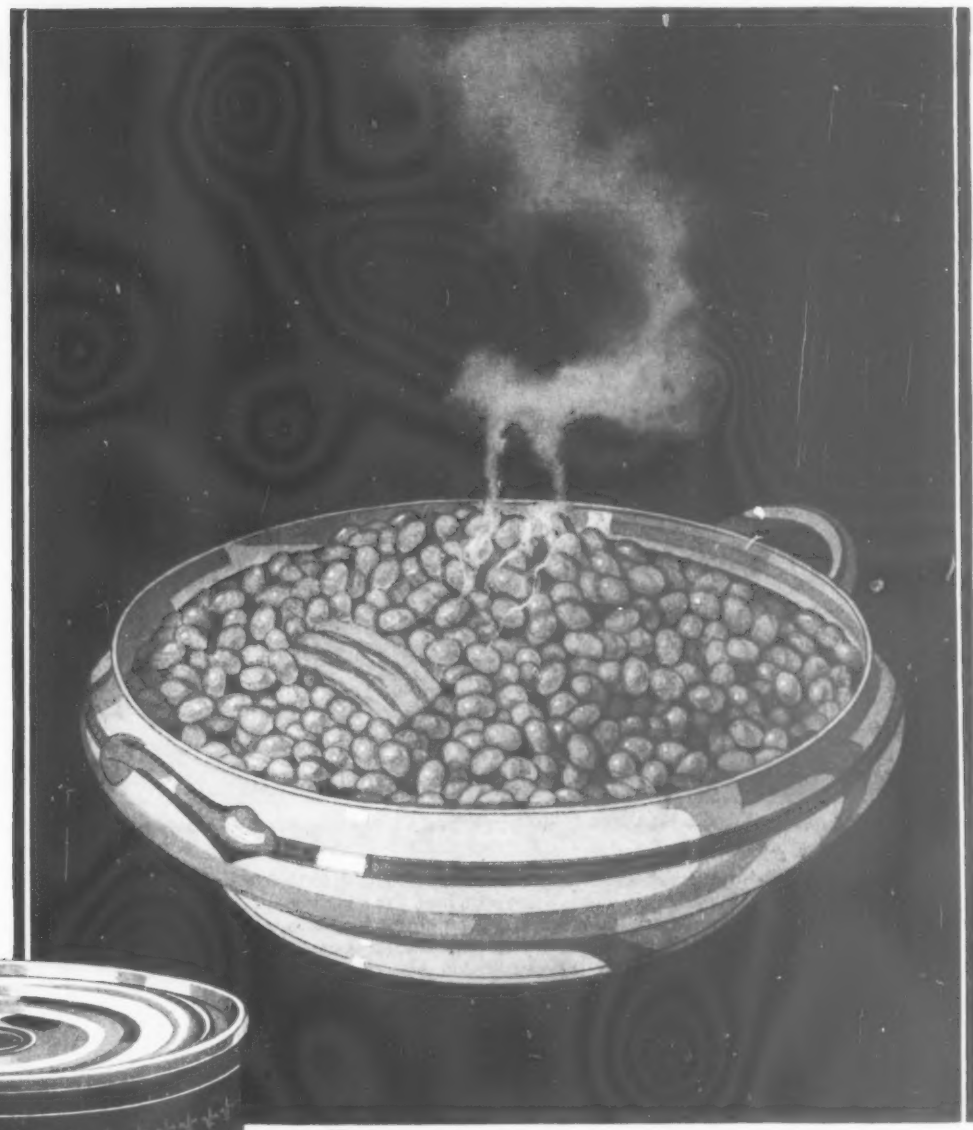


DRAWN BY MANDIUS J. MUNSON

Squash Center Weekly: "Famous Movie Star Passed Through Here Monday Morning at Seven Minutes to Five o'Clock"



Squash Center Weekly: "Our Distinguished President Spoke Here at Noon Tuesday From the Rear Platform of His Private Car"





Slow-cooked
Digestible

Only slow-cooking can give such delicious flavor in beans!

Such mellowness! Such tender, yielding beans! Such meatiness and nourishment! Blended through and through with as tempting a tomato sauce as you ever tasted! How you enjoy every last bean on your plate, when you eat Campbell's.

Slow-cooking is the right cooking for beans. It brings out all the fine bean flavor. It makes the beans digestible and wholesome.

Campbell's Beans are slow-cooked. It is one of the secrets of their extraordinary popularity. Thousands of housewives serve Campbell's always, because they consider that their flavor is so superior and they are so beneficial for everybody—including the children.

In selecting beans for your table, you should always insist on getting the kind which are "cooked the very best way"—Campbell's.

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Minnie Miller and Her Guernseys

By ELIZABETH FRAZER



Mrs. Miller Holding One of Her Hampshires, With Jess Loader, the Shepherd, and Quiz, the Scotch Collie

IT WAS a brilliant, still, hot day of early summer when I arrived at Gooding, Southern Idaho, en route for the Thousand Springs Stock Farm in the valley of the Snake. Coming up from the south, we had emerged overnight into the sage desert country, illimitable stretches of wind-swept mesas, or benches, dry as the dust of Pharaoh, dotted sparsely with greasewood and tumbleweed and given over to hordes of jack rabbits, dozens of which could be seen from the car window, crouching from the fierce ardors of the sun in the thin shade of fence posts, and at the shriek of the train, streaking across the plain, as if shot from a gun, toward the distant purple chasms of the Sawtooth Range.

At the station, Max Morehouse, manager of Thousand Springs Stock Farm, met me and, as the long level miles reeled out behind us, he explained the topography of the country in terms of Idaho's chief industry. Those lava wastes and parched sagebrush plains, nonarable, given over to the coyote and the jack rabbit, still serve their turn; for within ten days after the early lambs are born they are put on the plains, where in spring succulent weeds, grass and yellow buck brush or deer brush flourish, on which the young tender lambs thrive mightily before the bands are trailed with the receding snows up into the high range country of the Sawtooth Mountains. And as an economic factor, he explained, it was a good thing to have this waste country used by the cattle and sheep, as otherwise it was dead loss to the state.

The Jugular Vein of Idaho

"HERE," said he, "is the physical layout of this whole southern region in a nutshell: First of all, there's the Snake River, which dominates everything—irrigation, agriculture and the great hydroelectric power plants and canal companies. It lies stretched out across the southern part of the state between steep cliffs ranging from 200 to 1000 feet high, turning and twisting upon itself like a big serpent, at times shut in a narrow gorge between beetling lava crags, with great waterfalls like the Shoshone, for example, which furnish power to the state, and at other times broadening out into a fertile valley a mile or so wide, with thousands of natural springs of crystal-clear water gushing down its walls, and prosperous little farms with incredibly rich soil—disintegrated lava—lying along the river bottom. These farms are reached by roads dug out of the sides of the steep canyon walls—dugways we call them—with sharp hairpin curves and reverse twists. Kind of fearsome things to a timid driver. But you'll see, for Mrs. Miller's stock farm is down on the floor of the valley.

"On account of its importance as a feeder for this whole southern country, the Snake has been called the jugular vein of Idaho. We couldn't live without it; it's our great water supply, and in a land like this, water is the beginning and middle and end of everything."

Leaving the lava formation, the parched desert began to be checkered with vivid emerald-green oases. We were coming into the region watered by the big canal companies. The contrast was sudden, violent. Instead of wide, treeless sagebrush plains, the expanse was broken by fine, modern, comfortable farmhouses with aerials for radios, garages, big barns, luxuriant green fields of alfalfa, corn and beans, stretches of orchards in bearing separated by long rows of rustling poplars, and over all an unmistakable air of prosperity, richness of production, of modern scientific farming and economic content.



Judy of Thatch Meadow—a Typical Guernsey Head

Filling a Definite Need

"IRRIGATION," elucidated the manager tersely. "Canal companies. They've changed the entire character of this country. Before—well, it was what you've just seen, sage deserts—good for cattle and sheep, but for farmers, no. Now it compares in fertility and richness of production with the best parts of Kansas and Illinois. What I'm trying to give you, you see, is the general physical layout of this section so you can fit the Thousand Springs Stock Farm into the picture as a whole. First, the Snake River, the life giver, the jugular vein; then up on the canyon's rim these broad mesas sloping away on either side, immensely fertile when watered, arid sage desert when they're not, and finally the high range country, good for nothing but cattle and sheep. The farmers need pure-bred cows for their dairy herds, and that means Guernseys; they're the producers. And the sheepmen need the Hampshires to keep up the quality of their flocks. So a stock farm of this kind in a sheep and cattle country belongs in the picture and fills a definite need."

"Otherwise?" I queried.

"Otherwise they'd have to go East for their pure-breds or import them from England themselves, and that would be an expensive business."

Thoroughbreds

I BEGAN to grasp the tail of the situation. Milk and meat—those two great fundamentals of physical life. Raising the standards of both by the production of thoroughbreds. A fine, realistic job, big enough for anyone. But how had a woman come to take such a line? Why had she chosen such a career in an admittedly masculine field? For certainly Idaho is a he-man country by fact and tradition and code, and stock farming is distinctly not a pink-tea affair. Considered as a job, it's a job with the bark on. Would she appear arrayed in flannel shirt, shaggy chaps and cowhide boots with jangling spurs, like the Wild West heroines standardized on the silver screen? My mind rejected such a picture; her job was too firmly tethered to reality to permit of any such cheap masquerading flapdoodle as that. More likely she was some hard-bitten, leather-jawed old party like Ma Pettingill, who didn't care a hoot what she wore, her complexion gone by the board, sallow, wrinkled and squint-eyed from staring into the sun.



On Queen Marie's Recent Visit to the Pacific International Livestock Exposition at Portland, Mrs. Miller Supplied Her With Guernsey Milk From Her Former Grand Champion Cow, Mixter Farm Babette, in the Sterling Silver Guernsey Can

I had a few scattering data, but nothing to tie to. She was married and a grandmother to boot, which would indicate a certain experience and mellowness of vision; she had been in the business of raising pure-bred stock for only six years, and yet already she was known as one of the foremost breeders of Guernsey cattle and Hampshire sheep in the country; and on the show circuits she had won

(Continued on Page 40)

Libby's 100 Foods

Where the world's most critical women shop — in the famous "down-town" stores of New York, Chicago, London, Paris, Rome — these foods are old-time favorites

Ask for LIBBY'S
when you buy the following foods

Fruits, Vegetables
Sliced Pineapple
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Peaches, Pears
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Cherries, Maraschino
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Plums, Apples
Apple Butter
Jellies, Jams
Strawberries
Raspberries
Loganberries
Blackberries
Prunes, Figs
Asparagus
Spinach
Pork and Beans
Tomatoes
Sweet Potatoes
Sauer Kraut
Tomato Soup

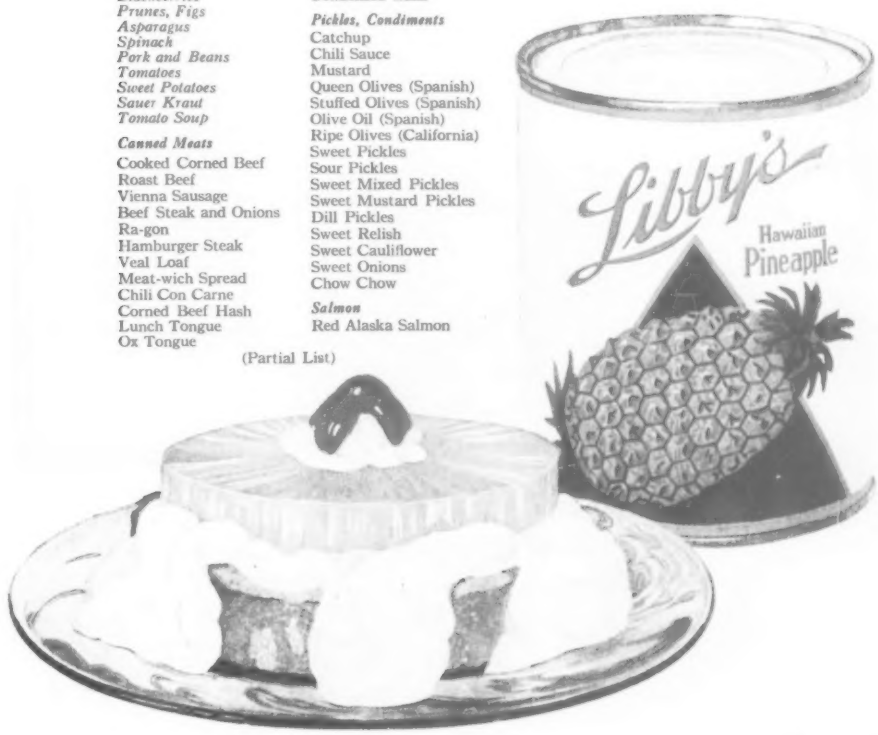
Canned Meats
Cooked Corned Beef
Roast Beef
Vienna Sausage
Beef Steak and Onions
Ra-gon
Hamburger Steak
Veal Loaf
Meat-wich Spread
Chili Con Carne
Corned Beef Hash
Lunch Tongue
Ox Tongue
Genuine Deviled Ham
Potted Meat
Boneless Chicken
Potted Chicken
Sliced Dried Beef
Sliced Bacon
Mince Meat
Plum Pudding
Mexican Tamales
Bouillon Cubes
Beef Extract

Milk
Evaporated Milk
Condensed Milk

Pickles, Condiments
Catchup
Chili Sauce
Mustard
Queen Olives (Spanish)
Stuffed Olives (Spanish)
Olive Oil (Spanish)
Ripe Olives (California)
Sweet Pickles
Sour Pickles
Sweet Mixed Pickles
Sweet Mustard Pickles
Dill Pickles
Sweet Relish
Sweet Cauliflower
Sweet Onions
Chow Chow

Salmon
Red Alaska Salmon

(Partial List)



On the day of perfect ripeness, at the edge of our Hawaiian fields, the golden slices of Libby's Pineapple are packed with all their tender sweetness at its best.

Individual Pineapple Shortcake: Cut circular pieces of sponge cake, or use individual cakes as shown. Moisten with pineapple juice, spread with whipped cream and cover with slices of Libby's Hawaiian Pineapple. The pineapple may be cut in sections. Top with Maraschino cherries.

New ideas for salads and desserts! Free, in our leaflet, "Libby's Luscious Fruits". Write for it. Also for any personal advice you may want on recipes, menus, entertaining. Address Mary Hale Martin, Cooking Correspondent.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, C-1 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Canadian Kitchens,
Libby, McNeill & Libby of Canada, Ltd.,
Chatham, Ontario

(Continued from Page 38)

national and international championships. And one does not win international championships without some pretty tall scratching, without a considerable expenditure of vital energy and will. I decided she was not fat; champions rarely are; and her brief career revealed her as a champion sprinter.

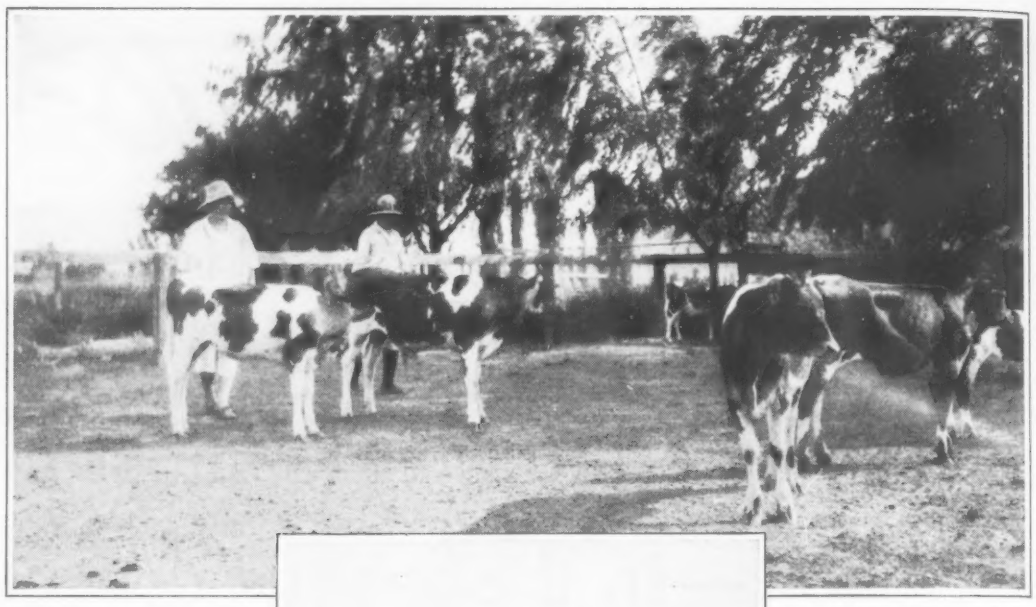
Aside from these topnotch achievements, or rather because of them, she was trustee of the agricultural college of the state of Utah, president of the American Hampshire Sheep Association—a signal honor which shows as well as anything how far she had attained in her own line—a familiar figure on the show circuits where championships are adjudged, showing her own prize ewes and rams, mingling on a parity with the men, and in charge of her own marketing. Practical, yes. Dynamic, yes. Shrewd, yes. In addition to all this, she was a famous big-game hunter and had shot pinto caribou in the caribou barriers of British Columbia, moose, elk and deer, Rocky Mountain goats, big-horn and stone sheep, scaling perilous peaks, rifle in hand, in pursuit of those elusive creatures of the frozen heights, and bringing down her quarry with a single shot. In the state capitol of Utah a fine collection of game trophies bears witness to her skill, and the accompanying legend reads:

This collection of mounted game heads was presented to the state of Utah by Mr. and Mrs. Lee Charles Miller. These heads are all personal trophies of the hunt and are the result of many big-game expeditions of Mr. and Mrs. Miller. Many of the finest specimens are a tribute to the skill of Mrs. Miller with the rifle.

And most of them had been brought down with a single well-planted shot. Her success in the breeding business inside of six years, starting as a raw novice, indicated that it was not only at big-game hunting that she was skilled at hitting the mark. Plenty of self-confidence, perhaps even pride of skill. She would do her own aiming in life; some man might charge the gun, but she would do the shooting herself. Thus, sight unseen, from her performances I began to plot tentatively the curve of her character as we drove, now through vividly green oases, now through stark desert and tortured lava waste lying parched and still in the blinding glare of the sun, while jack rabbits flirted with suicide in front of our wheels, unheeding the stiff carcasses of their brethren in the road who had failed at the same little game.

Close to the Trail of the Covered Wagon

AT THE next town the manager pulled up suddenly, exclaiming, "There they are!" and Mrs. Miller came walking toward us in the red-hot sunshine. A slender, quick-moving, feminine little woman in a blue silk dress with red-leather trimmings—a romantic touch, that. Crinkly gray hair, unbobbed, framed a still youthful face of considerable charm, whose salient features were a firm chin, a wide mouth and a pair of exceedingly bright dark eyes. Later I was to discover that not a single living thing moved in that whole wide landscape which escaped her keen hunter's eye. Now it was a prairie hen, gray as the sheltering sagebrush, or a Chinese pheasant of gorgeous plumage, a band of sheep silhouetted on a high hilltop, a fire in the distant Sawtooth Range or a change of sky.



Miss Frazer and Mrs. Miller Inspecting Guernsey Calves at the Stock Farm



At Left—A Guernsey Bull at Thousand Springs Stock Farm

"I thought you'd like a taste of Idaho," she began, "in order to fit what I'm doing into the general scheme. I'm just a cog, you know. First, I'm going to show you my plant, the Thousand Springs Stock Farm, and explain what I'm aiming at; then we'll show you the farming country along the Snake, and afterward the high range country, so you can get hold of the situation in Southern Idaho as a whole with regard to sheep and cattle and see where a stock farm comes in."

More business of driving. Mile upon level mile, the silent partner at the wheel.

"See that streak over there?" She pointed to a line which ran through the harsh fabric of the landscape like a black thread. "That's the gash cut by the Snake. From here it looks no more than a furrow of upturned earth. You can't tell it is a canyon with lava cliffs from 200 to 1000 feet high until you're right on the rim. Six miles north of the Thousand Springs farm is where the covered-wagon pioneers crossed the Snake. The old Oregon trail is still there. Think how the women with children must have felt when they came to those lava crags, which they had to drive down in ox-wagons! And the Snake here is very wide and deep. I want you to get the view from the rim."

Another half hour's run and we arrived at the canyon top and got an airman's point of view. It was a scene of extraordinary beauty. Directly beneath us, a drop of 200 feet of sheer lava cliffs, in a narrow alluvial valley of emerald green a mile and a half wide, lay the great shining Snake, twisting with many a sinuous turn and double S, hemmed in by rugged lava crags. On the eastern wall thousands of pure crystal springs gushed out, now in tiny tricklets, now in magnificent broad sheets which took the plunge with a deafening roar and rushed turbulently to join the Snake on the valley floor. And on this narrow valley floor, an emerald-green island formed by the creek and the Snake, lay the Thousand Springs Stock Farm, a checkerboard of lush green meadows dotted with grazing Guernseys and in the foreground the cluster of buildings which composed the plant—stables, milk house, testing barn, granaries, calf barn and sun parlor, rock barn for heifers and dry cows, houses for employes, for machinery and equipment, and various shelter sheds—the whole, a narrow strip steeped in sunshine and shut in by frowning lava cliffs.

"But how do you get down there?" I demanded. "Fly?"



First Prize Pen of Ram Lambs—Hampshire—at the Chicago International, 1925. Desert Gold, Champion, at Right

Nature Must be Civilized

"BY A DUGWAY. A road cut out of the solid wall of the cliff. Hairpin curves. You'll see. With the creek on one side and the Snake on the other forming an island, we have plenty of water for irrigation; and protected by these high walls, we get a better break with the seasons than up on top. There's a difference of three weeks in our favor; the spring begins ten days sooner and summer lasts ten days longer before the first frosts. On these meadows we grow our own feed for the stock, and the alfalfa, sweet clover, fine spring water and sheltered situation make ideal conditions for developing vigorous, healthy cattle and sheep. We don't take them up in the high range country at all, even in the hottest summer; we keep them right here at home.

"That power plant you see just below at the base of the eastern wall is the Idaho Power Company, which has gathered up most of the water from the largest springs into one gigantic flume, and sells power all over Southern Idaho and Eastern Oregon. That magnificent waterfall is nothing but their spillway. Of course I hated to see the natural falls go—half of the beauty has been wiped out—but I suppose the country must be served." She sighed. "That's the trouble with civilization—so many lovely natural things must go."

We zigzagged carefully down the dugway, flung like a spider's web across the face of the cliff, and emerged upon the valley floor, crossed the creek and came upon the island

(Continued on Page 195)

27th in 1924

18th in 1925

9th in 1926

4th in 1927

Celebrating the Most Significant Record in Motor Car History

1927 marks the third milestone in the history of Chrysler—today, more than ever, an outstanding success in the motor industry.

In 1924—its first appearance at a national automobile show—Chrysler exhibited in *27th place.*

During the year that followed 32,000 Chryslers were built and shipped. This achievement was a first-year production record for a quarter century of automobile manufacture.

A discerning public, appreciative of a new measure of performance, beauty and comfort, paid more than fifty million dollars for this new Chrysler—winning *18th place* for Chrysler at the 1925 National Shows, where rankings are determined by the sales volume of the preceding year.

Then followed another even more sensational year. In 1925, the public purchased 137,526 sixes and fours of Chrysler manufacture, which placed Chrysler in *9th place* a year ago.

Today Chrysler is in 4th place!

In three years, public preference has enabled Chrysler to overtake and pass in volume of sales 23 other manufacturers.

This stupendous honor, gained only three years after its debut, comes as the result of the production and sales in 1926 of *170,414* Chrysler cars—"50", "60", "70" and Imperial "80".

The fifty million dollar sales record of Chrysler's first year has grown into a staggering volume of $249,194,940 paid for Chrysler products in the past twelve months.

An impressive endorsement of Chrysler quality, Chrysler value, Chrysler *leadership.*

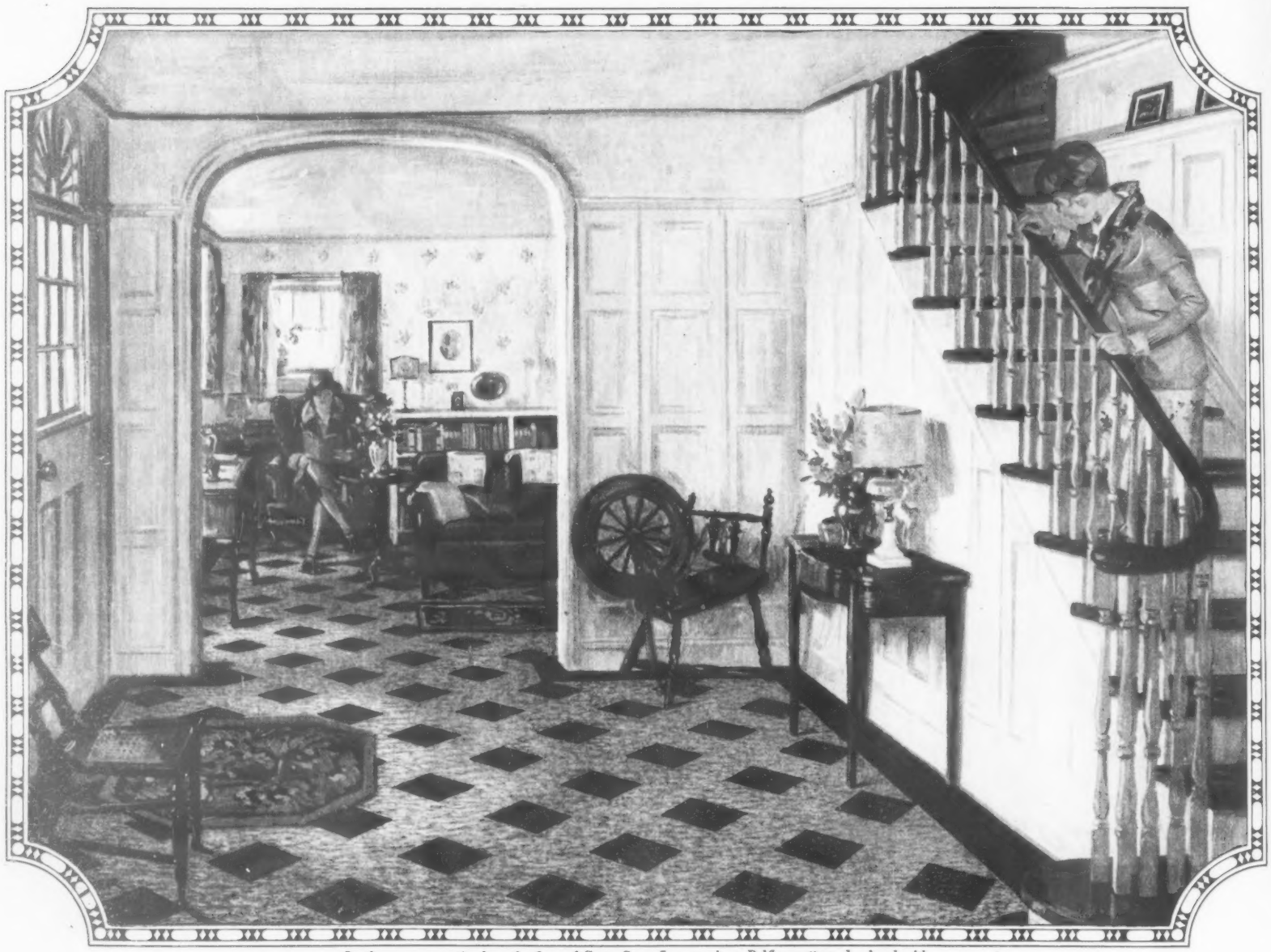
In response to such a public tribute, the Chrysler Corporation can only express its deep and sincere appreciation.

In return for the confidence proclaimed by this record-breaking public preference, Chrysler pledges itself—with its increased and more modern facilities—to an even stricter maintenance of the high integrity of its public service and to a protection of the good will reposed in its unique engineering and manufacturing plan of Standardized Quality.

CHRYSLER

"50 ~ 60 ~ 70 ~ IMPERIAL 80"

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR



In these rooms notice how the floor of GOLD SEAL INLAID, *in a Belflor pattern, bordered with plain black linoleum, adds to the charm of the Colonial interior.*

A tonic for any room—in homes new or old

The smartest and newest idea in home-beautifying! A new floor that blends in with the colors of walls and furnishings! A beautiful permanent GOLD SEAL INLAID—laid right over the old wooden floor.

Thousands of women have been won to this sensible way of rejuvenating their rooms by the modern designs and delicately mottled colorings of the charming *Belflor* patterns offered in GOLD SEAL INLAIDS. What a transformation they work. The effect is so refreshing, so utterly and entirely pleasing, that you receive no end of compliments from your family and friends.

And remember! The beauty of GOLD SEAL INLAIDS is more than skin deep. They are genuine inlaid linoleum of the highest quality. The colors will not wear off. They go clear through to the back. Occasional waxing keeps them fresh and gleaming.

If your floors are worn and shabby—if you are building or buying a new house—see the new Nairn GOLD SEAL INLAIDS. Thoroughly economical in price, they represent the utmost value in inlaid linoleum.

NAIRN
Gold Seal
INLAID
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH WET CLOTH

Satisfaction Guaranteed

The Gold Seal Guarantee of Satisfaction, shown above, is the identifying mark of Nairn GOLD SEAL INLAIDS. *Be sure to look for the Gold Seal on the face of the goods or the name Nairn on the back.*

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Free: *"Creating a Charming Home" gives a multitude of suggestions for beautifying rooms. Write us or mail this coupon to Congoleum-Nairn Inc., 1421 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.*

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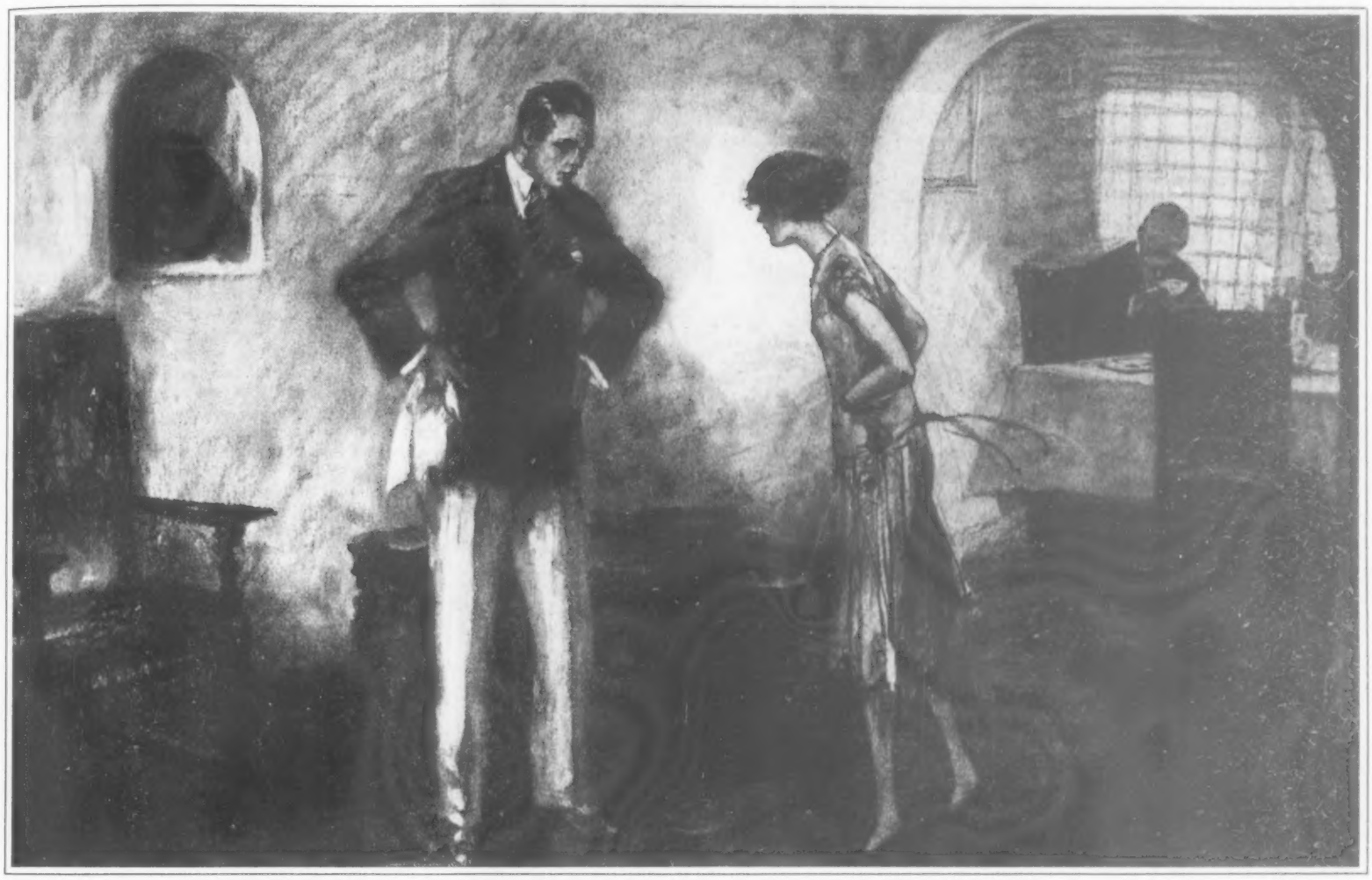
When buying INLAID LINOLEUM ask for NAIRN

GOLD SEAL INLAIDS

ANKLE ALONG!

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD



"Did the Cat Bring That In Last Night?" She Says. "Will You Gather it Up and Chuck it Out, or Will I Call the Servants?"

AS THE sweet old song goes, "Every cloud has a silver lining, and sometimes you can cash in on it." But it takes a intelligent bird with brains, the same as myself, for a sample, to see through a cloud, especially in the moving pictures, where a lot loom up when least expected.

Women in especial ain't got my capacity for seeing a bright future. All they can see is the cloud. Take that sister-in-law of mine, Mary McCree, now; the one who come out to Hollywood to keep house for me and my little boy, Billy, after Helen, my wife, died. When we first arrived Mary was forever hanging crape on my ideas, so I wasn't surprised any when she didn't realize where from the very first I was well acquainted with the kinda character Mr. J. Lewis Frank was. More abundance! I guess I ought to know a business man when I see one, I having had considerable more jobs then birthdays so far, and I am thirty-one, although I don't begin to look it, and everybody takes me for a leading juvenile.

At the time I met up with Mr. Frank things in my line was working out pretty much the way I had planned. I come out to Hollywood in the first place on account I realized real sheiks was rarer then long-haired girls, and I felt where it was only fair for me to give the big producers a chance to plant my map on the celluloid world. But did they appreciate this? And how? By never even letting me past the mourners' bench, much less making a test of anything but my power to stick at a thing until it was time to quit. I always did know when to quit, and have done so many times. And when by a accident that darn kid of mine got took up by the Silvermount Productions Company, why naturally I canned all my own chances of being a star in favor of acting as personal manager for him. In fact, for the protection of that wonder boy of mine, I wouldn't so much as sign a contract for him unless they signed me on too.

And now, after sticking to this policy, I was head of Billy's own unit at the Silvermount, drawing down three grand a week, while the young one got five and a per cent on the pictures.

Naturally, in such a important, conspicuous position as the head of a big unit like Billy's, I didn't have much actual work to do. And so, while the young one was performing with the camera chauffeurs, I put in a good deal of my time outside the lot, mixing in with people so's to keep in touch with things in a large way, and left my assistants and the office boy do the actual running of the office. Billy had a peach of a director, who was real devoted to the young one, and my executive ability told me where he could be depended on not to let Billy flop. Not that I didn't actually handle the darn kid a lot myself, for I did. I always took him to work from my magnificent Spanish-type mansion, which I had bought out of his salary, in the Golden Gables Development. Also I called for him at the studio every evening when he was through, to bring him home, no matter how busy I was. And it was this work of handling him that first brought up in my mind the idea for a separate producing company, where we would get all the spoils instead of what the Silvermount could spare in the way of loose change.

This big idea come to me, funny enough, on the morning of the day I met J. Lewis Frank. That darn kid of mine was out playing around when Mary started off to business. No matter how much money the young one made, she had kept right on working in a public stenography office down in Los Angeles; where, principally on account of the encouragement and business hints I had give her, she was now manager. Well, more abundance! She come around from the garage, driving a new little flivver coupé she had treated herself to, and I paged her before she got away. I dunno what there is about that girl, but sometimes she gets me mushy as cooked cereal.

"Hey, Mary!" I says, doing a languid loop towards her. "Can you call over to the studio for Billy tonight? I gotter run down to Tia Juana on some important business and I may be late getting back."

"Eddie Softer!" she says. "Whatter you going for? Don't you get enough fresh air?"

"Aw, go tie up a noodle!" I says. "All I get is the air around here! But I got to get in touch with a feller."

"He's a darn sight more likely to do the touching than you!" says she. "Why can't you at least go through the motions of attending to your duties oncet in a while? Oh, Eddie Softer, if only I could tell you what I think of you!"

"Wait until it's moonlight, dearie," I says. "Them sweet nothings is below par right after breakfast!"

"What I'd have to say would be way over pa's head at any hour!" says she, vicious. "But I'll fetch the boy!" And she drove off, the new flivver's tenor voice drowning out whatever other remarks she may of passed. I always could get women to do anything I wanted.

Well, as soon as Mary was gone, I got my new dome piece and my yellow cane, and called to one of our alleged servants that I was always waiting on to know where was that darn kid of mine. But none of them dimwits knew. Finally that onion of a butler we got flapped the wing of a idea. "I think he's run over to the old building yonder, sir," he says. "He does a lot, lately, sir."

So I hurried and got out my big special-body car, and drove over to the old Art Comedy Studios, a deserted block of buildings which hadn't been worked for anything since the more modern picture-shooting galleries come into style. There sure enough, who would be at the door, talking to the old boy who was paid to hold the building down, but that darn young one. When he seen me, he give a whoop.

"Hey, pop!" he says. "I got a tame mouse inside. Wanner see my tame mouse?"

"I wanner see you lay off this old barn," I says. "Ain't I told you not to play over here?" I says. "What's the matter with your magnificent home grounds that you got to pick out a old rattletrap like this?"

"Aw, pop," says Billy, "but this place is fun. I been all over it, pop," he says, "and I am pirates in some places, and Injuns in other places, and there's a robbers' cave, and a tame mouse, and ——"

"Aw, go tie up a noodle!" I says. "You forget all that stuff and come on. We got to go to work, we have. Whatcher think we are, a coupla bums with nothing to do?"

(Continued on Page 45)



At the first automobile race ever held in America, one of the judges was Mr. Henry Timken, Sr., President of the Carriage Builders' National Association. He is seen at the left, on the near side of the car. His invention, the Timken Tapered Roller Bearing, has come into universal use through ability to make machinery work better and more economically.

A sure way to check the endurance of the car you buy is to check for the presence of Timken Tapered Roller Bearings in the transmission, differential, pinion drive, rear wheels, front wheels, steering pivots and fan.

(Continued from Page 43)

"No, pop," says Billy. "I guess only one of us is."

"Hey?" I says. "What's that?"

"Me!" says Billy. "I heard Mr. Silvermount say that young Softer is a loafer, and I'm young Softer, ain't I, pop? I guess I better get to work."

"I guess you better grow a tin ear," I says as we drove along. "And now listen, son; pop's got something he wants you to remember. I don't want anybody on our lot to see that old studio. Don't you take nobody in to see it. Get me? I want you to promise."

"Sure, I'll promise, pop," says Billy, cheerful.

When we reached the Silvermount I turned the darn young one over to his dresser, and went off to attend to my own larger outside interests.

The reason why I didn't want Billy should show off that old studio to anyone was that the idea had come to me where it would look pretty good with the words "Edward H. Softer Productions" over the front of it. Of course I realized the Silvermount people had made us, and I wouldn't go back on a old friend, though I might fall back on one. But as the song says, "Hitch your wagon to a star while he is in the public eye," and there was really no sense in Billy's own family not getting the full benefit of him. Besides which there was a real neat office in that old building, which could easy be done over to my taste, and it already had the word "President" on the door. Naturally, if I could figure out a way to make this move, I didn't want Billy to be broadcasting any advance stuff around our present meal-ticket office.

Well, I went on down to Tia Juana on business, like I had told Mary I was gonner, and made a few important investments, but none of 'em run anywheres near the money. And then later, as I was coming out the U. S. Grant Hotel in San Diego, my mind kinda low, in spite of me fully realizing where nobody's judgment is perfect at all times, a man come up and spoke to me.

He was one of these up-and-going business fellers, with a hearty welcome in the mitt, and he paged me just before I reached my big car. "One moment, please!" he says, a little out of breath, but not out of smiles. "I beg you to pardon me, but aren't you Mr. Edward Softer?"

"You called it," I had to admit.

"One moment, please!" says the feller. "I'm J. Lewis Frank of J. M. P. Frankle and Company—Wall Street, you know! I thought I recognized you, Mr. Softer. We financiers has to know all you big fellows in the pictures, and I've been hoping to meet you in quite some time."

Naturally we shook hands on that, and I thought, well, that reminds me a whole lot of the way big Benny Silvermount thinks of me; it's so different.

"Well, what can I do for you, Mr. Frank?" I says. "Delighted to have you pick on me."

"Are you driving back to Los Angeles tonight?" he says.

"Fast as this modest little boat of mine can make it," I says. "I was just starting."

"Would you mind if I came along?" he says. "My car broke down, and I got a important committee meeting of a finance board early in the morning."

"Why, hop right in, Mr. Frank," I says. "Delighted to oblige you."

"Fine!" says he. "Splendid! One moment, please!"

He dashed back into the lobby and grabbed up a swell-looking bag from where a bunch of fellers, all dressed like a million cash, was standing together. One of them walked out on the steps with Mr. Frank and I couldn't help but hear what he was saying. More abundance!

"Telegraph him we won't advance a cent over two hundred thousand on that security," he says. "And be sure to let Morgan know we'll take our piece in that Bulgarian Bond issue. And I guess that'll be all, Simkins." Then Mr. Frank, which even without the dope he had just let slip, I could tell he was a important man—well, he come over, slung his suitcase in the back, hopped in beside of me, and give a big sigh of satisfaction.

"Ah," he says, "so those trifles are attended to! Now we can go on and talk over something more interesting!"

Naturally I stepped on the gas at that, and give him a good, showy example of how a car with class to it can be drove by a expert like myself. And all the ways up Mr. Frank showed where he was certainly far more intelligent then most of them big business men, on account he listened attentively to some of the hints I had been vainly giving the big producers out here.

"You see, I know exactly what is wrong with the picture business, Mr. Frank," I says. "It's the men running it. Now, if I was in their place the pictures certainly would not be what they are today."

"I believe you!" he says. "And I am surprised you ain't in the production game yourself."

Well, I didn't say nothing just then; I was afraid to scare him off, see? But we got on together so good, and seemed likely to do better, and it was so late when we got back North, that I insisted he should spend the night at our palatial Spanish-type mansion, which he very kindly consented to do.

The next morning that sister-in-law of mine, Mary McCree, didn't give him the kinda welcome I had. Instead, she looked in at the breakfast porch where he was wrapping himself around a fairly good meal, and pulled me back out into the hallway.

"Did the cat bring that in last night?" she says. "Will you gather it up and chuck it out, or will I call the servants?"

"Aw, go tie up a noodle," I says in a whisper. "That lad is a important financier from New York. He's a pal of J. P. Morgan's and deals in big-time stuff."

"He slipped you that secret, I suppose," says Mary.

"No such thing," I says. "It slipped, but it's no secret. I'm gonner get friends with him. You be nice to him, Mary, like I'm asking you to. He can do me good."

"Well, he certainly looks to me like he could do anybody good and proper!" says she. "I bet his right home is in an old chestnut, the soft white worm! You go entertain him if you like; I'm gonner go count the silver spoons!"

"That's right, be domestic," I says. "I like to see you at it for a change!"

Mary stamped her foot and beat it without another word. I always could get women to do pretty near anything I wanted. But not so that darn kid of mine. Of course, the very minute I wanted he should behave pretty and make a good impression, he wouldn't. Right after breakfast we had to start over to the studio, and Mr. Frank said he would go along with us and I could take him to where he was headed, after. Our dog, Tatters, got in

(Continued on Page 114)



"See, Mabel is Registering Sorrow!" Says Billy. "That's Because Her Darling Boy, Which is Me, Has Been Stolen"

The Future of the American Dynasties—By Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

WHAT does the future hold for prominent American families, for those bearers of great names renowned in business, politics and society whose ambition it is to perpetuate and add luster to the dynasty? What are the chances, in these days of killing competition in every line of endeavor, for reproducing the strain of courage, intelligence and integrity which combined in the past to elevate the bearers of these names to positions of eminence? Frankly the outlook could be brighter.

Dynasties of the Old World were built upon the historical significance of names which stood for more than the materialistic things of the New World. Great deeds of courage and daring, romantic achievements of honor and integrity, laid the keel for long lines of genealogy which were to follow. Ancestral domains wherein bold knights and fair ladies courted, wedded and lived happily ever after became part and parcel of the social system. Modernity changed somewhat the manner in which things were done. Glistening armor, Elizabethan hoops, curtsies and toppers passed with the chivalrous era of Queen Victoria.

All the great dynasties of the Continent were built about the personality of some beloved reigning monarch. The equerries and ladies in waiting, the chancellors and the diplomats, formed the inner coterie of the pyramid which was far-reaching in its effect upon the destinies of the land. Lavish entertainments, sumptuous banquets, luxurious balls became the rule with their dynastic followers.



PHOTO, FROM CLAUDE H. SMITH

The Lincoln Highway East of Fallon, Nevada

The Roosevelt Theory of Society

THROUGH each period of history we find suffering and intolerable conditions among the less well-to-do, brought about by the social hierarchies. And then overnight we have the days of terror, the guillotine and the bloody revolutions which did away with the dynasties and completely reorganized the face of society. From Thebes to Athens, from Rome to Paris, from St. Petersburg to Warsaw—each era has seen the rise and wane of the attempts of a feeble few, endowed solely with a worldly desire to glut and gorge upon the fruits of their exorbitant work of supererogation.

Shakspere in those immortal words, "to gild refined gold, to paint the lily, to throw a perfume on the violet," bespeaks the thought which often wells in one's inner soul when, in modern times, those of us who have known all types of refinement try to define the embarrassment of riches ignobly used.

The late Theodore Roosevelt it was who with one hand laid bare the folly of an American nation in its attempt to emulate the courts of an empire. In a speech made just after he had met with rebuff from a portion of the financial hierarchy of the land, he said, "Quack remedies for the achievement of a social sphere are generally as noxious to the body politic as to the body corporal."

Roosevelt, though to the manner born, never attempted to foist his social or financial connections upon anyone. The colonel rather ridicules the attempts of certain interests to form small coteries for the edification of a chosen few. Like all great Americans born to rule and to be ruled, he could not see the use of exclusiveness. The future of this land, he held, lay within the grasp of every man and woman who would put shoulder to the wheel of progress, of education, of achievement.

As an example to the nation, he sent his children to public school; they were trained all their lives not to emulate those who lived in gilded halls and wore silks and satins, but to follow those who came from the good, decent, honest stock of working men and women.

By this act perhaps more than by any other single one, Roosevelt made it known that financial dynasties in this country could not hope to succeed if they attempted to make of their descendants individualists, who, when joined together in their little groups, would become merely collective groups of individualists again.

Frankly, because I have had the experience, I rather favor the Rooseveltian theory. At its base it is the American theory, and young Theodore and his brothers, Archie and Kermit, will go further toward the perpetuation of a name than many other well-known families who rebuffed the late President in those active days.

It is too bad that so many parents have as a part of their system of life the desire to make glaring examples of individualism of their children. Public schools are sneered at as not good enough and high schools as too liberal in their coeducational methods.

A prominent Boston banker, who ought to know better, once said to me, "What's wrong with my son? I can't get him to study anything."

"How old is he, and where has he been to school?" I asked him.

"He's sixteen, and has been educated in the best private schools all over the world," he replied.

"That's the trouble," I told him. "When I was sixteen I had had tutors and had attended schools in England, France, Germany, Norway and Russia. I spoke several languages, and I knew a lot about geography, customs, courts, levees and prominent people. But I didn't know a thing concerning arithmetic, geometry, history, Latin or Greek. Of life, as any other boy of my age had lived it, I knew nothing. I had been tutored and guarded, crammed and watched over until it seemed to me that the whole order of things revolved around me, and not that I was merely a grain of sand on the beach of life."

Youth

"BUT that's just it," the banker went on—"that's just the thing I want. I want my son to be educated as you were, and to get the rest of those things on the side. I am educating him to be a leader of men, a ruler of the destinies of his generation."

How little this prominent man really knew of life, if this was his true conception of it! His son, unless possessed of an overwhelming desire to make something worth while of himself, will drift into that easy path where so many others have gone. On the other hand, should he try to carve his niche in an accomplishment without his social realm, he will be beset with difficulties quite unknown to him, on account of the manner in which his parents have him educated.

Life is the great game of the survival of the fittest, and the only way a person can fit himself for a life work of intelligent achievement is to begin early. Customs are formed far more easily when we are young than in later years. Our point of view may change as we mature, but the elementary things we learned when our brains were not cluttered are the things that remain, and they are difficult to dislodge.

Astor the fur trader, Wanamaker the merchant, Harriman the consolidator, had far higher ideals in those rough-and-ready times than have many rich men's sons of the present day. They may not have had the polish and the veneer of a college education; they may not have been schooled to

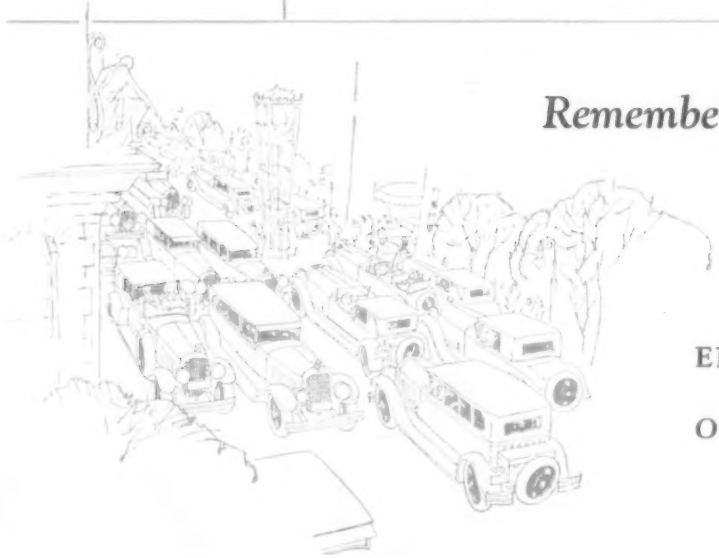
(Continued on Page 131)

We have ventured the opinion...

That the time is coming when practically every automobile produced in the United States will have a body built entirely of steel for the protection of its occupants.

We submit these facts

In 1922	Only 1 out of 12 cars produced had the All-Steel Body.
In 1926	Over 1,000,000 cars—more than one out of every four produced during the year—were equipped with the All-Steel Body. In this year alone, five more of America's leading manufacturers adopted it.
In 1927	A still greater proportion of cars will have the All-Steel Body. It has been adopted by manufacturers in every price class. So it is available to everyone who buys an automobile, regardless of the amount paid.



Remember . . . Practically all bodies are steel on the surface. But there are two different types of construction *underneath*. One type of body has a framework of wood beneath the covering of metal. The other—the All-Steel Body—is just what the name implies . . . steel *through and through*.

All-Steel construction is not only safer—it is lighter it is quiet, it is more durable. *Be sure your next car brings you its advantages.*

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Originators of the All-Steel Automobile Body



$15,000, to maintain Oakland

SCARCELY twelve months ago Oakland was only one of many manufacturers striving for preëminence. Today it ranks among the largest builders of motor cars in the world. Responsible for that sweep to leadership have been a continuous series of triumphs in advanced engineering and a succession of spectacular manufacturing feats.

With the advent of the year just closed, came the introduction of the Pontiac Six. Wherever shown, it kindled wildfire enthusiasm. So great was the demand it created, that in six months Pontiac Six production had *exceeded the greatest full year record previously scored by a new make of car.* And by the end of the year that record had been surpassed by more than 100%!

In July came the Greater Oakland Six with 77 refinements, featured by that epochal engineering development—the Rubber-Silenced Chassis. Again America paid a wholehearted tribute to Oakland engineering vision. And again, in every section of the land, Oakland sales leaped upward.

Now, with leadership securely established, Oakland-Pontiac bids for new and greater heights—

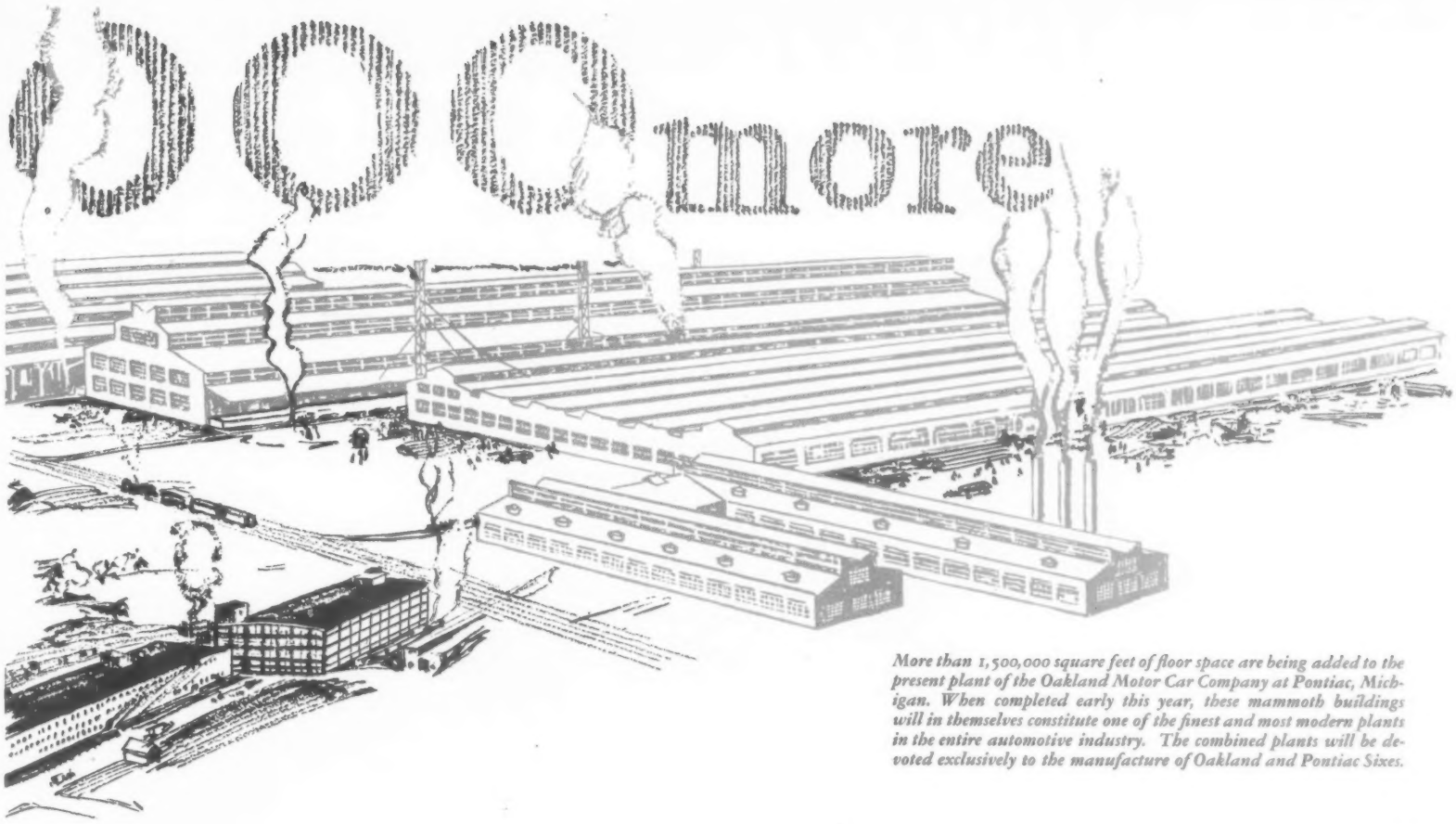
—for over fifteen millions of dollars are being invested to provide for greater production.

Winning and Holding Good Will

Last Year · This Year
Next Year

OAKLAND

• • • PRODUCTS OF OAKLAND SIX



More than 1,500,000 square feet of floor space are being added to the present plant of the Oakland Motor Car Company at Pontiac, Michigan. When completed early this year, these mammoth buildings will in themselves constitute one of the finest and most modern plants in the entire automotive industry. The combined plants will be devoted exclusively to the manufacture of Oakland and Pontiac Sixes.

OOO more Pontiac Leadership

This staggering sum—the combined cost of a new Pontiac Six plant, with a capacity of 1,000 cars a day and of important expansions in the facilities devoted to the manufacture of Oakland Sixes—definitely assures Oakland-Pontiac buyers of even greater value in the future. For it makes possible the employment of even more efficient methods of production—even greater precision in construction—even more exacting standards in the never-ending inspections which govern every phase of Oakland-Pontiac manufacture and which have been so instrumental in achieving worldwide good will for these two quality Sixes.

In the strictest sense, this huge investment represents more than a concrete expression of confidence by the General Motors Corporation in Oakland principles of design, manufacture and distribution.

It represents infinitely more than Oakland's own promise that the leadership so brilliantly won will not be relinquished.

It stands as a tangible pledge to the public at large that in fundamental goodness and fundamental value Oakland Six and Pontiac Six will continue supreme in their fields!

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

OAKLAND and PONTIAC *Sixes* on display at principal Automobile Shows

PONTIAC

IS GENERAL MOTORS . . .

THE HARVEST OF THE YEARS

By Luther Burbank, With Wilbur Hall

WE ARE so accustomed to the use of figurative language in essays and stories nowadays that it is sometimes difficult to make people understand that true science does not employ metaphors and similes—unless by way of emphasis or for the sake of clearness—but means what it says. That is one reason why science has a language all its own and why it has to invent new words to describe new factors or formulas or discoveries in the onward march of knowledge.

It is important for the reader to understand that, except to make my point clear or by way of the emphasis of fable, I have been writing in literal terms in these papers. For instance the repeated assertion I have made that Nature's laws are universally true and applicable is meant to be taken exactly as it is set down. There was no parable intended when I have said again and again that the same fundamental laws apply to the crystal and the star, the egg and the fruit, the birdlet and the seedling, the man and the elephant. And this common law of Nature results in a very exact parallel between the life of the plant, which has absorbed me for almost seventy years, and the life of the world's greatest treasure, asset and hope—the child.

In a little book I published a few years ago I went into this subject at some length; since that time I have been increasingly impressed with the analogy between plant breeding and the breeding, rearing, training and education of children. I am more and more convinced, too, that the underlying principles of my work have a definite significance in this connection, and I could not round out this harvest of my years without summing up my experience and conclusions, feeling as strongly as I do that the simplicity of the principles and their enormous importance alike commend them to the thoughtful parent or teacher—to all, in fact, who are interested in children.

This subject is one to which great attention has already been given, but you will observe generally that the authorities are specialists in some phase of medical knowledge, of education, of pedagogy, of psychology, or of physical training, and very few of them have succeeded, in my opinion, in withdrawing from their professional points of view and taking a wide and impersonal look at the whole field. Certainly almost none of them have been naturalists, which appears to me to be the first thing every sound trainer or teacher of children should be.

Heir to All the Ages

IF YOU wanted to break a horse you could find books on the science of the veterinary, on horse breeding, on horse racing, on saddles and bridles and on the nutritive value of various feeds, but you would have to read them all, and a lot more, if you were going to understand the horse sufficiently well to make him obedient, docile, useful and a friend. If you were expecting to assume the responsibilities of parenthood and wanted to be competent to carry the job through in a workmanlike fashion, you would find yourself confronted with a whole library of books on prenatal care of the mother and child, on obstetrics, on feeding, on bathing, on early training, on physical education, on psychology, and so on through the whole list, and yet with a year's reading I doubt seriously that you would find more than a scant reference to the fundamentals of life on which all that is true in your books must be based, and without which every pretty theory and fanciful conceit and table of statistics is mostly guesswork and largely misleading.

What I have been trying to say in this series of papers is that those fundamentals are amazingly simple and plain to understand, and that anyone who learns them and correlates them with the other facts of life and with his experience, as he goes along, can use them in everyday life. Because I love children and see for them a future, today, that can be black and hopeless or that can be made bright and assured, and because the fundamentals of which I write are so understandable and valuable in all your activities, I want to set the principles down again and then elaborate on them a little as I find them applicable to the breeding and rearing of our boys and girls.



PHOTO. BY ROSS, SANTA ROSA

A Sunday-Morning Inspection

First, then, all we know of life certainly is that it began with the cell that, by division, reproduced itself, giving the infant cell its own character and powers and also giving it the added power of varying so that it could adapt itself to a new environment. The infant cell matured, added a mite or mote of new character to what its parent had possessed, divided, and thus established a new individual that, in turn, added a faint touch of new power or new possibility or new nature to itself, and passed this, with the characteristics of its parent and of its parent's parent, on to a fourth generation.

Second, the diversification of life proceeded slowly and steadily from this repeated division and this repeated addition of new characteristics to the original powers and characteristics of the first cell. Colonies of cells were formed and became the nucleus of vegetable life; the beginnings of vines and flowers and trees and vegetables, each generation adding something, if it survived under the play of negative and positive forces—hardship, drought, water too salt for it or land too moist, and so on—to the possessions of the generations that had preceded it. Vegetable growths took on the new characteristic of motive power, and animal life appeared, probably first as tiny monads in warm salt water, then as the beginnings of fishes, and finally as land animals. Each generation added something, because it had to add to its inherited powers and possibilities or die, and eventually the forbears of the animals we know came into being and, to be the heir to all the ages, man at last appeared.

Third, the law of growth and development never ceased to operate, as it had from the beginning, and today, as much as in the dim years of æons ago, all the heredity of all that time and of all those changes comes to your new-born babe, just as there comes to it that sensitiveness to environment—to impressions from without—that was in the original infant cell, and just as there is in it the same old power to vary and to adapt itself to that environment.

Fourth, the more combinations there are in the heredity of the flower or the animal or the child of today the more susceptible it is thus rendered to environmental influences, and the more striking and potential will its variations be. It was this fourth law that has been the basis for my seventy years of successful work with plants. I found that by breaking up old heredities and recombining them I could bring under my hand a widely diversified number of individuals with which to work toward the end I had in view.

Fifth, by selection of the individuals showing desirable tendencies, and their cultivation, and by repetition, repetition, repetition of the impressions and surroundings that bring about those desirable tendencies, these can be fixed in the heredity and be passed on without change through an indefinite number of generations.

Daisies and Men

HERE is a cell, perhaps immersed in brackish water in a warm climate. It divided and divided and combined with other cells and adjusted itself to the conditions in which it found itself and finally became an organism with leaves and roots. It needed to propagate its kind through seeds—envelopes of cells—and it needed to bequeath to its plant children increased powers of adaptability; so it sought to recombine its own heredity with the heredity of another plant and it developed flowers to attract insects to bring it pollen and to take its pollen away to other plants in exchange. There was the beginning, let us say, of the daisy.

The daisy became scattered to widely separated parts of earth with widely different climates, and it gradually became several varieties of daisy, all with a common heredity, but each variety with its own peculiar characteristics, that it had acquired through the power it had to vary and adapt itself. So, when I came along, I found a Japanese daisy, small and waxy, a Michaelmas daisy of England that was large and showy, but of poor color, and the little New England daisy, which was sturdy and a profuse bearer. Nature had made these variations of the original daisy possible; I used Nature's own methods to recombine those three heredities. The result was seed from which there came an infinite variety of daisies; some of them only faintly like the parent plants; some of them like one; some like two; a very few that combined the best qualities of all three.

By selection I eliminated the undesirable plants and by careful cultivation I began to get more and more daisies from the two or three first successful combinations, that came true from seed with the waxy whiteness of the Japanese, the size of the English daisy, and the sturdiness and productivity of the one that I had known as a boy in Massachusetts. By repetition of this selective process, repeating, repeating, repeating the lesson I was trying to teach the plant, I came out at last with the Shasta daisy, that will grow almost anywhere, flourish in any sort of soil, that requires little care, and that bears through a long season profuse loads of beautiful, golden-hearted, wax-white Shasta daisies.

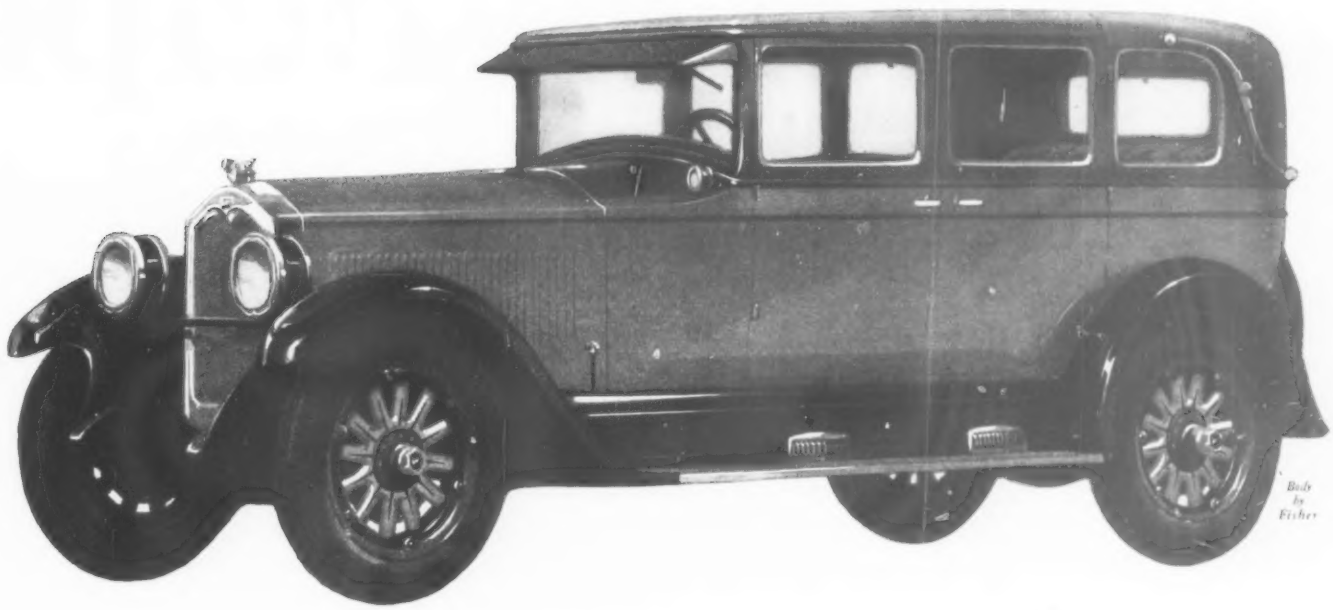
Here is another cell. It recombines and expands and joins a colony and becomes, after thousands of years, a man. The man's heredity is combined with the heredities of a woman, a race is established; the race goes on, migrates, tries new countries and new tasks, develops, adjusts itself, learns new lessons, is given new powers from its environmental experiences, and you, my readers, are at last produced, with a heritage of mixed and untraceable and countless generations behind you, and more susceptible, perhaps, to impressions from your environment than any of them. The husband has one heredity, the wife has another. Your child is born. There is the latest fruit of a thousand thousand years of slow, gradual development—the sensitive little individual stamped with its heredity, but tuned to receive and to be influenced by a million environmental pressures that will close in on it from every side and every minute of its life, from the moment of its birth to the instant of its last breath.

That child may be a Shasta daisy. But the big majority of those born under our hit-or-miss system of bringing children into existence, and exposed to the casual and unguarded influences of our helter-skelter system of rearing

(Continued on Page 55)

Announcing A

New Buick



To be shown for the first time

at the National Automobile Show in New York City

a superlative, close-coupled five-passenger enclosed car the Town Brougham a new version of Fisher coachcraft a striking example of Buick Beauty with performance that startled the motor car industry especially an engine *vibrationless beyond belief.*

At your earliest opportunity ask your Buick dealer to show and demonstrate the New Town Brougham to you.

THE GREATEST BUICK EVER BUILT

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

VALVE-IN-HEAD Buick MOTOR CARS

New Peaks
of speed, power and safety

Super-Six Principle now released to

For more than four years development has been concentrated on an automobile that now easily tops any accomplishment thus far known.

There is nothing with which to compare it in performance, stamina, safety, and economy of operation. It has comforts that are now absent in even the costliest of cars. It has a beauty in line and appointments comparable with the richest and most exclusive custom-built cars.

The possibilities of the Super-Six principle have long been known to automobile engineers. But patents have kept others from its use, and we were unwilling to release its capacity faster than a car could be developed that in every particular adequately matched the smoothness, power, and stamina of the motor.

Nearly one million cars embodying this principle have been built; and, although the full possibilities have been held in check, they have proved what may be expected of this new car.

Tests of a stock chassis under official observation established the record of 102.53 miles per hour. But speed was not so much sought for as was the ability to maintain any wanted speed for any length of time with complete comfort and safety to driver, passenger and car.

That meant a chassis comparable to such

SHOWN FOR THE FIRST TIME AT THE

HUDSON

PHAETON • ROADSTER • COACH • BROUGHAM
5-PASSENGER SEDAN • 7-PASSENGER SEDAN



long held in check its full capacity

a motor. It meant a body suitable in beauty, finish and comfort to such pre-eminent performance.

To build such a car in sufficient quantities as its merit commands, and at a price that will give it widest sale, required the investment of millions of dollars in buildings and equipment. That program is now completed.

And the car will be exhibited for the first time at the New York Automobile Show beginning January 8, 1927. It will be shown at all subsequent automobile shows, and later by dealers everywhere.

And in Essex Too —

At a Price Within the Reach of Millions

The development of the New Hudson just described led, also, to the creation of a smaller automobile—a counterpart in general appearance, in smoothness, comfort, quality, easy riding, and safety. It is the new Essex.

It, too, has stamina. It is capable of 50 miles an hour all day long if you want that, yet that is far below its maximum speed. It has great flexibility. It is economical and requires the minimum of attention.

The bodies are in keeping with its chassis—beautiful in line, finish, upholstery, fittings, and color. To those who require two automobiles, it makes the ideal companion of the larger. Throughout, it matches in material and workmanship the standard set in the larger car.

The smaller model will sell at little more than you pay for any "four". It, too, will be exhibited for the first time at the New York Automobile Show.

NEW YORK AUTO SHOW JANUARY EIGHTH

ESSEX

PHAETON • ROADSTER • COACH
COUPE • SEDAN



WHAT DID THE DENTISTS SAY?

In the sensible care of beauty and health, authorities now insist on the importance of protecting The Danger Line from acids

TODAY everyone knows what dangerous enemies decayed teeth are to physical well-being. And therefore, the vital part your dentifrice plays in preserving health and charm.

For years E. R. Squibb & Sons have issued warning that the line where gums and teeth meet is in reality The Danger Line. That acids forming in the crevices along The Danger Line—particularly between the teeth—strike the most treacherous blow to your teeth and gums.

However, because of the confusion caused by dozens of conflicting theories—and because we believed the public should receive confirmation on a matter of such importance—we decided to bring the matter before the only real existing authority—the dental profession itself.

So we went to one of the greatest clinics in the world—where every year more than 100,000 treatments are given. We also asked practicing dentists everywhere to state the result of their experience. From both these sources we obtained practically unanimous agreement on the following all-important facts:

(1) *Acids are the most frequent cause of decay and gum infection.*

(2) *The most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth meet gums — known as The Danger Line — especially at that part of The Danger Line between the teeth where a tooth-brush cannot reach.*

(3) *The best product known to prevent these acids from causing decay and irritating the gum tissues is Milk of Magnesia.* ©1927

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

Isn't it logical, then, that Squibb's Dental Cream, because it contains more than 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia in a most convenient and effective form, will help prevent the danger that menaces your teeth and gums?

Squibb's Dental Cream cleans thoroughly, beautifully and safely. It relieves sensitive teeth and soothes sore gums. You can safely use it to brush the gums—which dentists say is very necessary—for it contains no harsh grit. It will not harm or fray the most delicate gum tissue. It is safe for children and adults alike.

Each time you use Squibb's Dental Cream tiny particles of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia are forced into every pit and crevice where acids can form. There they not only neutralize these acids, but remain to give protection long afterwards.

The health of your teeth is too important to take chances. There is no longer need to take a chance. Consult your dentist regularly. Heed the advice of these authorities. Use Squibb's Dental Cream, made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. At all druggists—40c the large tube.

(Continued from Page 50)

and education, are New England oxeyes, or dull English daisies, or spindling, unlovely Japanese daisies. Are we going to stop there? Or are we going to go on, and by selection, cultivation, thoughtful care, and by surrounding them with the highest and healthiest and best environments possible, work toward a race of children that will be the Shasta daisies of the human family?

Someone has said that the way to reform a child is to begin with his grandfather, but I would prove to you that that would do no good unless you began with the grandfather when he was a child, repeated the process with his son, and then began early again with the same influences and the same program with the child in the third generation. Since beginning with your child's grandfather's childhood is impossible, the next best thing is to begin with the family—the home. Your home for instance. It is only rarely that a child is better than his home influence. He may be smarter than his parents or more successful or more beautiful, but his moral strengths and his habits of life and his intellectual leanings will largely be those he inherited and that he acquired or developed in his home. Since we cannot make the world over in a day, there is our point of beginning.

Cease to think of your child as Mary or Johnny or Betty or Bill; begin to think of it as the descendant of a thousand generations that have made on it an indelible mark of tendencies, instincts, passions, ambitions, habits and abilities or disabilities. This link in the long chain of your heredity is in the forge and on the anvil of home environment. It can be molded, shaped, strengthened, or it can be left weak and full of flaws; it can be overheated until the component elements of its metal disintegrate, or it can be hammered and beaten and warped until it is ugly, stubborn, undesirable. Are you going to make a stronger link in the long chain, or a weaker one? Love is the fuel for the forge. Good example is the most useful hammer in the rack. Right living is the anvil on which to shape the malleable metal.

The Album of the Mind

WHERE must you begin? In my gardens I was able to begin with the seed, selecting it carefully to see that is was sound and free from impurities and from imperfections, and that it came from good heredities. Since we seem loath to give much scientific care and thought to the health and vigor and cleanness of the young people who marry in these days, we must take the little plant where we can; that is when it is first above ground and ready to receive impressions. And for every impression which a plant can receive the child can receive ten thousand.

Food chosen by the use of reason and not by whim or caprice or laziness is the first requisite; pure air, sunshine, clear water, happy surroundings, kindly words, firmness with justice, and the teaching of good habits both by precept and by example are all necessary. The healthy child has a thousand times the opportunities and the possibilities of a sickly one; the child with clean habits and a gentle manner and a thoughtful way is infinitely better equipped to face the world than the child that is slovenly, badly bred, selfish and vulgar.

I heard once of a man who said to his little boy: "If you don't quit swearing at Nelly and slapping her I'll knock your damned head off!" I would scarcely recommend that as a motto to hang on your parlor wall, but it might be a good story to commit to memory. All life, and particularly all animal life, is sensitive to outside impressions, but the child is far and away the most sensitive organism on the entire planet. Because it not only has instinct and feeling, as animals have, but it has the imitative power, the power to remember, the power to compare and the power to reason.

The child is like a diamond, I have said more than once; its many facets receive impressions as clear and sharp as etchings, but it has the added ability to be bent and changed and molded by those impressions until they become ingrained. Imagine if you can a diamond made of sensitized plates like those used in the finest camera, and then conceive of the infinite variety of pictures that are printed every day, every hour, on the plastic and impressionable mind of the child. You think he does not see that quick, angry gesture, or hear that sharp, ugly word, or feel the impatience in that push you give him, or understand that nasty allusion, or pick up that little slovenly habit, but you are wrong. All the pictures are there. Every time the lens clicks there is a permanent record. It may be hidden away or covered by others or lost for a time, but sooner or later it will come to light, and your child's mind will see it and your child's character will be influenced by it.

And remember also what I have so often referred to as my process of fixing impressions on the plant, which is relatively nonsensitive when compared with a child. My process is repetition, repetition, repetition, over and over, time and again, until the influence is strong enough from those repeated impressions to fix in the plant a new color or fragrance or shape or size or quality, whether in the fruit or in the flower. Your child, so much more sensitive, and with so many more powers of absorption, may get an indelible and lifelong stain from one impression. If the same picture is printed again and again on his mind it is certain to be as deeply fixed as though dyed there with the most permanent color known to the whole chemist's laboratory.

Sometimes we marvel at the cleverness of children in seeing through people; perhaps your own child has shown what seems to you a remarkable ability to pick out the honest and fine man or woman from the one who is weak or silly or bad. The fact is that this is one of Nature's provisions, deeply impressed in the heredity of all life, to help the young growth to recognize its friends and shun and protect itself from its enemies. A day-old chick will cower or run for the hen's wings when a shadow is cast on it from above—the hawk fear is bred into the chicken for a thousand generations. A very young kitten, with its eyes just opened, will arch its back and spit at a dog. A plant will lean toward the sun as soon as it is above ground, just as it will droop and try to make itself smaller the moment a storm begins. No wonder your child sees through to the innermost character of people and things about it.

It sees farther than that, too; it has an instinctive and penetrating capacity for reading motives and judging your actions, not according to their appearance but according to what is behind them. Doesn't your own child discern almost immediately when you are lying to it? Doesn't it recognize injustice in your dealings with it? Doesn't it know just how far it can go into bullying you or cajoling you, and do you think it does not realize its advantage when you have to bribe it to obey you? A lie to a child is a thousand times more wicked than a lie to an adult, because the child not only sees through the lie, but it turns mimetically to lying as a useful and trouble-saving device. If you are unjust to your child, accuse it wrongfully, punish it unfairly, or show partiality toward a little brother or sister, you are doing a much worse act than you would be guilty of if an older person were involved. Because the child not only recognizes the wrong and suffers under it, but he stores it away for reference and employment later, and he has impressed on the sensitive plate of his brain the thought that here is another art to add to lying and deceit and the taking of bribes.

To my way of thinking the most serious offense against the child is that of ruling it or attempting to rule or direct it through fear. I would give a longer prison sentence to a man or a woman who frightened a child with the policeman, a bogie, a ghost, a big black bear, than I would give a burglar, for the thief only steals that which can be replaced, but the parent or nurse who instills fear into a child takes away its most precious possessions—confidence and affection—and replaces those fine qualities with cowardice, mental and moral.



PHOTO, SUPPLIED BY INTERNATIONAL, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Luther Burbank and Betty Jane, His Niece and Ward, Who Was His Inseparable Companion During the Last Few Years of His Life

These precepts, learned from Nature's own school in seventy years of close application to her ordinances, teach what not to do. But there is a big and important and inspiring other side—the laws that are positive and constructive. The first that comes to my mind is the law of fixing new and desirable characteristics in the little human plant through environmental influences.

In the past forty years I have proved time and again that there is not a single desirable quality of which a given species of plants is capable that cannot be impressed on it by breeding, selection and repetition, repetition, repetition. I have given scentless flowers perfume, tasteless fruits flavor, dull-colored blossoms or those with a single hue, brilliant and variegated garments. Time after time, as already related in these pages, I have taken a definite order to produce a definite quality or set of qualities in a well-known and apparently unchangeable plant or flower or fruit and in a comparatively few generations have delivered the order. Choose any reasonable improvement you please in a plant and it can be accomplished; not only that, but it can be fixed in the plant so that, short of reversing the process employed, or permitting Nature to reverse it—letting the plant go back to its wild state—it will remain fixed and unalterable in its new character.

Horticulture in Child Rearing

IF SCIENTIFIC breeding, careful selection, repetition, repetition, repetition of impressions, and tireless patience and strict adherence to the program can achieve this in the plant world, how much more surely could a definite improvement be achieved with your children, more sensitive, more adaptable, and blessed with powers of discrimination, the gift of appreciation, and the ability to reason and compare for themselves? This is not to say that you can make your boy a great financier by early training or turn your girl into a peerless musician if she has no aptitude for music. You cannot make the peony bear wheat or the ivy produce roses. What you can do is give the peony sturdiness, variegated color, the power to grow taller, or the habit of growing dwarfed; you can give the ivy some few new habits, within a limited range, but surely and definitely.

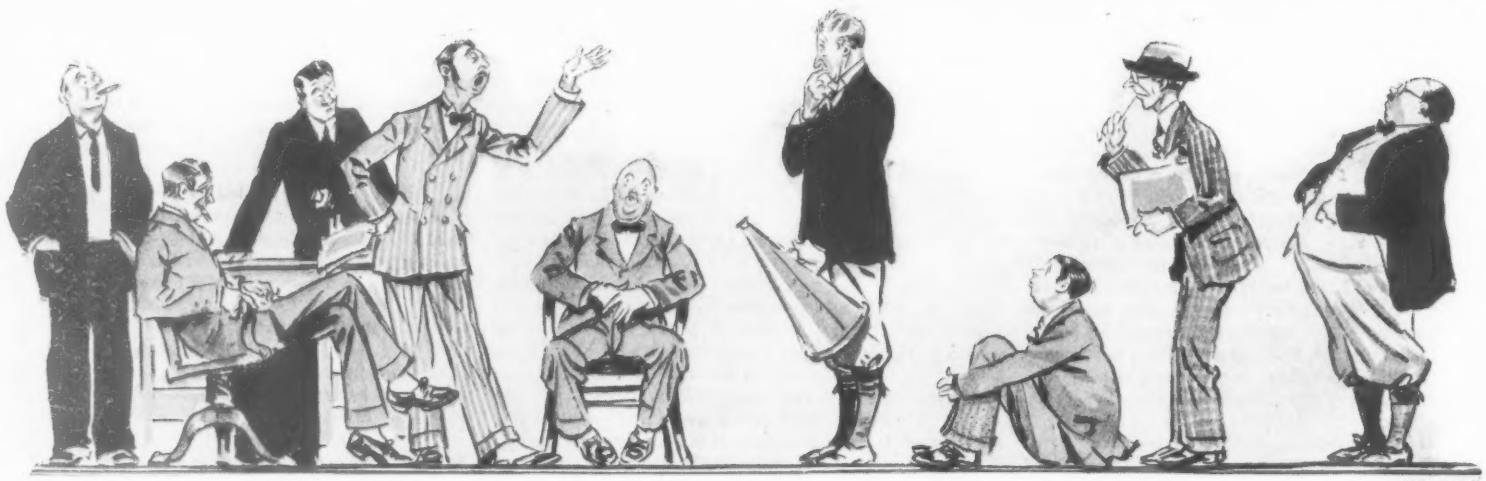
Why do we use as illustrations here just the peony and the ivy? Because if I had used the plum or the poppy or the petunia I would not have been able to make so clear a parallel with the case of the growing child. The fact is that we have to take into account, in the training of the little human plant, a factor that will be found in the list of five fundamental laws enumerated above that you must get clearly into your mind in thinking of the training of your children. That factor is heredity—a variant in its power and influence, both in plant life and in all other life. Let us look at that subject a moment from the viewpoint of naturalists and humanists—lovers of all growing things—and under the light Nature sheds on all such questions.

I have said repeatedly that the more heredities are broken up and combined or recombined the more plastic and adaptable is the resultant cross. You throw the plant out of its accustomed routine; you blow it into fragments as though with dynamite. Many of the old characteristics, traits and tendencies on both sides are sent sky-high and never come down, but in the recombinations that do occur you catch heredity off balance, teetering and swaying, and for that reason the more ready to follow suggestions or leads given it from outside—that is, from environment. I have been the environment that was directing and leading in my plant experiments—that is just what I have been, an environmental influence, and a strong one!

I said in an earlier paper that the reason I could work so successfully with the California poppy was because I found it a plant with an unbalanced and teetering heredity because of its comparative youth and because it had had to adjust itself to widely different environments in order to live in the widely diversified climates and soils of its native state. So it was amenable to suggestions and responded to the push and the urge I gave it. But I should have hesitated a long time before beginning experiments with the oak or the palm or the ivy, or even the peony. Why? Because back of the oak trees, the palms—especially of the California and other deserts—the ivy vine and the peony, are heredities stretching down the centuries into an unknown dawn of time, unchanging, unchanged, and perhaps almost unchangeable. True, the oak has developed into a considerable number of varieties, and there are many kinds of palms and a few of ivy. But generally speaking these variations have been but slight—so slight that you will find only a few people who can unfailingly distinguish between the varieties and name them all and describe their differences exactly. The main heredity line is a strong, definite chain, and the

(Continued on Page 90)

THE GALLOPING TINTYPES



"Forty Thousand, at the Outside," Judd Replied. "In Fact, I am Going to Make This New Picture, Gasoline, for About That Figure, and Perhaps Slightly Less, Using My Own Money"

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

AS EVERYONE knows, the official hour for conferences in motion-picture circles is ten o'clock. This is an old-established custom in Hollywood and is solemnly adhered to. The other official hours for conference are nine, eleven, twelve, one, two, three, four and five. The rest of the day is ordinarily given over to the general manufacture of moving pictures, reducing scenario-department salaries, swearing at snooty stars who want more elegant dressing rooms and ordering one's limousine done over in canary-egg blue.

The ritualistic hour of ten having arrived in the old-fashioned studio of Messrs. O'Day & Grogan, pioneers in mirth, a group of morning-conference hounds headed dejectedly for the executive suite, wearing the far-off and glassy demeanor of deep thinkers about to do their deep thinking. Leading the parade was the gaunt figure of Walter Wesley Gilfillan, the studio comedian, maker of fast-and-furious comedies of the rougher type, in which he generously played the leading rôle, directed the action and changed the story whenever he felt so inclined.

Shorty Hamp, his valued assistant and a skillful feeder in the gag scenes, trotted at a respectful distance behind his boss, followed by Horace Rascoe, the scenario writer, a permanently embittered man of vinegary aspect, who naturally wrote nothing but comedies for the screen. Bringing up the rear, one observed the rotund gag man, Eugene Van Hoven, who is famous in Hollywood for having devised a harmless gag containing an imitation fire scene which eventually burned down two studios, a cafeteria and a garage.

This little coterie of intellectuals wore a serious air, knowing in advance that the conference was ordered for the purpose of discussing the one thing about Gilfillan Comedies that had long pestered the firm of O'Day & Grogan; the same thing that at one time or another worries everyone, whether he has it or lacks it—money.

The presidential throne room swarmed with officials and nonofficials, and Gilfillan strode in gloomily at the head of his cohorts. Shorty Hamp sat down upon a Navaho rug and began trying to decipher the signals thereon.

"Gil," began President John O'Day, rising, "I want you to meet Mr. Harold Judd, of New York."

Gil glanced about inquiringly, and there rose up a husky gentleman with bluish whiskers, or what would have been bluish whiskers, a powerful fellow who radiated ginger, vim, vigor and vitality, all being qualities more or less foreign to a motion-picture studio.

"How do you do, Mr. Gilfillan?" said he, shaking Gil's hand. "I have often seen you and enjoyed your antics."

"Thanks," said Gil.

"I hope we will find our relations pleasant."

Gil smiled politely and said he hoped so, not knowing the man, his relations or what he meant by having busy people called into a conference when there was hard work to be done upon an unfinished script.

"I am the new efficiency expert," explained Mr. Judd, smiling slightly.

"Oh," said Gil, glancing at his personal staff. "We are going to have an efficiency man again, are we?"

"Yes," said the vice president, "and this time, a man who thoroughly understands modern business methods."

"But under an entirely new arrangement, Gil," explained John O'Day. "The facts are these: You have been producing fairly good comedies of about five reels, but they have cost us too much money, when you consider our releasing contracts. You have spent too much time on each of your last five, and it's time that runs up the costs."

"I don't think so," said Gil coldly.

"So," interrupted Mr. Judd, "I have come out from New York to systematize the business. After studying the movies for two weeks steadily, I have set my ideas before O'Day & Grogan."

"Your comedies, Gil," continued Mr. O'Day, "take not days, but weeks too long. You don't need all that time."

"Are you saying that I loaf on the job?"

"Not at all. You are a rapid, skillful director and a first-class comedian, but no man can direct a picture and at the same time consider the various business angles. That requires a strictly business type of mind. Hence Mr. Judd, who comes to us with a notable record."

"Your productions, Mr. Gilfillan," remarked Mr. Judd, glancing at a sheet of paper, "have cost the firm about sixty thousand each during recent months. They don't have to cost that much."

"No," Gil said politely. "How much should they cost?"

"Forty thousand, at the outside," Judd replied. "In fact, I am going to make this new picture, Gasoline, for about that figure, and perhaps slightly less, using my own money."

"Your money?"

"My personal cash."

"And then what?"

"O'Day & Grogan have agreed to purchase the finished picture from me for fifty thousand, and thus they will save ten thousand dollars, reducing the usual cost by sixteen and two-thirds per cent."

"Oh, I see," said Gil brightly. "You're going into the movies, are you? You're going to make this comedy yourself and sell it to our studio, netting yourself ten thousand?"

"Exactly."

"And we are going to give Mr. Judd's plan a fair and thorough trial," Mr. O'Day interrupted. "He will act as the business manager of your unit and will have complete control, of course."

"What do I do?" the star inquired, with a faint trace of sarcasm. "Maybe I'd better stay here in Hollywood and learn to play the saxophone."

"You will do precisely as you always did. You will be the director in charge of the picture. Mr. Judd does not intend to interfere with you, but he will so expedite matters that instead of taking four or five weeks, and sometimes six, you will be back home in half the time."



"It's the Food," Informed Shorty

"It certainly sounds like a high-class idea," observed Mr. Gilfillan, toward the break-up of the conference, his sarcasm being totally wasted. "Let me ask you one question, Mr. Judd: Did you ever make a motion picture before?"

"I did not."

"Not even a little one?"

"I never even saw a studio before," said Judd, with a note of pride.

"Well, we all live and learn," Gil said, leading his staff into the sunshine of the open court. "You're going to know more about it later than you do now. I wish you luck."

"Proved business methods can be applied anywhere," quoth Mr. Judd. "There is a lot of twaddle talked about the movies being a mysterious art, but business is business anywhere under the sun."

"Except in Hollywood," Gil answered, following his murky coworkers.

In his own office, with his feet on his own desk, the comedy leader gloomily surveyed his forces.

"We can probably stand it if O'Day and Grogan can," he announced. "We've been up against tough breaks before, and we came out all right, didn't we, Shorty? If this Judd can save ten thousand smackers for O'Day & Grogan, let us by all means give him every chance to do it."

"That's a lot of whale oil," declared Shorty Hamp. "If I was you, I'd quit the job."

"If you was me," snapped Gil, "you wouldn't have you on the pay roll at all, so pipe down."

"When do we start north?" asked Van Hoven, thinking of his gags.

"Monday, and I want you and Rascoe to come with the troupe, because everybody ought to be present and see how an efficiency expert makes a five-reel comedy and saves ten thousand for the firm. If it can be done, we may as well all learn how."

The Loon River country is a locality of forest primeval, towering mountains, gurgling rivulets, red sunsets, canyons dark and mysterious, and heavy undergrowth of greasewood, cactus and the elemental things in Nature. It is high in popularity with the movie makers when they wish to portray the rugged and pioneer side of life. Its scenery is irreproachable, and scenery sometimes helps a picture without costing a dime.

Thither Gilfillan wended his way with his hirelings, his script and a caravan of motor cars bearing actors, trucks carrying props, power wagons, cameras neatly packed and all the interesting impedimenta that go with the making of a five-reel triumph in the open spaces, where the ants are all red ants and men

(Continued on Page 61)



Your 1927 motor -why it demands heat-tested oil...

SPEED, *more speed. Power, more power. Motors whipped up from 1,800 revolutions a minute to 2,400 to 3,400. Sixties . . Seventies . . Eighties . . Bosses of the Road . . Kings of the Highway.*

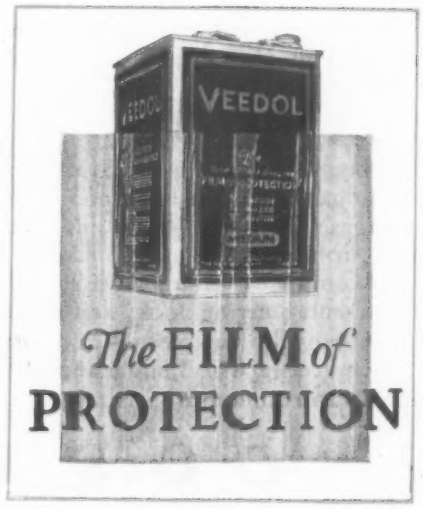
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That means an almost incessant flare of white heat—heat that is the enemy of all motor oils—the *destroyer* of mediocre oils. Under the lash of that scorching heat, the protective film of ordinary oil breaks and burns. Delicately adjusted bearings, precisely fitting parts are exposed directly to grinding friction and unleashed heat.

The result is excessive wear, damage, repairs, big bills.

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ANTICIPATING the trend of the new motors, Tide Water technologists for years have studied not oils alone, but oil-*films,* to achieve heat-fighting qualities. They have perfected, in Veedol, the oil that gives the "film of protection"—a film *thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel*—a film that masters deadly heat and friction.

And every drop of Veedol is subjected to the most severe tests before it is shipped. Every drop of Veedol must show its fitness to withstand heat 100 degrees hotter than the hottest friction spot in *any* motor.

It is because of that extra margin of protection that engineers and experienced motorists recommend Veedol for maximum motor safety.

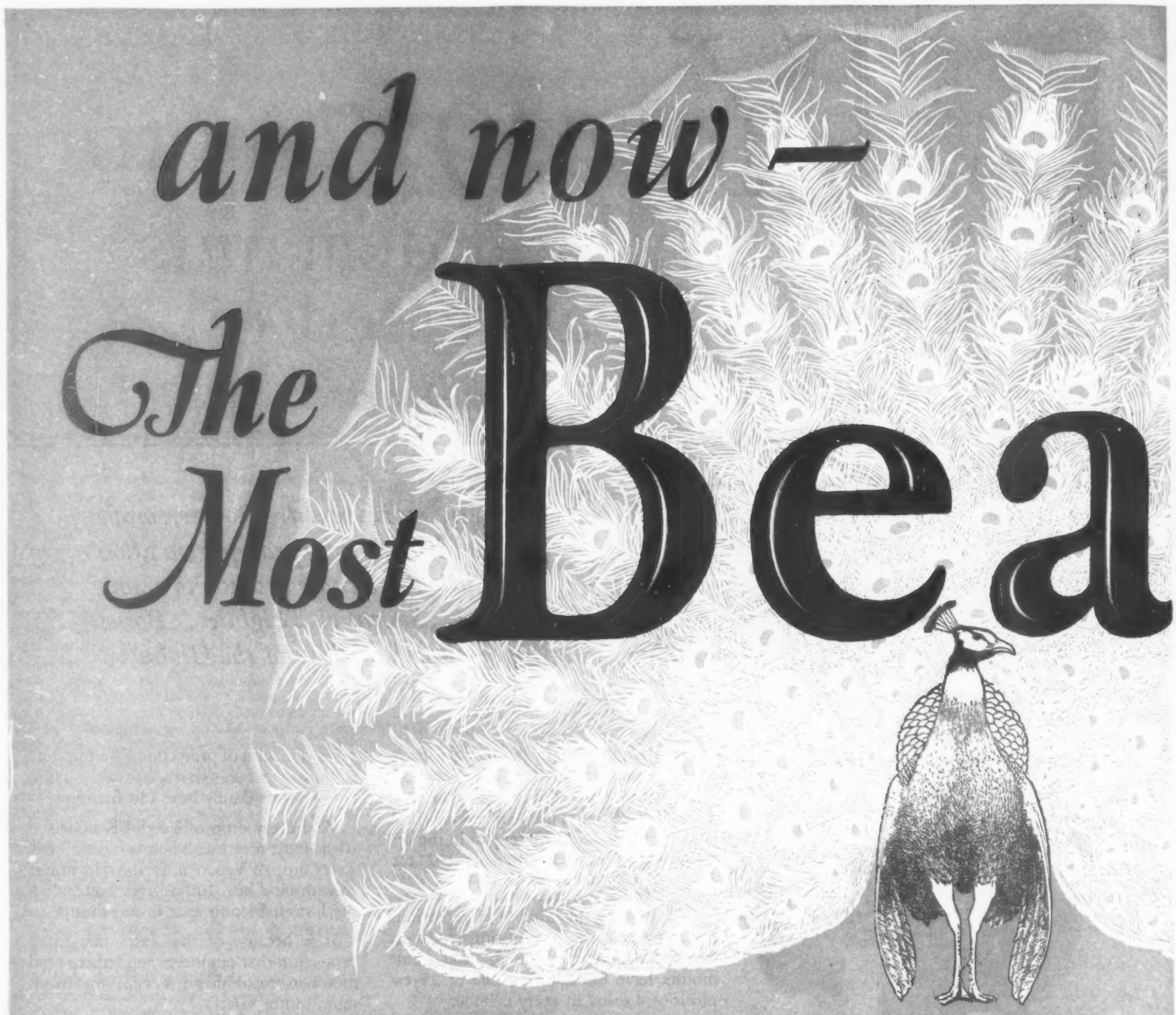
Complete Veedol Lubrication

AND now it is possible to have that same extra margin of Veedol-protection at every friction-spot in your entire car—those hidden friction-spots where trouble breeds.

For near you there is a dealer, an expert in car-care, who specializes in the new Complete Veedol Lubrication Service. You will know him by the orange and black Veedol sign that he displays.

Ask him for Complete Veedol Lubrication today. He will correctly lubricate your motor, transmission, differential and chassis, while you wait. It's the best insurance of long life and perfect service a modern car can have. *Always ask for Veedol lubricants by name.*

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—a complete line of cars, mechanically finer, entirely new in line, contour and color, and offering elements of style, distinction and elegance hitherto undreamed-of in the low-priced field!

Only the tremendous growth of Chevrolet popularity—only the economies of the tremendous volume production make it possible to make so fine a car to sell at Chevrolet prices.

Two years ago, Chevrolet swept to worldwide leadership with a new model which introduced many new mechanical features such as the super-rugged Chevrolet rear axle and the smooth-action Chevrolet disc clutch.

In 1926, still more spectacular success was won when there was developed the smoothest Chevrolet in Chevrolet history, with its thrilling performance and marvelous ease of operation.

And now, again anticipating the desires of the public—Chevrolet presents The Most Beautiful Chevrolet in Chevrolet history.

So decisively does The Most Beautiful Chevrolet differ in appearance even from its immensely popular predecessors, that its arrival on the market cannot help but change all existing ideas as to what the buyer of a low-priced car has the right to expect for his money.

Here are new bodies of beautiful lines—brilliant in their modish new Duco colors—irresistible in their distinguished smartness—and outstanding in that individuality and perfection of silhouette regularly associated with the costliest of custom-built creations.

Here are score after score of advancements in design—a new and massive radiator shell—new one-piece full-crown fenders—bullet-type head-lamps and cowl-lamps—new and heavier running boards—new tire carrier assembly—new gasoline tank equipped with a new gasoline gauge—new and luxurious upholsteries—new instrument panel complete even to coincidental ignition and steering lock, new textile leather-covered sun visor—new large 17-inch steering wheel, and many others actually too numerous to mention.

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Here is definite assurance of longer life, better operation and greater economy—for all models are equipped with a new oil filter and an improved air cleaner.

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To further broaden the appeal of the Chevrolet line there has been added an entirely new model—a youthful, rakish, colorful Sport Cabriolet, finished in royal oak green Duco with tan whipcord top, upholstered in genuine tan grain leather, with a spacious rumble seat in the rear.

However complete, however enthusiastic, no mere description of The Most Beautiful Chevrolet in Chevrolet History can adequately portray the new measure of individuality and style it introduces into the field of low-priced automobiles. This can only be gained by inspection of the cars themselves.

So we urge you to visit the nearest Chevrolet dealer. And we ask you to go, not in the customary casual mood, but anticipating the revelation you would expect when the world's largest builder of gearshift automobiles announces a new and more complete line of cars whose truly great value is based on irresistible beauty—

—and a host of improvements including:

New AC Oil Filter
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This positive high pressure lubrication reduces the cost of running your car 1c to 1¾c per mile





Why Alemite or Alemite-Zerk systems are standard equipment on more new cars each year

OVER 9,000,000 automobiles are now equipped with Alemite or Alemite-Zerk high pressure lubrication. Over 94 percent of all makes of cars and trucks now furnish these systems as standard equipment. Alemite lubricating systems are practically as universal as the type of valves in tires.

This overwhelming choice of Alemite by the foremost authorities of the industry is important to every motorist. It has actually reduced operating costs on the average car 1c to 1¾c per mile. This is why: With Alemite or Alemite-Zerk a high pressure gun (500 to 2,500 lbs. pressure per square inch) forces fresh lubricant clear through the modern close-limit chassis bearing. And it cleans out all old, worn-out gritty grease at the same time. You can see it work.

If used—every 500 miles—this kind of lubrication postpones wear indefinitely. Car owners and mechanics tell us of 10,000 and 20,000 miles without a cent of expense for repairs. (80 percent of all repairs, according to a recent survey, is due solely to lack of proper lubrication.)



Truck and taxicab fleets with accurate cost records report that they have cut operating costs 1c to 1¾c per mile this way. For repairs and depreciation are actually your largest single items of expense in running your car. These known facts are the reason why practically all engineers today agree upon Alemite as the best lubrication for your car.

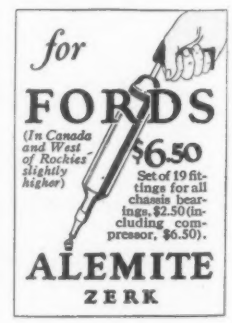
If Alemite or Alemite-Zerk is on your car, use it—every 500 miles. A few minutes does the job. With a good grade of lubricant you will never have a clogged bearing or a big repair bill.

Furthermore, expert Alemite Lubricating Service is as convenient as oil or gasoline service. There are over 36,000 Official Alemite Stations. You see the signs everywhere. Drive in. The Bassick Manufacturing Company (Division of Stewart-Warner), 2660 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

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High Pressure Lubrication

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(Continued from Page 56)

sleep in their boots. Mr. Judd gyrated busily, bobbing from point to point and commanding persons to do things. He took firm and immediate charge of production and details, and Mr. Gilfillan stared at him with a weary eye, and hoped his liver would fail him, for hitherto no man had sat above Gilfillan in authority; no man had followed him about with a pad and pencil, showing him how much it cost the firm each time he bellowed "Camera!"

"I will merely oversee the business end of the enterprise," Judd told Gil repeatedly. "In no way will I interfere with you or your artistic work, Mr. Gilfillan."

"That'll be just as well," Gil replied.

The company was housed at once in the Mountain View Hotel, which was second class, and fed in the Mountain View dining room, which was third class, a special rate having been obtained by the eagle-eyed Judd. Ordinarily, Gilfillan's troupe would have settled down luxuriously at the Lakeside Hotel, where the rate was higher and the food alluring. Gil made no protest. He joined his people cheerfully at the Mountain View and struggled with the poor food and beds containing palpable slats. It was always and truly said of the comic that he never asked his underlings to do what he would not do himself.

And now that it is all a part of West-Coast history, it can be told that no picture company on location ever before encountered so much trouble in such a brief time. No comedy unit ever suffered so before in the annals of the white, Nordic or Aryan race, including the pig callers of Greenland. Never was there a location job so laden with woes, grouches, sudden uprisings, griefs, rages and general misery; and persons cognizant with the facts declare it a wonder that they all came back to Hollywood alive.

From the moment the O'Day trucks rumbled into Loon River, trouble began to brew, and mild-voiced actors, famous hitherto for their good nature, gave way to outbursts of satanic rage, during which they threatened and threw small objects. Friends of many years refused to eat at the same table. Cameramen snarled at one another. A red-haired extra girl said she would take poison and shoot herself if Gil made her sleep in the same room with another red-haired girl whom she had known for years.

There were thirty people in the Gilfillan brigade and there were fifteen battles in the first week of celluloid effort.

"Something's wrong," muttered Gil, running his hands through his hair in distress. "I never saw such a bunch of soreheads."

"It's the food," informed Shorty. "I'm going to kill somebody myself. You can't feed white people this kind of food."

Mr. Judd, the demon efficiency wizard, summoned all hands for instructions on the first day.

"We begin tomorrow," he announced in cheerful tones, standing by the ruined piano in the dining room. "It is desirable to shoot this drama with more than the usual speed. We want alacrity and earnest effort on the part of all. Isn't that so, Mr. Gilfillan?" Gil nodded. "O'Day & Grogan have placed me in charge, and I trust all on the pay roll will coöperate so that we may turn out a quickly made and inexpensive picture. Suggestions will be gladly received."

"He don't seem to care whether it's any good or not," Shorty gurgled in a hoarse whisper.

"All he knows is that it's to cost forty thousand," said Rascoe bitterly. "No more than that, and as much less as possible."

Wednesday, the first day of actual shooting, was a sunny, pleasant, cheery sort of day, with a nice breeze and a lovely sky. The Gilfillan fun makers plunged into their appointed task and worked hard. Gil shot seventy-six scenes before dinnertime, which is brisk shooting anywhere, and the company felt that it was off to a good start on Gasoline.

Thirty minutes before the dinner gong sounded, Mr. Harold Judd removed a bombshell from his vest and hurled it. He announced that the company would hold itself ready to work for three hours after dinner, from eight till eleven.

"Night work?" Gil asked incredulously. "What for?"

"We want to make a fast film, do we not?" he inquired, smiling. "The way to make a rapid picture is to work persistently."

"Not me," said Gil.

"Oh, I hope so."

"You don't get your hope. My mother told me never to work nights for anybody, and she wins."

"It is my money," reminded Mr. Judd. "I trust I am to have something to say about how it shall be spent."

"Maybe," admitted Gil; "but nobody is going to put me on a double shift. I made these comedies before you came, and I'll be making them after you've gone."

At this point Mr. Gilfillan arose and strode from the room, controlling his anger, and Mr. Judd put in a long-distance call. At six o'clock word was brought to Gil that Mr. O'Day would have speech with him, and when the comedian returned from the telephone booth his face was red.

"We work tonight," he said briefly.

That was the beginning of the night work. Thespians toiled by day and they toiled by night. The entire company stood by on days of sunshine and struggled through the rain of Loon River, for there came two rainy days. No one had ever before heard of shooting a story in the rain. In fact it was generally believed that you spoil a film if you shoot in cloudy weather, but Simon Legree Judd said to shoot, and Gilfillan shot, amid the growing wonderment of high and low.

"And this is what they call efficiency, is it?" Rascoe remarked to Van Hoven, the gag man. "Mr. Judd may be a good business man, but this is not the way to handle a comedy company, and I will bet him his ten thousand profit on it."

Everyone commented upon the unhappy atmosphere of the camp. The usual comedy company engaged in whaling out a slapstick production is a carefree, hoydenish crowd, playing pranks the livelong day and thinking up practical jokes for the more solemn ones. Not so with this enterprise. The strange miasma of irritability that appeared the first day did not abate, but grew worse. Gil's head cameraman, Denny Cook, created a scene by removing his glasses suddenly in the open sunlight and addressing himself to Oscar Bloom, in charge of the electricians.

"You make me sick," Denny said succinctly. "You always made me sick."

Without further ado, he dexterously popped Mr. Bloom upon the end of his startled nose; and that gentleman, happy to have the chance, waded into the carnage with the idea of removing one cameraman from the face of the earth. It was a short fight, but earnest, with plenty of skin peeled off both gladiators. They were separated by Gilfillan himself, who returned on the run from a hasty luncheon.

"What is the matter around here?" Gil roared after parting the homicidal twain. "A man goes out to eat and people begin killing each other."

Peace having been restored, the calm lasted until mid-afternoon, when it was again shattered by a couple of mere extra men, who tried to decapitate each other and who fought their way through a cook tent, broke a costly reflector and were dragged scratching from beneath a power wagon. Gil threatened to discharge them both, and again called upon heaven to witness that he had never seen the like of this.



An Extra Girl Attempted to Dehair Another of Her Ilk

It was plain to be seen that some subtle poison was at work. Every day brought its fresh cargo of fist fights, threats and bad language. An extra girl attempted to dehair another of her ilk, and an elderly actor threw a frying pan at another equally elderly actor with the obvious intent of scalping him. War followed war, but the picture moved along upon its rapid schedule, with all hands doing a double shift and swearing that never again, so help them Honus, would anyone of them labor for the firm of O'Day & Grogan.

The climax seemed to come at the end of the tenth day, suddenly, like everything else had been coming. Walter Gilfillan had often lost his temper and scolded Shorty Hamp, and Shorty had usually replied gruffly; but this time there was more than the usual bitterness. Gilfillan was directing his rotund assistant in a simple scene wherein Shorty was supposed to say adieu to a fair lady and leave her.

"That's no way to take leave of a lady," Gil shouted, after Shorty had done it wrong three times.

"Oh, ain't it?"

"Certainly not."

"It's the way you told me to do it," snarled the little man.

"Nothing of the kind," Gil continued, not lowering his voice. "And another thing, you shad-headed little crow, do you have to be told how to walk away from a lady?"

"No," said Shorty.

"Well, then," said Gil, "if you were directing this thing, how would you have it done?"

Shorty glared. "I'd do the whole blasted scene different, from the beginning," he said harshly. "Your direction is terrible."

"You're fired!" Gil roared.

"Go take a jump in the lake!" snorted the bellicose little fat man, expressing the thought in a briefer way. He then departed, muttering, and Gilfillan stood by the cameras and stared after his retreating figure.

Apparently the Gilfillan comedy, Gasoline, was shattered then and there, for Shorty ran through the whole business. Gil gloomily resumed shooting and Shorty meandered into town, where he spent the rest of the day playing pool with the local boys.

Dinner was served that night in sulky silence. Few of those present were on speaking terms, and an ominous silence hung like a pall over the dining room of the Mountain View. Each man and woman was anxious to finish the job and return to that dear Hollywood, where they would not have to look at their extremely disagreeable associates. Then a sudden beam of light was cast.

It merely goes to show that there is inevitably a weak spot in the most shining armor. Mr. Harold Judd, making his forty-thousand-dollar movie, happened to take a strong sentimental fancy to Jane Rankin, Gilfillan's bright-eyed script girl, and in a moment of honest enthusiasm, aided by moonlight, he confessed to her that he was a clever fellow, and that Gasoline was going to be an inexpensive picture, a rapidly shot picture, that would clearly demonstrate the effectiveness of the Judd method.

"And what is that, Mr. Judd?" asked Jane, who is far from being a retarded intellect.

"Well, now," returned Mr. Judd, trying to take Jane's hand and failing, "it is entirely my own idea, and it is



Shorty Hamp Entered a Scene, Bearing a Pail of Milk Intended for Later Comedy, and as the Fat One Headed for the Camera, His Mouth Opened

working out handsomely, as you can see. I must say to you, Jane, that I surely did hit upon a whacking good notion."

"What is it?" Jane insisted.

Proudly Mr. Judd unfolded his scheme, designed to hasten the production of a motion picture. Briefly it was this: Knowing human nature as he did, Mr. Judd had put into action a simple stratagem. He merely went from person to person, from one member of the company to another. Taking each aside, he whispered in strict confidence that So and-So had said that he, the one being whispered to, was a dirty this-and-that, and stole things from cloakrooms, or never took a bath, or starved his wife and spent the money on drink; or any other little thing that occurred to the nimble mind of Mr. Judd.

Leaving the news to sink in, Mr. Judd proceeded to the next victim and repeated the statements, merely changing the name of the sayer. He informed the leading lady, a Miss Sawyer, that Shorty had said in public that she, the leading lady, was three times dumber than a mule and about half as pleasant a sight for the human eye. He declared to Shorty that Gilfillan had voiced the sentiment that Shorty was of no more real value to a movie concern than so much Russian mange. Blithely he passed from person to person, scattering his venom.

"But why did you do that?" asked the horrified Jane, her eyes full of profane astonishment.

"If they all hate one another," grinned Mr. Judd, "they will work faster to get the job done, so that they can go home and get away from the sight of one another. That's logic."

"It's criminal," replied Miss Rankin, and within five minutes, being a loyal soul, she was sitting beside the worried director on a stump, and telling him why his motion-picture company seemed to be so filled with mental poison ivy.

Gil listened in incredulous astonishment. "So that was it," he said finally.

"It's the lowest thing I ever heard of," said Jane, who admired the comedian.

"It explains a lot. I've got a good notion to walk in there and paste him."

"I wouldn't do that, Gil," said the girl. "There are only thirty more scenes. Then we can all go home."

"That sort of thing is certainly out of my line," said Mr. Gilfillan.

Just before supper the director had speech with Mr. Judd. He pointed a long, lean finger at Judd's nose and waggled it menacingly. "You," he said slowly, "are a low, yellow and dirty pup, and why I don't slap you down instead of talking to you is hard to say."

Mr. Judd looked surprised, but remained silent.

"Pack up and have this company moving by night," Gil continued; "and if it wasn't for me liking John O'Day, you'd go back to Hollywood on a stretcher."

"We have not finished the picture," Judd ventured to protest, knowing by the look in Gil's eye that he had certain facts.

"You're done. This company is composed of respectable people who couldn't stand another day in camp with a poisoned toad like you, and live. Get this outfit started for home by eight tonight or I'll forget myself and give you what you have coming."

"Yes, sir," Harold replied, realizing for the first time clearly that efficiency experts should not fall in love with and talk to script girls.

He gave the orders to depart, and that evening the Gilfillan Comedy Unit wound up its location job, packed its bags and returned to Hollywood in a low state of mind. Friendships were resumed when it was learned that Judd had merely lied for the sake of speed. That gentleman seemed to regain some of his early jauntiness as the company neared home, and he continued to talk of money. Immediately upon arrival in the capital of the film universe, the efficiency hound saw John O'Day.

"The location scenes are finished," he reported. "There is nothing to be done on Gasoline except take the interiors, and they are few. It is now a certainty that we have a picture under my estimate."

"First-rate," said O'Day admiringly, who as yet had no other news.

"I contended that you spent too much on these comedies, and I proved it."

"You did, indeed," said the studio boss. "We've needed a man like you for a long time."

It was Shorty who had come home by devious routes, who, of the cast, first presented himself to the president. He walked in hurriedly and threw his cap upon the floor.

"I quit," he said. "After this one picture I'm done. I wouldn't work another lick with that dirty So-and-So."

"Who?" asked O'Day.

"Gil, of course," said Shorty. "I'm off him for life. I wish you could have heard what the low-lived skunk said about me!"

"You had some trouble up there ——" O'Day began.

Then came the director himself. He was paler than when he went away from Hollywood, and his manner was ominous. Shorty glared at his old-time associate and arose as if to leave, but Gil motioned him sternly to stay where he was.

"This," declared Gil bitterly, "is my last picture for the firm." O'Day looked dumfounded. "I don't work in any studio with a rat like your Mr. Judd."

"Why, Gil," O'Day asked, "what's the matter?"

"The matter is that you can't make pictures like you manufacture wall paper or shingles, and you can't turn out good comedies for forty thousand. And another thing: Let me tell you what your new man did to us up at Loon River."

The president listened attentively and Gil recited the tale.

Shorty moved nearer to his associate and his eyes grew large.

"So instead of hitting him, which was what I wanted to do, I just came home, and I'm through," Gil concluded.



It Was a Short Fight, But Earnest, With Plenty of Skin Peeled Off Both Gladiators

"Nobody said anything about anybody, and Judd made up all those lies?" Shorty demanded, thinking of the battles.

"That's what I mean."

O'Day looked solemn. "That particular effort," he said, "was certainly misdirected zeal. I don't approve of it and it won't happen again. But the fact remains, Gil, that Judd has made good. He has turned out a Gilfillan comedy in just half the usual time. He has brought you back to Hollywood in less than two weeks, and he is still far under the forty-thousand mark."

"Maybe he is," Gil said sourly, "but wait till it's finished before you count your costs."

"Finished? Isn't it finished?"

"It is not. We are going back to Loon River, the full outfit, and do it over again."

"What for?"

"Because the junk we brought back, under the administration of Mr. Judd, is no good at all."

"How do you know?"

"No picture made under those conditions can be any good," Gil said bluntly. "He hurried me into stuff that I wasn't ready for. And, besides, I tell you everyone in the cast hated everyone else."

"You're prejudiced, Gil," O'Day said soothingly. "You don't like this man, naturally, and you've always been against rapid, efficient methods. We must be fair with Mr. Judd, first because we want to be and second because we have a contract with him. If he demonstrates that he can turn out suitable five-reel comedies for us at forty thousand, or less, we are certainly going to live up to our word."

"Then he's going to be with us?" Gil asked.

"Absolutely. You make comedies for sixty and seventy thousand without Judd. With him, you make them for forty thousand. Where's there any room for argument there?"

Gil picked up his cap with an air of finality and nodded at Shorty, indicating that the interview was closing.

"You see, Gil," said the boss in his friendliest manner, "you don't want to drop behind the times. Old ways are not good enough any more. You've got to adopt modern methods if you're going to keep up with the other studios. We're in this business to make money, and personal feelings often have to be put aside."

"I see," said the star maker of comedies. "You don't want me to go back to Loon River?"

"No. You've done a fast job, thanks to Judd. You think the stuff isn't good. Maybe it is. We can say about that when we look at it."

"Personally," said Shorty as they departed, "if I was you, Gil, I'd quit. I'd tell O'Day to ——"

"Will you please shut up?" Gil asked, and Shorty obliged.

For the next few days the director and star maintained a sulky silence and busied himself with the remaining interiors, and meantime a squad of experts took the Loon River material and cut it into the story of Gasoline. Mr. Judd aided, rushing about the studio and telling people in advance that it was one of the funniest comedies of the century, which is always bad luck. The cutting job was concluded on the day Gil shot his final interior, and it was presently announced that the photocomedy would be shown in the studio at ten o'clock Saturday morning and that everyone interested would do well to attend.

Horace Rascoe and Eugene Van Hoven, who had made up the first draft of the story, and who, with Gil and Shorty, were convinced of its utter failure, arrived early Saturday prepared to hate out loud. Mr. Judd had apparently spent the night on the lot. He was vociferously present and had invited friends. O'Day and Grogan were naturally interested, anxious to see what a forty-thousand-dollar comedy looked like in these days of extravagance.

So it was quite a respectable phalanx that gathered on the hot asphalt outside Projection Room A this fateful Saturday morning which was to decide whether Harold Judd of New York had a future in the movies, and whether his methods could be improvingly applied to the subtle business of making celluloid entertainment—or as the pictures are sometimes flippantly called in their home town, the galloping tintypes.

Gil's manner was dejected as he stood leaning against the stucco wall, rolling a cigarette. His authority was definitely threatened, and he hated to quit John O'Day, who had made him. If this new picture looked good to the jury, if it happened to be a hilarious comedy in its rough shape, it meant more of Mr. Judd, other dramas done under the Judd system, with Mr. Judd at the helm and the Gilfillan days of genial czardom gone where the woodbine twineth and the katydid singeth her song. "No matter how this thing comes out," Shorty warned his leader, "if I was you, I'd quit."

"You would, would you?" Gil asked. "And then what?"

"Get another job. Make comedies for one of the other studios. You and me are good and everybody knows we're good. We could walk out of this lot and have a new contract by night."

"Fair enough," said Gil. "You start walking now. When you get a contract, rush back and tell me."

"Lack of nerve," grieved Mr. Hamp. "Always been your trouble. If you'd had nerve four years ago and quit when I said to, we wouldn't be working in cheap comedies for O'Day & Grogan."

"True enough," Gil admitted. "I'd be driving a truck and you'd be riding the trailer."

The first cut of the forest-and-mountain comedy, Gasoline, began clicking before its judges at ten o'clock to the second, and as scene after scene fled by, amid chuckles, Mr. John O'Day turned cheerfully to his head comedian.

"I don't see anything the matter with this," he declared in honest enthusiasm. "This is a pip. So far it looks mighty good."

Gil grunted.

Mr. Grogan, the vice president, who laughs easily, had been suffused with mirth from the first scene, so no one needed to ask his opinion. Mr. Judd chattered in the darkness, and his friends chattered, and apparently the imported method of making cheap comedies was about to be justified, whether Mr. Gilfillan liked it or not.

Rascoe and Van Hoven scrooged far down in their seats, forced to admit that up to the end of the first reel Gasoline was a fair comedy—just as fair as if it had cost sixty or seventy thousand. Gil looked miserable enough when the lights brightened and the operator changed reels.

(Continued on Page 142)

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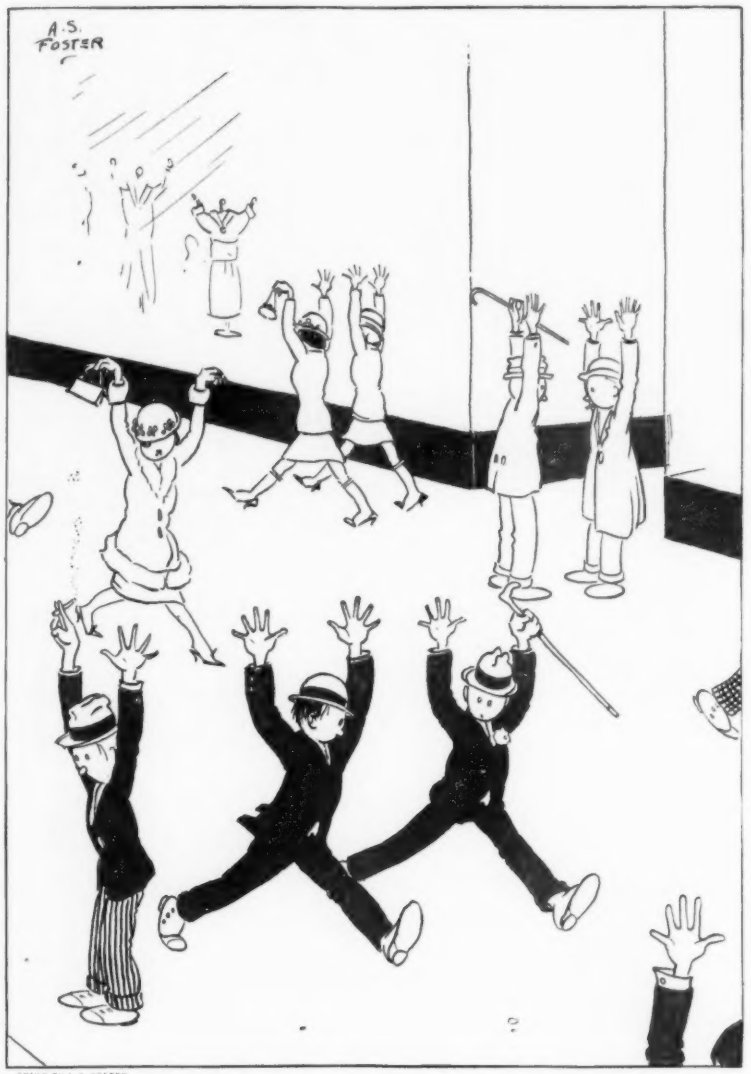


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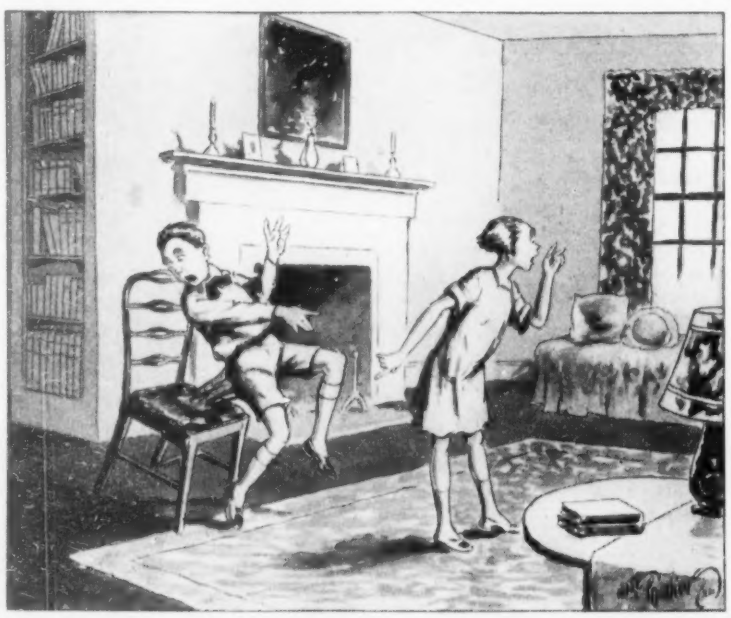
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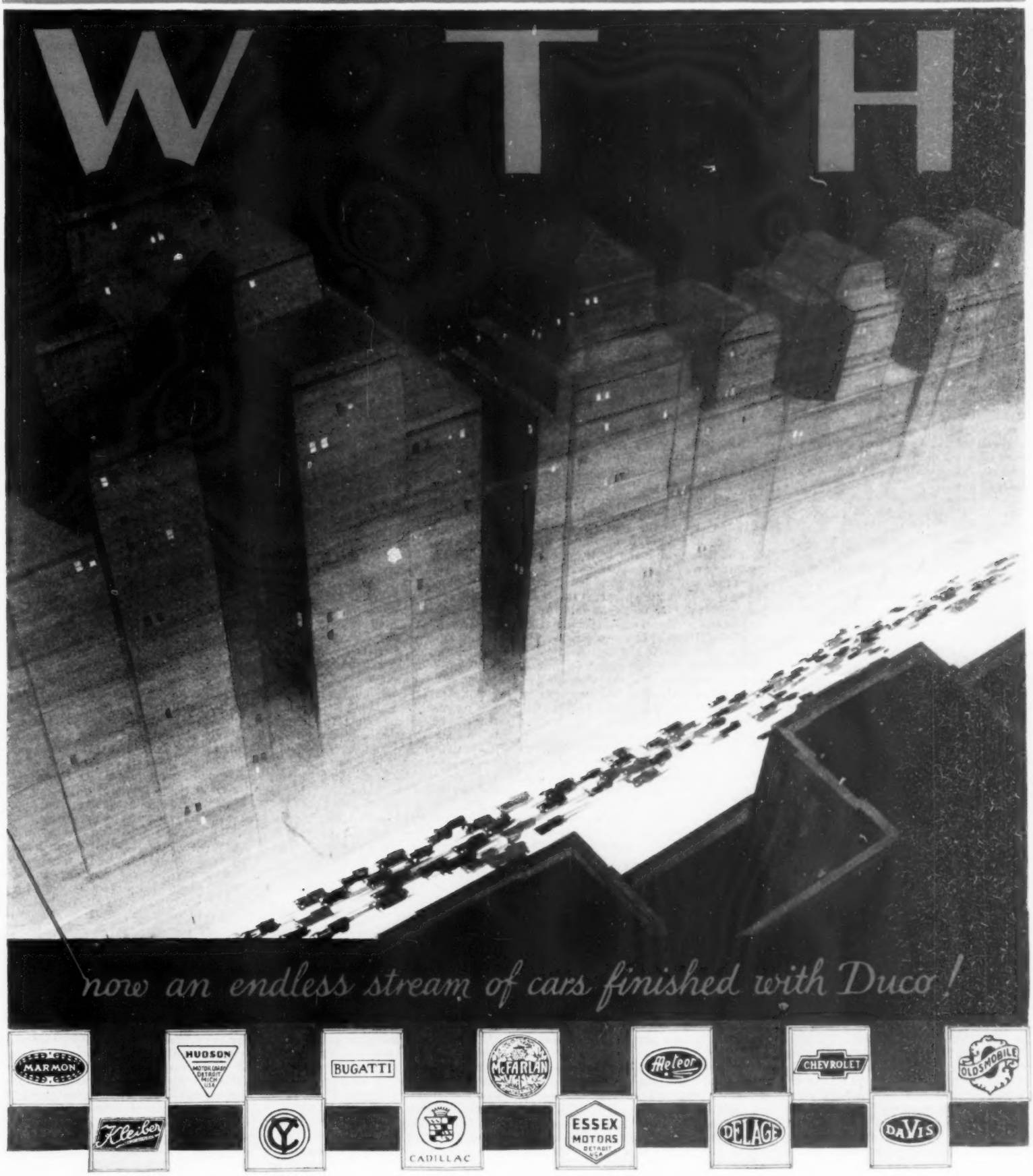
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BACK OF BEYOND

(Continued from Page 31)

"No, *bwana*," replied Sammy humbly.

"Ah! Then gun bearer?"

"No, *bwana*. Tent boy."

"You ask rice—that might be. You ask sugar and tea and *ghee* and shoes and clothes. Is that *distauri?*"

Sammy plucked up a trifle of courage. "It is *distauri* with some *bwanas*," he muttered.

Kingozi stared him through and through. "It is *distauri* of fools," he stated bluntly. "And what wages?"

"One hundred *shillingi*, *bwana*," replied Sammy uncomfortably.

"And *potio* money?"

"I give him two shillings a day," supplied Maclyn, who was getting interested.

"Ah, then you are headman."

"No, *bwana;* tent boy."

"That cannot be. No tent boy was ever paid such wages." Kingozi continued to stare at him for some moments, while Sammy shuffled his feet. "You mission boy, eh?" he demanded.

"*N'dio, bwana.*"

Kingozi's manner suddenly changed. His bushy black beard bristled with the forward thrust of his jaw; his voice hardened. "Do you know what would happen to the tent boy who asked one hundred *shillingi mashara*, and two *shillingi potio* from me, and wanted rice and tea and sugar and *ghee* and clothes?"

Sammy was miserably silent.

"*Kiboko!*" snapped Kingozi. "*Kiboko maramoja!*"

"Yes, *bwana*," agreed Sammy in all humility.

"What is *kiboko?*" asked Maclyn interestedly.

"The whip," replied Kingozi grimly. He turned his eyes on the young man, and the latter started as he met the dynamic force of their glare. Kingozi's manner, however, immediately softened. "If you don't mind, old chap, I'll just take charge of this."

"Go to it!" agreed Maclyn cordially.

"*Tizama*—pay attention." Kingozi turned on Sammy. "Your wages are sixty *shillingi* and your *potio* money half a *shillingi*, like any other tent boy. You will eat rice when there is rice. If there is no rice, you will eat *potio* or *mwembe* or any other bally thing that's handy, do you hear? And if you want tea or sugar or caviar or humming birds' tongues, that's your own *shauri* and you'll jolly well buy them yourself. Now get out of here and do your *cazi*, and don't let's hear any more out of you. *Sikia?*"

"Yes, *bwana*."

"*Bassi!*"

Sammy faded away. But it may as well be stated here that the fading was permanent. He did not apply for his wages due, but he made up the deficit by means of two pairs of silk pajamas, a bright-colored necktie, a Boy Scout pocket knife and a pocket compass. Whether this selection represented a just equivalent in Sammy's mind, or whether it indicated his judgment of how much he could take without invoking police pursuit, is obscure.

"You must forgive my apparent intrusion into your affairs," said Kingozi, "but outside the fact that one cannot sit by and see a fellow white man bilked, it is really all of our affair. Makes every other tent boy restless and all that sort of thing. Upsets the market, as you might say. And anyway, the boy's no good. Anybody can see that with half an eye—anybody in the know, I mean."

"I'm really grateful," said Maclyn. He hesitated. "I'm really grateful," he repeated. "Mr. Breck tried to tell me much the same thing, but—but ——"

Culbertson chuckled. "But he got your back up. That's old Kali Sana to the life." He produced the short black pipe that seemed typical of elephant hunters with beards. Maclyn watched him light it with the same fearful fascination such a spectacle always exercised over him. If whiskers were inflammatory —— But these men courted danger. "Kali Sana, you will find, is very sound," concluded Kingozi.

Twenty minutes later Maclyn tapped on Breck's door. Entering, he found the latter lying on his bed, his boots off, reading the Standard through a pair of steel-bowed spectacles.

"I just came to say," blurted Maclyn, "that you were right about Sammy. I'm sorry I spoke as I did."

"Aye," said Breck.

"That's all."

"Aye," said Breck; but he continued for some moments to look at the door through which the young man had disappeared before resuming his perusal of the Standard.

IX

KINGOZI and Kali Sana lunched together the day before the departure. They were two old-timers, grown old together in the same service. To be sure, they saw each other possibly on an average of once every two or three years; and "together" signified geographically that each was somewhere on one of the largest of the continents; but spiritually it meant that they were close to each other under the same modeling experiences, and that therefore they were slowly welded into a comradeship and understanding unshared with the rest of the world.

Thus Kingozi knew of his companion what none of the rest of the world suspected, what the rest of the world would have derisively denied—that dour, grim, silent old Kali Sana was in the depths of him a mystic and a poet, a man of sentiment and perception and feeling. And he was the only one of them all who knew that Kali Sana could talk, and talk beautifully, without reserves or false shames. He was talking so now, the stem of a glass between his fingers, his eyes wide and unfocused. The discussion was of a man known to both of them, named Galbraith, who, after twenty-five years of the jungle, had come into a little money and had gone back to England, there quite promptly to die.

"Of course he died," said Breck. "And why not? He had deserted Africa, and she knew it, and she laid her hand on him. A man cannot do that. She is beautiful and sensuous, and indifferent to you and careless of you as long as you serve her; and she will let you go as though she did not know you existed, without a flicker of an eye in your direction; and she is careless whether you live or die; and she watches you crushed without lifting a finger to you. She knows you will come back. But if you leave her for good and all, you will die." Kingozi nodded slowly.

"Don't you do it, Culbertson. You and I—and those like us, for better or for worse—are different from other men. We breathe a different air, with different lungs. She has made us so. We are part of her, like the kongonis and the veldt and the sun on the *kopjes*. Is not that so?"

"I think you are right," agreed Kingozi, "though I had not put it to myself in that way."

"It is so. Else why do we come and why do we stay? Is it money? We say so, but we know better. I have been here since a lad, and the ivory I have sold would ransom a king, yet where am I now? Where are you, for the matter of that, though you are a little better off than I am for the moment? Is it comfort and ease of life?" Kali Sana grunted contemptuously. "Is it the love of adventure? Perhaps—at first. But a man sees and he endures, and he becomes tired, very tired. But he goes on. Is it doing well what is before him to do? A little of that; but what use in what he does? No, it is none of these things, though we all tell ourselves it is one or another of them. It is because she has made us what we are and we can do no different."

"Would you do different?" asked Kingozi.

"That is the strange curse of it. What different would I do? And yet I am aweary. What is it she makes of us, Culbertson? What is it she wants? I do not know. All I know is that here in the town, and then at home when I went to see, I am only myself, and that is a small and insignificant thing, alone and without any meaning; and on the veldt and in the jungle I am part of her, and the thing she is, I am too. So I live without knowing the why, and so I will leave my bones at the last. What do you make of it, Culbertson?"

"I make of it that you are an incorrigibly metaphysical old Scotchman," laughed Kingozi.

"And so are you," countered Breck, "and that is why I talk these things." He fell silent for some time. "About this lad I'm to take out," said he abruptly. "He has been recommended as a fool and a waster. His father makes the recommendation, I understand. It's the father who is the fool."

"How is that?"

"I do not know. But such it is. The lad is no fool. He is a good lad, but they have done foolish things to him."

"I'm inclined to agree with you," said Kingozi, "from what I've seen of him."

"And I'm not sure they are not still doing foolish things to him. What is this *safari* for, anyway?" asked Breck abruptly.

"Shooting, I suppose, like all of them."

"He's young. That will do for a time. But he is young, and he will get enough of that. Then what? He is going to be quite alone, face to face with her. What will she do to him?"

"She doesn't seem to do much to most of them," chuckled Kingozi.

But Breck refused to take the idea lightly. "They do not see her," he objected. "They come and they go quickly, and they are surrounded with protection and they travel easy and they never see her. She does not attend to picnics. You know that, Culbertson," he said reproachfully. "But those on whom she lays the weight of her hand are never the same," continued Breck, after a moment. "They may be better or they may be worse; but they are never the same. This is a good lad, whatever his fool of a father may say, and I'll confess it to ye, Culbertson, I'm a little afeared. What will she do to him?"

"Well," said Kingozi sensibly, "what has life apparently been doing to him? He's a good lad, as you say; but from all accounts and from most appearances, he's in a fair way to getting over it."

"That's true."

"And when he gets enough of it, all you have to do is to come back."

But to this Breck gave no assent. "He is the sort she calls," said he, "and those she calls do not come back until she has done her will with them. I have seen them aplenty and I know the marks of them. She takes away from them, and she gives; she breaks them to little bits or she makes them."

"The marks of them?" repeated Kingozi.

"A strength of youth, an eagerness, an open spirit, an eye that looks into the sun, an arrogance that challenges her own. I know. I was once such a lad myself. She called me, and she held me."

"And she made you," added Kingozi.

"A broken-down old elephant hunter," finished Breck. "So I say that the father is the fool," added Breck. He smoked in silence for some time. "Perhaps it is because I am old," he continued, "and aweary and have traveled the road and know it well, and the thought of traveling it all over from the beginning is fearsome to me. But to face her alone ——"

"He has you, you know," Kingozi reminded him a trifle amusedly.

"I am a part of her. I, too, am Africa," said Breck simply.

Kingozi arose, pushing back his chair. "I think you're inclined to take all this a little hard," he observed. "After you've taken out a few of these sportsman's *safaris* you'll change your views. And after all, it isn't your *shauri*."

"No, it's not my *shauri*," agreed Breck. "And I shall do my *cazi*."

"Of course. Good luck and *qua heri*."

"*Qua heri*," responded Kali Sana.

Kingozi encountered Mavrouki and M'bogo at the end of the veranda, and as he was acquainted with both, he stopped to greet them. "You go on *safari* tomorrow," he remarked.

"Yes, *bwana*."

"There is much game where you go."

"Like the leaves of grass, *bwana*," agreed Mavrouki.

"You will have much *nyama*, and good hunting, and I shall see you all soon again."

Mavrouki's one eye twinkled up at him wisely. "We shall see you again, *bwana*," said he, "but it will be long, and it is not the skins of *nyama* we shall bring. Nor shall we all return."

"No?" queried Kingozi. "What then?"

"All shall go, but some shall return. And the things we bring with us are not the skins of beasts."

"What are they?"

"That I do not know. They are not my secret. None knows but the one in the cup of whose hand they lie."

"Yes? And that one is?"

"The hollow mountain—the Mountain of God."

"Nonsense," said Kingozi briskly. "You make no such *safari*. The Mountain of God is over the world's edge; it is beyond the great thirst. The *bwana* seeks game, he seeks *simba*—the lion."

"Nevertheless, *bwana*, we make that *safari*," insisted Mavrouki respectfully.

"Why do you say that?"

"My *n'dowa* tells me."

Kingozi laughed and passed on. Through the open window of the bar he caught sight of Maclyn seated at a table with two young settlers of his acquaintance. A whisky and soda stood next his hand, and he was talking animatedly.

"He'll have to quit that sort of thing," thought Kingozi, and paused to study the young man's unconscious face. It was animated and eager in the pursuit of whatever discussion was forward. Kingozi's lips smiled under cover of his heavy beard. He had already noticed that the young American's well-bred and bored passivity was a very fragile affair that broke easily under any real interest. Maclyn was always abruptly remembering and reassuming it. Something vital and warming radiated from the boy. Kingozi smiled, but with a little sigh.

"A Scotch mystic and a crazy old fool of a savage!" he told himself. "Well, there's a combination for you! I shouldn't wonder if the father *is* the fool."

X

NEXT morning they started. The motor outfit consisted of two worm-drive one-ton trucks and the battered old *safari* flivver that had belonged to Doctor Hemenway. The latter was a rather especial sort of affair, somewhat like a foreshortened delivery wagon of open box body. The one seat was covered by a flat canvas top with a red lining. On the running board had been built a rack to hold large galvanized-iron water tanks. In place of the windshield was a flat sort of shelf to which were attached clips for a heavy double rifle. Leather saddle holsters were slung upright at either side for the carriage of lighter rifles. The whole affair was businesslike in an exotic and suggestive way that touched Maclyn with a little anticipatory thrill of romance.

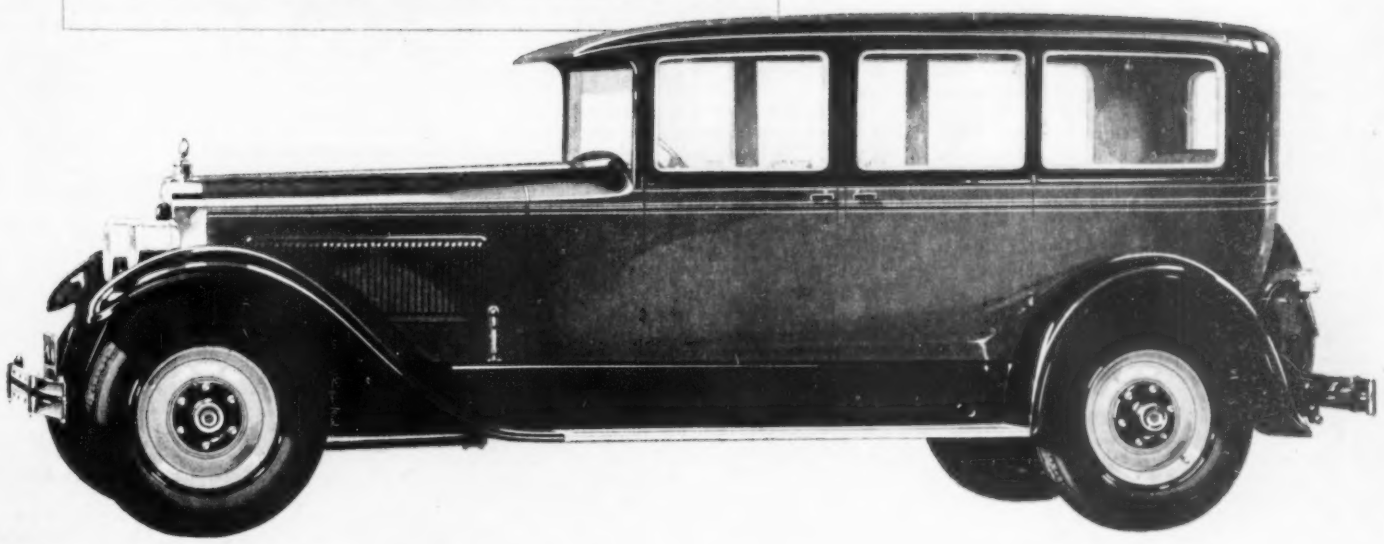
The lading of the three vehicles gave Maclyn his first understanding of the reasons for Breck's numerous negations and discardings. Twelve hundred pounds was all he would allow to each truck; and this

(Continued on Page 72)



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PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

(Continued from Page 70)

had to include the filled water tanks, the blocks and tackles, the spare tires, the tins of gasoline for the whole journey, as well as the driver and his helper. The smaller car carried in its short box body merely a chop box with kitchen things and the personal effects of Breck and Maclyn. Mavrouki and M'bogo perched rather precariously atop. Maclyn wondered how they managed to keep their places; that wonder grew as the day dragged on.

They pushed off without undue excitement on the part of the populace. Nobody of the white population seemed to be up. This rather disappointed Maclyn, though he could not have told why. Nor did they immediately plunge into any howling wilderness. On the contrary, they bowled along quite smoothly on metaled roads between neat stone bungalow farmhouses surrounded by bright flowers. Maclyn had a flicker of interest in learning, from a brief reply to his question, that the interminable rows of what looked to be ornamental shrubs were coffee bushes.

A great variety of people stood aside to let them pass. Most were dressed in the white skullcaps and long white robes of the Swahili type; a few had caricatured themselves in ill-chosen white man's clothes; occasionally a string of naked and painted savages, on a tour to the Great City, stared at them. To Maclyn it was all extraordinarily interesting; but Kali Sana looked neither to right nor left.

Then abruptly the metaled road ceased. The cars slowed down in a rough country dirt road, full of bumps and chuck holes, but an indubitable road for all that. It wound here and there among rounded grassy hills, and through an occasional wonderful remnant of primeval jungle in the hollows. On the side hills grazed herds of humpbacked cattle, held closely together by their herdsmen. These were generally small boys or half-grown young men, naked, or with merely a square of goatskin or cotton cloth held about their shoulders. They carried peeled staves, or sometimes glittering spears. When from afar they espied the cars, they ran in long beautiful bounds to the nearest point on the road, there to watch wide-eyed this magic of the white man.

At intervals, across the swales, Maclyn saw the villages in which these people and these cattle belonged. They were circular in shape, the low clay huts and fences of thorn forming the circumference; the center an open space where the cattle spent their nights safe from the lions. Once the road passed near one of these villages. Maclyn saw the tall, naked, beautifully formed men, the bronze of whose anointed skins shone in the sun; and the women clad in goatskins, their arms and legs completely incased, as though armored, in polished brass or iron wire; and the children and babies and mongrel dogs. Over them all hung a plague of flies, which they did not seem to mind at all, but which swarmed about the cars and clung and followed for miles before the last fell away.

On the flowing rounded hills the grass was high and waving in the wind like grain. Birds of various kinds sprang up from it. Some, with extra long tails or heavy beaks or the like, looked a little strange to Maclyn, but not enough so to seem especially exotic. If it had not been for the occasional Masai cattle or villages, this might well have been one of the more remote country roads in his own country. The air was fresh as yet. Nothing suggested the tropics.

Thus a number of hours passed. Twice they stopped while the men replenished the radiators from the water tanks on the running boards. Breck, humped over stolidly, drove in silence.

Then suddenly they rounded a hill, and Maclyn, to his vast surprise, discovered that these low rounded hills among which they had been traveling were in reality the tops of mountains. The car had stopped on the edge of a high sheer escarpment. Thousands of feet it fell away, and below was a dim plain laid down like a map, with patches of brown and patches of gray and a thin wandering streak of green and a still thinner thread of white, which was the road twisting to disappearance into pearly distance. And, unguessed, across the way the sheer dark of another escarpment facing their own; and down the plain a great wide cone towering.

Breck stopped his car and went back to talk earnestly to the native drivers of the two trucks. "The blighters are just as likely to drive off the grade as not," he grumbled on his return. "They drive well enough, but they have no head." He stretched his arms, and for the first time volunteered some information. "That's the great Rift Valley," said he. "Extends pretty well the length of Africa. It's as if a section of the country had dropped down a mile. You'll see some game down there."

"Looks like some drive down," ventured Maclyn.

"Oh, this is easy. There's a good road."

Maclyn hung on during the descent, and wondered what a bad road would be like. Part of the time they slid happily down against both brakes and compression, which seemed but only just adequate to keep their speed within limits. The roadbed was in places much too narrow for comfort, and full of half-buried rocks and faces of bowlders that jerked the steering wheel about. Maclyn could not help doing a great deal of rear-seat driving, and was so busy with imaginary brakes that it was with surprise that he took notice from time to time of how steadily the plain was rising to them like a tide.

And then abruptly they rounded a little hillock, pitched down a last fearful grade and found themselves crossing a streamlet on an almost level floor. Kali Sana drew up on the flat on the far side.

"We'll just eat here," said he, "and fill with water."

The trucks came in safely. Mavrouki produced the luncheon provided by the hotel. They ate.

On a tree had been nailed a white signboard. "Nairobi 28 Miles," it read. They had been out five hours.

After luncheon they turned down the floor of the valley, following the twisting white string of the road. The brown and gray patches proved to be square miles of different sorts of growth, the green ribbon to be the jungle along the stream. The road was of clay, washed and eroded. The car jolted along at a snail's pace. Maclyn's muscles were beginning to stiffen with the cramp and jar. The freshness of morning was giving way to noon. Heat shimmers on a gigantic scale shook the solid landscape, modeled the eternal verities of its hills into illusory shapes of its own caprice. Heat rose from the earth as though a furnace fire had been built beneath its surface—a heat quite different from the fierce pure beating dominance of the sun. This heat was as a resolvent. It stepped up common impressions of the senses. Sounds of the motor, of the creak of the body, of squeak and rattle and crash and jar, became exaggerated out of all reason. The drop into a chuck hole was a shock that shook one to the core. The whole being protested against such violent assaults upon it, resented them angrily.

And so on forever. The hours crawled even more slowly than the miles. The miles seemed close packed in space. The great cone mountain seemed no nearer now than when they had left the stream; the dry wilderness of thorn on either side, the same they had entered hours ago. Maclyn shifted his position restlessly, but without easement. Breck was immobile save for the movement of his hands and feet as he conducted the jolting car. Mavrouki and M'bogo clung to the top of the packed box body, half reclining.

Maclyn found an instant's surcease from his physical impatience in wondering how they stood it, and in reflecting that he had a seat and was sheltered from the sun. But not for long. His mind could not get away from its own preoccupation with itself. It became tighter and tighter, bracing itself in greater and greater tension against something he could not define to himself. If only something different would happen—any little thing! The car crawled painfully over corrugations, dropped with a teeth-rattling jar into holes, pulled out again. One gray bush succeeded another gray bush exactly similar. The blue volcanic cone stayed just where it was. If only the alleged road would smooth out for a hundred feet so the car could for a few moments only change its speed!

"Where do we stop tonight?" he ventured desperately after a few centuries.

"Can't say. Depends on how we get on," replied Breck.

Suddenly the bush fell away to right and left. They were on open plains. Maclyn revived and sat up. A few hundred yards away stood a small band of zebras and kongonis. Some small gazelles grazed a little farther on. At a distance were shimmering and miraged apparitions that moved. Here were wild animals, in plain sight!

"There used to be considerable game hereabouts, before the motor car," volunteered Breck.

They crossed the plain at a slightly increased pace, but with as much jolt and jar, owing now more to the impossibility of foreseeing just when holes would occur than as heretofore to their omnipresence. The volcano mountain had somehow moved to their left hand; they were passing it. They entered another stretch of the bushy country. The close hot air blanketed them.

The road was rising now. The motor labored more; Mavrouki and M'bogo had often to fill the steaming radiator. Looking back, Maclyn could see that imperceptibly the floor of the valley was falling below their level. Up, and still up, winding hour after hour interminably.

"Hop down and push," Breck was telling him.

He came to with a start. The road pitched sharply upward just ahead. The two gun bearers were already afoot, standing either side, waiting. Maclyn descended stiffly, every muscle in protest, and took his place at the rear. Breck turned on the gas, charging the grade. M'bogo and Mavrouki trotted easily alongside, their hands resting on the box. Maclyn held on to the tailboard, stumbling along, choking in the dust. "*Sukua! Sukua!*" yelled Breck.

The gun bearers hurled themselves upon the flanks of the car, digging their sandals in, chanting a sort of rhythmic cadence. Maclyn pushed. Slower and slower ran the car. Maclyn pushed harder. The sweat blinded his eyes, the blood pounded through his head. Either his heart must burst or he succumb to apoplexy.

"Look out!" yelled Breck.

The car was beginning slowly to go backward. Maclyn just managed to stumble desperately out of its way. It slid past him, proceeded crablike to exactly where it had started from. M'bogo and Mavrouki scrambled chirpily down in pursuit of it. Maclyn saw that it had struggled to within ten feet of the top before giving up.

As, apparently, they were waiting for him, he pulled himself to his feet and descended the hill.

"Get your back into it a little earlier," Breck greeted him, "and we'll make it this time."

They did make it, with the last ounce of momentum and the last pennyweight of push—made it at a snail's pace. Maclyn was glad of this, because he felt if they had not made it that time he would assuredly have died. He drank from his canteen and began wearily to climb to his seat. But Breck was already climbing down.

"Come on. We've got to get the trucks up," said he.

The trucks arrived in due course; but even with the four more good pushers, they would not go up. Each attempt was exactly like the other—a charge, a triumphant surge nearly halfway up, a gradual inexorable slowing down, a wild yell of warning—and an accelerating recession to the starting point. Maclyn now realized that his fear that he would die when the light car made the grade was ill-founded. This was proved by the fact that he did not die now. But at the exact juncture when his reeling vision was about to take its last look at a now distasteful world, and his trembling legs had served on him strike notice effective immediately, Breck called a halt.

Mavrouki, M'bogo and the four truckmen apparently knew just what was expected next. Without awaiting commands, they produced a long heavy cable. By means of this the light car at the top was attached to the truck at the bottom.

The theory was sound, but the application presented difficulties. For one thing, it was almost impossible to get the two cars to come into gear at exactly the same instant. If they did not do so, one or the other engine was killed. When practice made perfect on this, then, and not until then, did it become evident that the smaller car was too light to grip the road. In vain did all the humans add their weight. The wheels spun disastrously, the truck hung back with bulldog sullenness.

Maclyn, gasping purple-faced in the alleged shade of an almost leafless thorn bush, was sunk in a final discouragement. It was, in a way, his fault. He it was who had insisted on these trucks. And here they were, stuck, with a couple of elephants on their hands, stalled the first day out!

"*Fungua mzigo!*" sang out Kali Sana.

The men began to unload. One by one, all the elaborate lashings that had taken so long to throw were undone; piece by piece, the numberless items of baggage on the stowage of which so much ingenuity had been expended were dragged forth into the road.

In the cool of that early morning it had seemed to Maclyn that the loading of those two trucks had represented quite a good day's work in itself.

The lightened truck puffed up the grade quite easily, assisted by the six black men who trotted after it and pushed and sang their cadenced rhythm as though newly arisen from refreshing sleep. Then, chattering happily, they trooped back down the hill, seized one each of the numerous sixty-pound packages that made up the load, hoisted it on their heads, and as cheerfully plugged back up that awful grade. Maclyn could not stand the sight; he shut his eyes and groaned.

"Come, lend a hand!" Breck was hailing him.

He opened his eyes again. Fortunately for his immediate sanity, Kali Sana evidently did not intend him to carry anything up the hill. Then, he knew, he would have died. He was merely to help Breck hoist the stuff aboard the truck as the black men deposited the loads beside it, and stow them and lash them in place. In his present mental, moral and physical demoralization, Maclyn found the handling of sixty-pound units under this sun and in this dust a task only just within his power of will. His muscles seemed to be getting weak. Only the thought that other human beings were carrying these same units up a glorified goat path, and that Breck, a much older and smaller man than himself, apparently had not turned a hair, kept him at it. He gritted his teeth and focused his mind and lasted through. At length the job was done. He straightened his aching back, wiped his streaming face, focused his wavering vision—and saw the other truck steaming laboriously up to take its place at the foot of the grade. He had forgotten the other truck.

But life is full of pleasant surprises—after it has sufficiently prepared our appreciation by enough unpleasant ones. The first truck, loaded and solid on its four wheels, could get traction where the light car could not. The rope was again attached; and shortly all three cars were gathered together at the top of the grade.

Breck paused to fill and light his short pipe. The men put more water into the radiators.

"Are we going to camp here?" ventured Maclyn. (Continued on Page 77)

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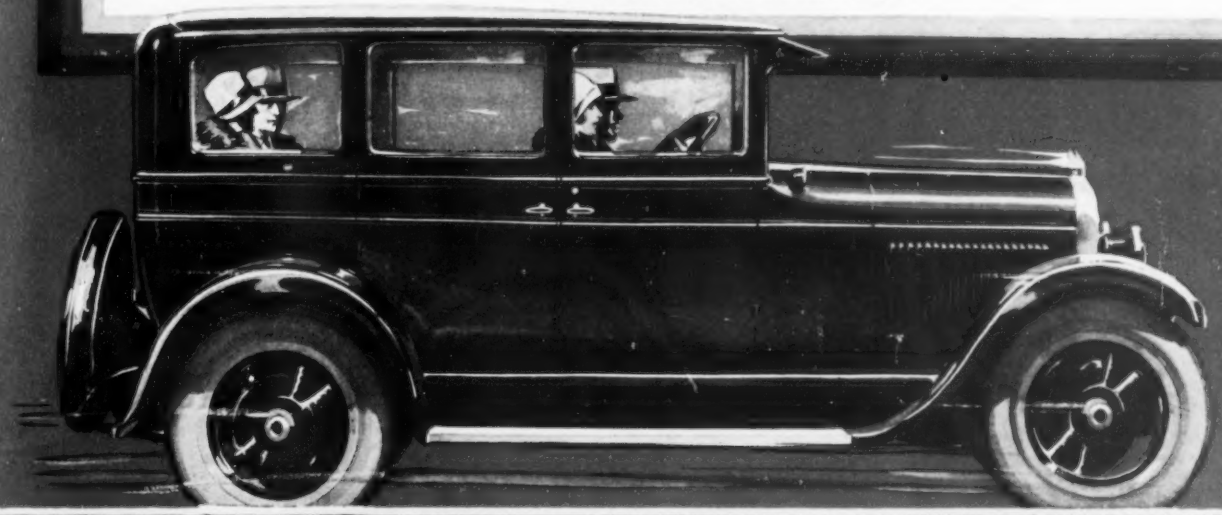
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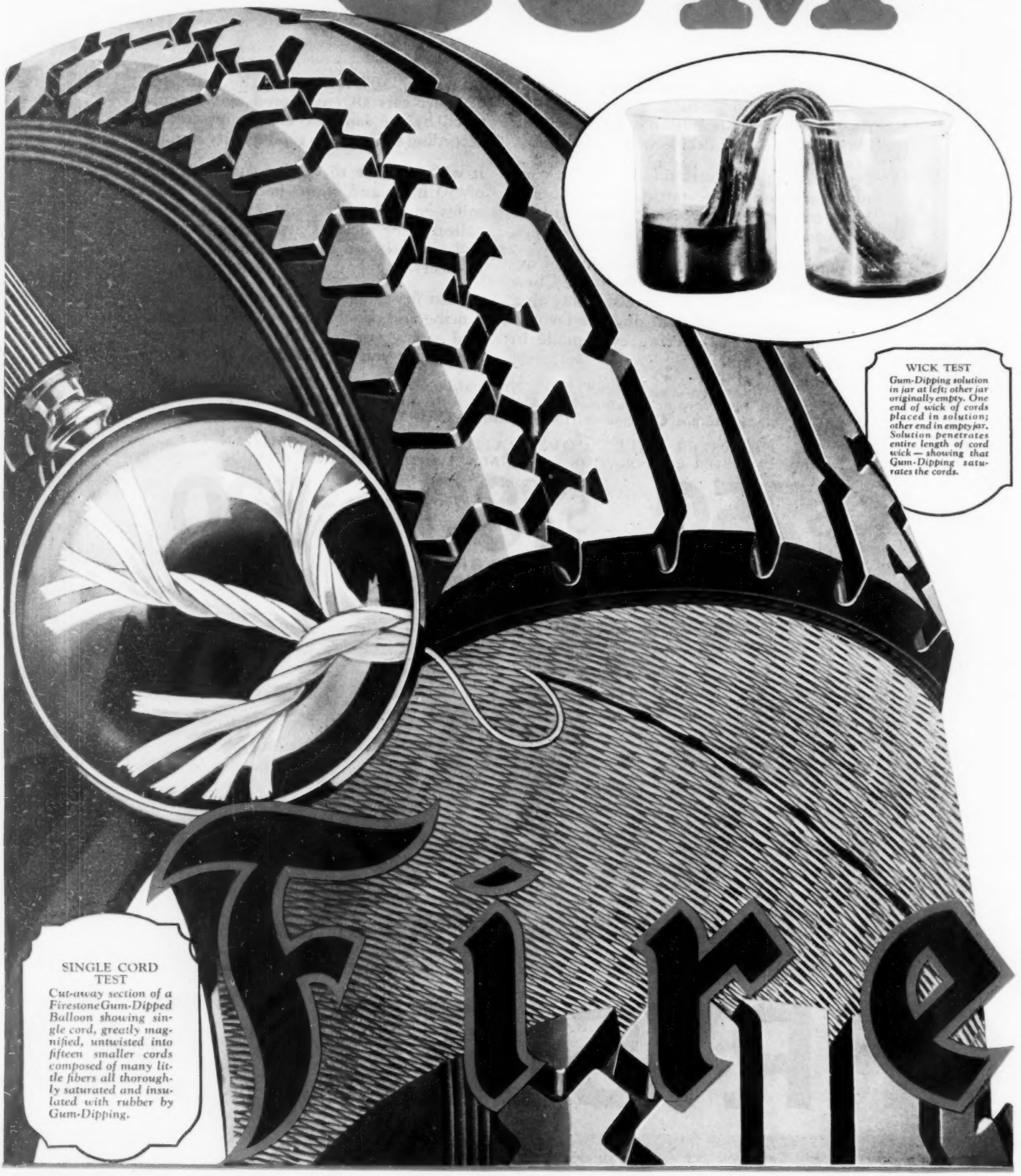


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HOW GUM-Fire AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE



WICK TEST

Gum-Dipping solution in jar at left; other jar originally empty. One end of wick of cords placed in solution; other end in empty jar. Solution penetrates entire length of cord wick — showing that Gum-Dipping saturates the cords.

SINGLE CORD TEST

Cut-away section of a Firestone Gum-Dipped Balloon showing single cord, greatly magnified, untwisted into fifteen smaller cords composed of many little fibers all thoroughly saturated and insulated with rubber by Gum-Dipping.

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The Firestone extra process of Gum-Dipping is one of the most important of the many Firestone contributions to more economical highway transportation.

By this extra process, every fiber of every cord is thoroughly saturated and insulated with rubber, minimizing friction and heat so destructive to tire life.

On the cars of hundreds of thousands of motorists, in the day-in and day-out service of the largest truck, bus and taxicab fleets, in the battle of tires on race tracks, Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires, because of their greater stamina, are delivering longer mileage with added safety and comfort.

The Firestone Dealer in your locality sells and services these extra quality tires, which Firestone builds exclusively for regular tire dealers, and for car manufacturers as original equipment. He is supplied with clean, fresh stocks direct from the factory, through 145 Branches and Warehouses. Let him tell you of the trouble-free service that the extra Gum-Dipping process insures and how he can serve you better and save you money. See him today.

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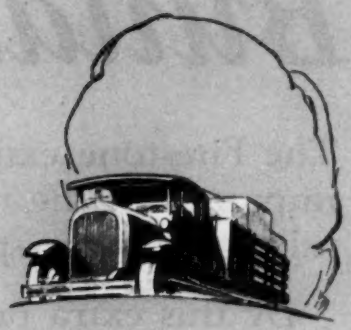
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LOWER COST per TON MILE

(Continued from Page 72)

"Here!" repeated Breck in surprise. "Bless you, it's early yet!"

They continued to crawl up the grade, doggedly, mostly in low gear, the radiators boiling, steaming and sputtering in a manner that devastated Maclyn's motor nerves.

And then, abruptly, they rounded a little conical upcrop and found that they had surmounted the rim of the escarpment. The country swept widely away in a gentle down slope.

It was thickly clothed with thorn scrub through which a lane had been cut for the road. Straight as an arrow it ran until it lost itself in perspective. Over toward the horizon the country seemed to rise again, still dark with thorn. The sky line lay black against the declining sun, and over the edge of the world were slate-blue mountains.

The laboring of the motor eased to a hum as the car slid down the long gentle decline. Unexpectedly the roadbed smoothed somewhat. Chuck holes could be sighted yards ahead. The speedometer crept up to ten, to twelve miles an hour. The sun seemed to have withdrawn its weight, though still it burned hot, peering beneath the awning. A small breeze sprang up in their faces. A certain tension seemed to let go. Maclyn breathed deeply once more, and relaxed.

It was getting late in the afternoon. Surely it must be almost time to stop for the night. Every mile or so they came to little grass openings in the scrub—good places to stop, it seemed to Maclyn. But Breck continued to drive. The man must be made of iron. He had been at it now—how many hours? The steering wheel of the light flivver jerked savagely under his grasp as the rough road surface wrenched the wheels. It had been doing that all day. The tension returned. Somehow this continuance so long beyond ordinary endurance had in it the quality of nocturnal dog barking, or an unnecessary clatter that one momentarily expects to cease, but which does not cease. If something does not happen to break the exacerbating rhythm one must scream.

The sun sank lower toward the horizon; then seemed all at once to accelerate its speed. It dipped below the rim. It was gone. Surely the silent figure at his side must soon bring this day to a close. Apparently it had no intention of doing so. The down-dipping road extended along straight ahead, interminably, through the dimming lane of thorn scrub. Breck switched on the lights and drove.

Maclyn sank into an uneasy lethargy like a nightmare, a quiescence shot with cramps and aches and unbearable repression.

The lights swung from the road, illuminated briefly a succession of white and ghostly thorn bushes, came to rest. Breck was clambering over the side.

"May as well stop here," said he.

The trucks drew up alongside at a few paces distance. Two of the men commenced to unload certain things. The others disappeared in the darkness. Everybody began tirelessly to do things, when all a suffering universe could desire was to stay suspended in a blessed quiescence. A tiny fire flickered up, grew larger. Someone lighted an oil lantern. Figures appeared and disappeared. Another fire shot up tiny flames. Maclyn sat where he was. He felt he could not have moved to save his life. Here he could remain forever, his whole being soaking up quiet and coolness and surcease of motion. It seemed for the moment incredible that ever again would he stir so much as a finger.

"Well, come on!" Breck's voice at length hailed him. "*Chakula* is ready."

By a superhuman effort he got himself into motion and descended. Mavrouki gave him an enamelware plate filled with boiled rice and curried tinned meat, and a cup of strong tea. He absorbed them, probably the simplest and most satisfying meal he had ever eaten. He did not notice. Every faculty seemed dead with somnolence. When he had finished he pushed the vessels aside and fell back flat to the earth. He was too numbed to think of smoking.

For a long time he lay there motionless. The men were squatting on their heels around the other fire, chattering low-voiced. Breck smoked his short pipe, staring into the flames. The little breeze had died. All the world was dissolved in silence. The only sounds audible were the men's voices and the tiny cracklings of the fire. The earth had somehow shrunken small, but the heavens were enormous and filled with stars that burned unwinking, like candles.

After a time Breck knocked out his pipe and arose. "Better turn in," he advised. "Sixty-four miles today. Pretty good." He stared about him. "Somewhat easier than the old days, eh? Well, we'll do as well tomorrow, and then our easy times are at an end. We'll have to do without roads for a bit and do something toward working our passage."

XI

MACLYN must have slept soundly. It was only when repeated calling had fairly dragged him from the depths that he became aware of the fact that his bed had been made down on the thinnest mattress of grass, and that he had been lying on hummocks and knobs. His body was stiff and lame and protested his every move. It was still black night and the stars shone as brightly as ever. The little fires were flaring up again, and by their light the men were moving about, packing together the beds and utensils. It might have been the night before, as far as all external indications showed. Nevertheless, Maclyn's wrist watch told him it was 4:30. His head was heavy, and he would have liked to plunge it into cold water; but his allowance of that fluid turned out to be about two cupfuls in the bottom of the basin.

Breakfast was porridge with heavy sirup, bread from the hotel, and coffee.

"We'll get some meat tomorrow," remarked Breck.

Then the three cars swung once more down the straight lane between the thorn bushes.

The false dawn showed gray, vanished. A sunrise, breath-taking in its gorgeousness, passed its glory across the eastern sky, but unremarked, for it was behind them. Full daylight flooded the world suddenly. The golden sun shot long level arrows past them and the first heat laid its threat upon them.

As far as the eye could reach extended the dark thorn, ridge after ridge of it, in long low undulations, like a ground swell at sea. They surmounted one, only to slide into the trough toward another just like it. The heat increased, and the light dust, inert in the early coolness, became lively. Hour after hour thus, with only an occasional halt to replenish the radiators from the dwindling water supply.

They passed no living thing save a few birds, one or two hawks, and a glimpse of some small deerlike creature which Breck said was a duiker. Never was so empty a landscape, nor one so remote. Maclyn had pictured the country as full of game and savages. Here was nothing—nothing at all, world without end and forever. In retrospect, the journey of the day before seemed pleasant, full of variety—hills, grass, people, cattle, streams, change of scene, even game. A huge monotony, gray and hopeless and never-ending, muffled Maclyn's spirit.

Breck did not seem to mind. He drove. For a little Maclyn tried to talk. Breck replied amiably enough, but briefly. Shortly Maclyn, too, fell silent.

The forenoon dragged by. The dominating sun was overhead, heavy and menacing. The air seemed inadequate for breathing or cooling purposes, on ration, like the water in the tanks. Noon passed. The sun began to peer beneath the awning. Maclyn's knees felt its burning power. Breck gave no sign of stopping for food. That was all right; Maclyn wanted no food.

But there were no hills and no ravines. Save the occasional stops to water the cars, they proceeded steadily at eight or ten miles an hour. Higher speed was impossible, for the road surface was rough and knobby, corrugated, eroded into miniature gullies, and an occasional deep hole yawned in the wheel tracks. Breck said briefly that these were made by ant bears.

Gradually, over Maclyn's spirit came a feeling of utter remoteness. For immeasurable time, it seemed to him, they had been thrusting steadily out into a spaciousness vast as the sea, leaving far over the horizon's rim all the known world of men. And queerly enough, with this feeling came certain small stirring of exhilaration. The explorer, deeply dormant in every man who is alive, awoke within him. It began to matter less that he was uncomfortable and weary. He was for the first time in his life out beyond; beyond men and their works and their comforts and their safe insulations; out where few had been before him and those few of a hardy and adventurous breed. He was one of them.

They surmounted another of the swells of land. In the next hollow was a break in the regularity of monotony. Cliffs broke down in a rim rock, which were repeated across the way to form a deep narrow valley. In five minutes they had reached the edge of the rim rock and turned down a precipitous grade.

In the bottom of the valley flowed a stream. On either side of it were green fields, irregularly inclosed with fences of thorn brush. Above them stood a group of grass-thatched native huts and three square structures with corrugated-iron tops. Still beyond them, and on a low tableland, were more round thatched huts, but these were arranged in neat rows and their walls were whitewashed. Slightly apart were three white bungalows with wide verandas and bougainvillea vines. From a tall flagpole floated the flag of Britain.

They reached the valley's floor and drove up toward the bungalows. Maclyn saw that one of the three square buildings was a store. Among the half-naked savages strolled tall Sudanese, spick-and-span in uniform. Across the open space near the bungalows a black man was wheeling a baby carriage with a frilled top. From a door lounged an Englishman in immaculate white clothes, followed by a young white woman in a summery, starchy gown and carrying a red parasol. They might have just stepped from a cricket pavilion.

The explorer in Maclyn dwindled abashed. Somehow the weight and apathy of an immense discouragement overwhelmed him. He felt inconceivably dusty and ill dressed, and hot and out of place. The back of beyond, that but a moment since had seemed to hover imminent, about to take him into its mysterious remoteness, suddenly receded, drained away, as though recalled by a magic.

"What—what is this?" he managed to ask Breck.

"Government post—Maji Nyussi," said Breck.

Maclyn caught sight of a lettered sign over the door of one of the buildings. "Post Office," it read. This finished him.

He met Marsden, the commissioner; he met Mrs. Marsden, the commissioner's wife. He followed into a living room with rugs and easy-chairs and a small piano and a big table with copies of Punch and Sketch and the Illustrated London News and the Times and Field. He accepted a lime juice and soda and a cigarette. It was cool and comfortable. He took some part in a conversation. It might have been, save for some small items of the subject matter at times, a conversation in Nairobi—or London or Long Island, for the matter of that. He realized that both Marsden and Mrs. Marsden were very charming, cultivated people. He felt even more awkward and dirty and out of place.

He hardly knew what they were talking about. Vaguely, he understood that Hillis had passed through the week before; that two other *safaris* were expected shortly. Exchange of small news and opinions with Breck. Some talk of permits to enter what they called the outlying territory. He signed his name. The sound of the cars returning from filling the water tanks. Everybody on his feet. Good-luck wishes, farewells. Anything we can do at any time.

"How did you find the road?" Marsden was asking.

He opened his mouth to tell about the road. "Fine shape," Breck replied. "No trouble at all." He closed his mouth again.

Out from the cool sitting room into the blaze of sunlight. There was the frilly baby carriage. A pink-and-white infant gazing solemnly up at him, dressed in frilly and lacy things; just such an infant as he might be called upon to admire anywhere. It looked at him with what seemed to him like a faint derision. Explorer! Back of beyond! Here am I! Who and what do you think you are?

Maclyn climbed back to the gritty, hot, comfortless seat of the flivver. He was wholly unreasonable, and he knew it, and cursed himself for being so. He could not even tell what in the world was the matter with him. But the weight of a great depression had settled upon him. It was as though he had risen to some mighty effort to find that he had accomplished—what? As they drove away his eye caught the lettered sign. Post Office! What was the use?

But this childish mood did not last long. They climbed out the rim rock on the other side and drove on through more thorn scrub. It was now late in the afternoon. The shadows were lengthening, the sun losing its power. Small grass openings appeared. They became more numerous. The scrub scattered. A small herd of zebra melted away at their approach. In the distance, Maclyn saw long streaks of brown. The mountains had risen from below the edge of the world and perched now on the horizon, a low blue rampart.

"Yon's the Loieta Plains," Breck volunteered, waving his hand toward the brown. "That's where the *safaris* go."

"Game there?"

"Oh, aye!"

"And where do we go?"

"Beyond the hills yonder."

"And are there any post offices there?"

Breck turned his wide stare on his companion. "Post offices?" he repeated.

"That is—I mean white settlements."

"There's a trader at Garnett's Drift, though he's not a white man. He's Garnett's babu."

"Where's that?"

"At the strip of green yonder. We'll stop there the night." They debouched slowly to the edge of a grass stretch perhaps two hundred yards across. Breck reached down and turned off the switch. "Yonder, at the edge of the brush," said he.

Maclyn stared intently; at length made out several reddish beasts just within the thorn, staring intently in his direction.

"Take the one to the right," said Breck.

Maclyn, trembling a little, drew his rifle from the scabbard at his side. He could not have said why he trembled; apparently he was not at all excited. Why should he be? He had shot his moose in New Brunswick. Perhaps it was the sudden intense interest by which he was surrounded. All three cars had come to a stand and their engines had stilled. Breck was sitting back indifferently, but Maclyn felt rather than saw the six blacks were leaning forward, their bodies tense, their eyes fierce and glittering. Squirming about in the seat, he managed to level the rifle. And then he became aware that his heart was throbbing violently, that the car seemed to be swaying on its springs.

He held his breath and tried to align his sights. They blurred strangely. He could not hold them from swaying back and forth.

"They're going," Breck warned him.

In sheer desperation, he pulled the trigger. The brown-red beasts dashed to left and right, dodging and weaving. But one was down, kicking. Old Mavrouki leaned forward to pat Maclyn's shoulder.

"*Piga mizouri, bwana*," said he.

(Continued on Page 79)



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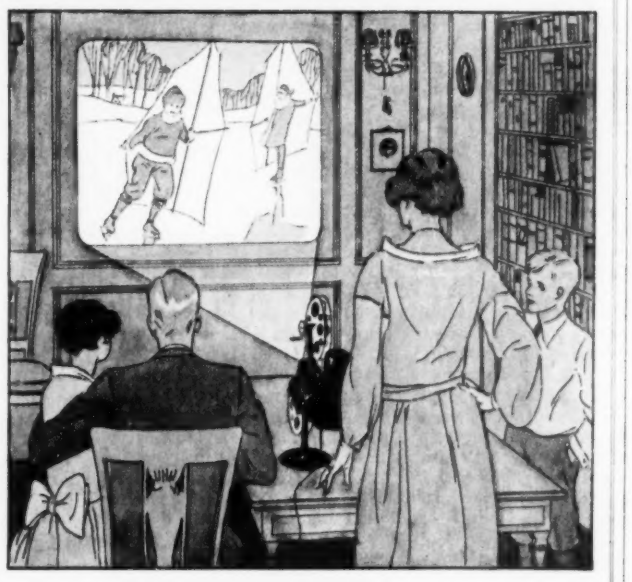
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(Continued from Page 77)

The men in the other trucks were shouting jubilantly. "*Nyama! Nyama!*" they cried.

"All right, M'bogo. *Chingi!*" commanded Breck.

The tall gun bearer leaped to the ground and darted away toward the fallen beast. Mavrouki turned the starting handle of the car. Breck drove forward slowly.

"These fellows are Mohammedans," he told Maclyn. "They won't touch meat unless it has been *chingied* by one of them—its throat cut while life is still in it, you know." He chuckled. "It's tactful not to get there too soon. Astonishing how few beasts are ever killed stone-dead—if you don't get there too soon!"

He made no comment on Maclyn's prowess, seeming to take it as a matter of course. Maclyn imitated his indifference, but his spirit lifted with an elation that was singularly disproportionate—especially as he realized quite well that the animal kicking there on the ground was not the one he had shot at.

XII

GARNETT'S DRIFT proved to consist of one corrugated-iron shed and two circular thatched huts, perched at some remove from a river flowing almost without jungle through a parched land. Here dwelt a sad-faced Indian babu who kept a store stocked with snuff, brass and iron wire, colored cotton prints and an astounding variety of canned goods of all descriptions. Maclyn could not understand the multiplicity of brands, nor some of the strange things he saw on the shelves, until he was told that these were the surplus stores of many sporting *safaris*, sold to the babu for almost nothing rather than transport them back. These things, the babu told him in his soft and gentle voice, he was sometimes able to sell to sportsmen remaining longer than they had intended. "But not veree often. *Sahibs* bring always more."

But quite often he could exchange them to advantage with the tribesmen from the hills yonder or the plains. For what? For skins. Of wild animals? No; of the cow. The skin of a wild animal is not lawful. It was evidently his business also to act as a sort of intelligence post for those in the country, to know where each *safari* had gone and how to get to it in case of need, to direct the ox teams carrying in their supplies or out their trophies, to forward mail by runner to and from the post office at Maji Nyussi.

Thus he reported the runners sent to stop Doctor Hemenway's outfit had come through the week before. In some mysterious fashion, too, he had learned that the *safari* had been met at some point he named and had turned back.

This was five days ago. Breck expressed satisfaction.

"That's better luck than one expects in Africa." He turned to Maclyn, who stood by. "I hadn't much hope of stopping them short of here. As it stands, they ought to be back where we shall leave the cars by the time we catch them up. We shall not be delayed an hour! Hemenway said the head boy was a good man, but you never can tell. I'll give him a good *baksheeshi*."

Maclyn wondered a little at Breck's unprecedented garrulity, at the strange enthusiasm that for the moment replaced his usual stolidity. He could not realize that this accurate working out of a plan well laid, this actual gain over the time estimated, was a very rare occurrence; and that Breck had scored points in the slow, careful, lifelong game he played against his great antagonist.

In answer to the young man's inquiry, the babu told him his friend Hillis was encamped at a spot he named and which Breck recognized.

"Anywhere in our line?" Maclyn asked.

"No; farther eastward," said Breck.

They went outside. A group of oiled and painted savages, who had been patiently awaiting the white man's pleasure, filed into the store, there to stand for hours, perhaps, staring about them. Then probably they would file out again and disappear into the wilderness. Or, rarely, one might point to some article of his fancy. And an hour or two or three later—or the following day or week—the bargain might be concluded. None but a babu or a Somali could have lived such a life.

Maclyn knew nothing of this aspect of it. But he looked about him on the hard-parched surroundings and came to the same conclusions. Across the muddy sluggish little river was the thorn. Immediately about the compound was hard, bare, baked earth. A quarter mile out, the stony soil grew scattered small bushes, much like the sage-brush of Western America. Here and there a clump of aloes thrust up spiky crests. Isolated bleak little hills, or *kopjes*, punctuated the wide sweep. Only westward, gold-rimmed in sunset, the low rampart of the mountains offered a rest to the eye; and they were withdrawn inconceivably distant. The sun had just sunk, but the earth still radiated heat. Maclyn shuddered to think of open noon beating on that corrugated-iron roof, and the gentle little man, sitting inside hour after hour, day after day, year after year.

They walked slowly to the slight elevation where the cars had been parked. Breck, still animated by his mysterious sense of triumph, talked unwontedly.

"It's the beginning of the *safari* shooting country," he said. "Yon's the Loieta, and that way the Sotik, and over that way the Amala."

"Is it like this?" queried Maclyn.

"Oh, no; there's no game here to amount to anything. The Amala is best for elephant."

"How far is that?"

"With cars, two-three days. Depends on the condition of the road. It used to take ten days when we rode or walked. Now they send the men with the camps ahead of time to be ready when they arrive."

The fires of the camp were already bright in the gathering darkness. Maclyn could smell meat broiling, and a little thrill of satisfaction came to him—the thrill that comes to any man of imagination in the realization that he is even to some small extent living off the country, depending on himself rather than on the provision of long-established civilization. A happy, satisfied atmosphere seemed somehow to inform the little group. The black men were singing in a weird minor cadence that hummed under the breath, but occasionally upsurged into full voice and fell again to the undertone.

Maclyn's mood was high. This was quite different from last night. The memory of monotony and heat and weariness fell away from him. He ate with satisfaction. He leaned back and smoked. He gazed with a quiet calm anticipation into the face of tomorrow. Tomorrow they would leave this last outpost of man's works behind. Tomorrow they would head out, as mariners into the trackless seas, toward that crouching black rampart over which hung the rather lopsided constellation of the Southern Cross. Forgotten were the hints of toil and delay and tribulations to flivvers the road had given him. These had shrunken small before the countenance of adventure.

This mood was somewhat chastened the following morning by his discovery that the road was still with them. He had vaguely supposed that the store at Garnett's Drift would mark its termination. It continued on, and the cars continued to follow it. To be sure, it had ceased to be what any human being anywhere else would call a road at all. Looking back on the past two days, Maclyn now realized that what he had naïvely considered the ultimate limit that could conceivably be so designated was quite an affair after all. Its right of way had been cut out; its worst obstructions had been removed; it boasted of some sort of grades up and down the hills; it crossed ravines either on crude but strong bridges or by means of approaches cut out into fairly reasonable descents.

This thing they now followed showed no trace of the loving marks of either spade or ax. It represented in physical aspect merely the extraordinary ingenuity of man in the avoidance of impossibilities. Around and about it squirmed, tortuous as a streamlet through a meadow, covering five miles to advance one, dodging bushes, rocks, gullies by the simple expedient of worming its way around them. Ravines it passed by natural crossings, which merely meant that at some point in their course a place had been found where the banks were not wholly perpendicular. Often these natural crossings were two or three miles off the straight line of progress. Sometimes the whole affair made hours of detour through low hills only to emerge a mile or so beyond where it had gone in. Breck replied to a question that the apparent level concealed an impossible *donga*. In this manner nearly a half day was consumed merely in getting out of sight of that building at Garnett's Drift. Nevertheless it was a definite set of wheel tracks to which they were as much tied as they had been to the real road.

"Where does it go?" Breck repeated Maclyn's question. "Why, just southeast. *Safari* supplies come on it."

Near noon they overtook an ox wagon creaking along. It was an open two-wheeled affair, drawn by twelve mild lean oxen of the humpbacked native type, in charge of two naked savages. These latter leaped about, shrieking and wielding long goads until they had forced the deliberate beasts into the brush. Then they stood and stared at the cars as they labored past. The flat platform of the crude cart was laden with chop boxes and sacks of *potio*. Breck, without stopping, asked them a question and received a reply.

"That's how it's done," he told Maclyn.

They had crossed the stony brush-grown plains; they entangled themselves in small hills, and emerged again, keeping them on the left. The country to their right became undulating and more open. On the distant swells were herds of animals scattered here and there. Small graceful gazelles with black stripes down their sides flitted ghost-like at their approach, or stood to stare at them not a hundred yards away. Great birds sailed in the blue. Several times, with a jump of the blood, Maclyn caught sight of large slinking beasts making off. He thought they were lions and called attention to them excitedly.

"*Hapana simba, bwana,*" said old Mavrouki indulgently. "*Fisi.*"

"Hyenas," translated Breck briefly.

Maclyn tried to look as though hyenas in the wild were not almost as exciting as lions, but with mediocre success. He tried to identify the different sorts of animals in sight; but he would not have asked a question for worlds. The others seemed to remain quite calm in the presence of all this; so, of course, he must remain calm too. Mavrouki looked at him with twinkling eye. Mavrouki was a kindly old savage, and had lived many years not in vain. So shortly he began with an air of discovery to point out things.

"*Ona, bwana, m'pofu,*" said he, extending his long skinny arm in indication.

"What's he say?" asked Maclyn.

"He says 'Look, there one eland,'" said Breck.

In this manner Maclyn was made to see and identify the beasts, and thus he took his first simple lesson in Swahili—*punda milia*, the zebra; *kongoni*, the hartebeest; *nyumbo* the wildebeest; *twiga*, the giraffe; and so on.

"I say, there's an awful lot of game in this country!" he marveled happily.

But Breck merely grunted. "All shot out," he grumbled. "Used to be some here, but there's too many *safaris*. All the decent heads have been picked over long ago."

This day was the best one yet. To be sure, it was actually longer and more laborious than either of the two others and many less miles were covered. But the physical wear and tear of occasional pushing and pulling or loading and unloading, and even the continual nagging of rattle and jolt and jar and heat and dust was more than renewed by the psychic restorative of novelty and interest.

They made camp that night beneath bona-fide big trees near a streamlet flowing out from the hills. For the moment the plains and their teeming life were distant and far below, for the track they were following had turned back toward the higher country. Maclyn was tired, but he was happy and excited. The night was vocal with insects and the swooping hollow booms of a species of night jar. He lay on his back looking up at the stars and listening to these things. Suddenly, he knew not why, he raised himself on his elbow to listen. Far in the distance was audible a faint jarring rumble. It increased in volume, took upon itself deep undertones, died slowly away. Then distinctly came three short deep coughs.

The men eating and chatting low-voiced by the other fire were also listening. They had stopped short in what they were doing and poised rigid. Only with the last grunt did they resume their occupations.

"*Simba,*" said M'bogo.

Maclyn knew that word. He breathed deep in sheer luxury. He had heard his first lion in the jungle. This was something like! This was according to specifications!

The following morning at about ten o'clock the track led them out again to the edge of the plains. Between the last two small hills and beneath some scattered large trees gleamed many tents. Three of these were large and green, and were pitched in a group apart. The many others were small and white and arranged at a little distance in a rough circle. Drawing nearer, Maclyn saw that one of the green tents was a fly beneath which stood a table, covered by a white tablecloth, and easy-chairs. Three motor cars rested under a tree. A number of horses, each in charge of a syce, were being grazed just outside. At the sound of the motors a number of people came into view. The blacks, of whom there were a great many, were dressed in khaki shorts and blue jerseys the chests of which bore the letters "Barton, Ltd." From beneath the fly stepped a European. This proved to be a girl wearing a helmet and a very spruce and natty sports costume, including polished high leather boots of a beautiful yellow hue. She was a very pretty girl with a halo of golden-red hair, a perfectly good complexion and a pleasingly feminine cast of countenance and contour of figure; just such a girl as any young man—Maclyn, for instance—would probably look upon with great favor.

"For the love of Mike!" exclaimed that young man.

The note of total dismay in the tone caused Breck to inquire, "What did you say?"

"Nothing," replied Maclyn glumly. "Damn!" added Maclyn with emphasis. This was worse than the baby; the explorer within him for the second time hid an abashed and diminished head.

XIII

BRECK nodded to this apparition without surprise, jammed on his brakes and descended leisurely.

"This Jim Forrester's camp?" he inquired without other greeting.

She looked amused, and nodded as briefly. "And I'm Forrester's sister," she reminded him.

"Oh—ah—yes. Hullo, Kits! Where is he?"

"He's afield at present. Back at noon. Will you wait?"

"I'm Breck," announced Kali Sana belatedly.

"I remember you," she replied with entire gravity, though her eyes danced.

"Oh, this is Mr. Maclyn Keough," stated Breck as an afterthought.

She turned to Maclyn, who was still sitting in the flivver engaged in a slow recovery from his disgust at finding a girl—any girl—especially this immaculate, cool and mocking girl—where only strong hemen of incredible endurance could be

(Continued on Page 81)



BIRD'S RUGS

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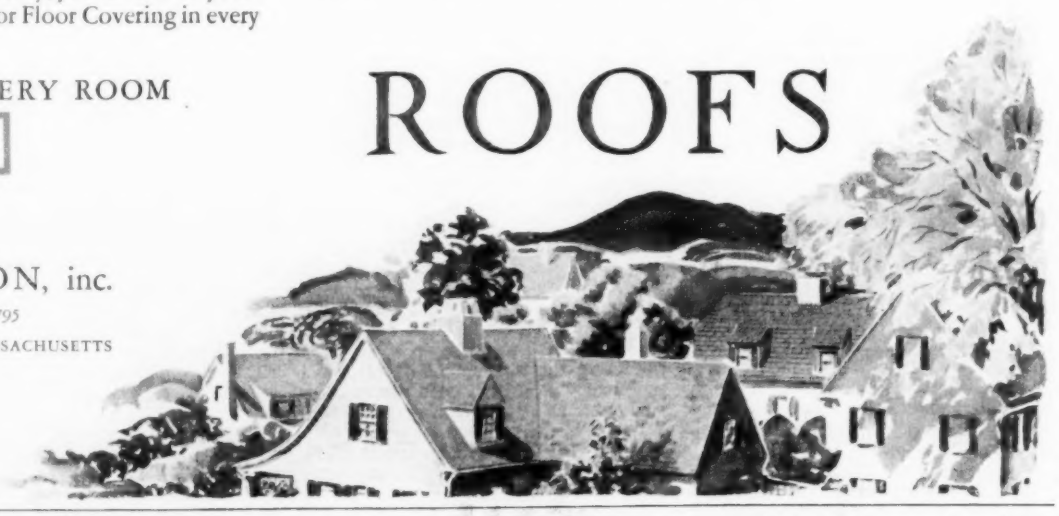
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ROOFS



DEFY WATER AND WEAR

(Continued from Page 79)

supposed to have penetrated. However, he was forced now to descend.

"This young lady's brother is one of our real Africanders." Breck unexpectedly became loquacious. "They usually pick him for special work. What's the *shauri* this time?" he asked the girl.

"Wild dogs. They are after a group for some museum or other. There may be other things. I don't know; I just got here. Come into the shade." She led the way to the fly. "Boy!" she shouted sharply. "*Lete lime juicy.* . . . He's going to England for a time when this show is finished," she remarked casually over her shoulder.

"That so? What are you going to do?"

"Oh," she said lightly, "I think I'll take out *safaris* and be Africa's first white huntress."

"Is that Kisumu?" asked Breck, who had been looking about him, indicating a distant figure in tarboosh and khaki. He brushed past a boy just coming up with a tray and unceremoniously departed. The girl looked after him and laughed amusedly.

"Nothing like a direct mind and going at things whole-souled," she remarked, more, it seemed, to the empty air than to Maclyn. "Well, in the meantime let's have a drink."

"Thanks," said the young man, "but I don't believe I care for a drink—not at this time of day." He refrained from adding the words "of course," but their implication was obvious.

For the first time she looked at him with attention. The examination was fleeting, but it was an examination. Maclyn flushed and stiffened.

"Of course—whisky," said she; "but it was lime juice and sparklets I was suggesting. Have a cigarette anyway; that won't hurt you."

Maclyn took the cigarette, said "Thanks," and relapsed into a waiting silence. Why he should feel aggrieved he could not have told; why he disliked her he could not have analyzed. But he was and he did.

His silence did not seem in the least to bother her. She surveyed him lazily through the smoke of her cigarette for some time. At last common decency demanded that he say something. "You have a very luxurious camp here," said he.

"Well enough. Why not? What's the sense of being uncomfortable?"

"No sense at all, when you're in a country where you can do it," said Maclyn.

She let this sink into a pause long enough to permit Maclyn to think over the fatuousness of his remark.

"You're not hunting around here then?" she observed at last.

"Too many *safaris*. Shot out. No game to amount to anything."

"Oh!" Miss Forrester swallowed a draft of her lime juice. "Still," she submitted, "one can get meat."

"The decent heads have been picked over long ago." Here Maclyn quoted good authority. He was feeling surer of his ground.

"Where are you going then—unless it's a secret?"

"South."

"Oh, the Grumenti? But there are no elephants on the Grumenti."

"Certainly not," agreed Maclyn, to whom this fact was news. But he was not giving away any tricks. "But why elephant particularly?"

"I never heard of Kali Sana paying much attention to anything else, that's all. But I never heard of his taking out a *safari* before, as far as that goes."

"You know Mr. Breck then?"

"I know him; everybody knows him."

She fell silent again, apparently abandoning the subject.

"We're going beyond the Grumenti," Maclyn volunteered at last. This seemed to startle her. For the first time the light of real interest shone in her eyes.

"You'll not get beyond the Grumenti," she stated with conviction.

"We are going considerably beyond the Grumenti," Maclyn contradicted.

She had set down her *balauri* and was staring at him with her disconcerting direct gaze. "Oh, look here, you know," she protested after a moment, "isn't that a little thick? There's only one man knows, and he's not telling."

"Doctor Hemenway," Maclyn supplied with relish. Things were adjusting themselves more satisfactorily. He was growing in stature again after a painful experience in shrinking. "He has just left the country for good. He gave us his maps and a guide."

"My God!" said the girl profanely. "You!"

Maclyn flushed again, but made no reply. There seemed to be nothing personal in the exclamation, which expressed merely surprise at a general situation, not to mention a certain envy. Maclyn expanded. Suddenly his self-esteem returned. Sports clothes, polished boots, white napkins, women—sure! Easy enough in a cut-and-dried *safari* country like this! But out beyond the mountains—in the unknown—man's country! Wouldn't find this sort of thing there! All at once, in some mysterious fashion, Nairobi and its electric lights seemed to have moved near. Space had shrunk. Time, which had measured itself by interminable centuries of hot and toilsome and wearying and monotonous minutes, now contracted to three days. What was three days? A week-end! Woman's stuff! Of course! Why not? Maclyn was as a giant refreshed.

"So," he heard himself saying, "we're traveling pretty light, man-fashion, on a real trip." He was so far gone in his own rehabilitation that he had not even sense enough to address himself as ass, following this outburst.

"Oh!" she said with gratifying respect. "It must be a wonderful country. I'd love to see it."

"You'd hate it," Maclyn assured her. "No woman could stand a trip like that."

He came out of it, flushing hotly. She was again staring at him in her enigmatical and disconcerting fashion.

"It must be wonderful to be so strong and enduring and oblivious to the comforts of life," she observed coolly, after an appropriate interval. "It's sometimes very discouraging to be a woman. But I'm not so sure I couldn't do without in a good cause."

"Possibly," agreed Maclyn. He was irritated enough to lose utterly his sense of proportion. After all, though she could not know it, he was in reality defending desperately, to himself, his masculine superiority and self-esteem. It would never do to admit women to this new country of his, even in theory. What price glory then?

"It's not a matter of hardships entirely," he explained; "it's managing natives and finding your way through unexplored country, and the uncertainties."

"Yes, I suppose so," she sighed. She appeared to survey the situation regretfully. Her eye passed over the three cars and the half dozen men belonging to them. "Have you had much trouble yet?" she asked with dangerous sweetness.

Fortunately, Breck returned at this moment from his conference with the headman. "I won't wait to see your brother," he announced. "Got to get on. Tell him I was sorry to miss him. I asked Kisumu to look after some arrangements for me. If you see Culbertson in Nairobi, tell him you saw us."

"How far do you go today?" asked Miss Forrester. "Would you mind telling N'dagu at the crossing that we are sending a load of *potio* in his charge? I was to send runners."

"'Fraid you'll have to send them, Kits. We shall not go as far as N'dagu's."

"It's not far."

"We shall be leaving the road before then."

"Oh!" commented the girl.

They said farewell. The journey was resumed.

"They say," observed Breck, as they swung into the road, "she's quite a girl, that sister of Forrester's." He chuckled. "I wouldn't put it beyond her."

"What?" asked Maclyn.

"Taking out *safaris;* being, as she said, Africa's first white huntress."

"That girl?"

"Don't fool yourself. She rides everywhere with her brother, and she manages the whole show at their farm when he's away. She's a remarkably efficient youngster."

"Well, if I was her brother, I'd give her a remarkably good shaking!" cried Maclyn viciously.

Breck turned his slow stare on his companion. "Off girls, eh?" he observed. "Well, we won't be bothered with them from now on."

After the cars had rumbled away, the girl stood for a moment looking thoughtfully after them. "Kisumu!" she called sharply.

"*Mem-sahib?*"

"Saddle a horse."

She mounted instantly the animal was brought to her and swung out into the road after the cars. A syce, afoot, ran easily alongside. For some distance she proceeded at a sharp gallop; then, as the cloud of dust became visible and the rattle and bang of the slowly moving cars was plainly to be heard, she slowed her horse to a hand trot, and so proceeded, following, but just out of sight. Her eyes were intent and her mouth was set in a determined line.

Five or six miles beyond the Forresters' camp, Mavrouki leaned forward to touch Breck on the shoulder. "*Hapa, bwana,*" said he.



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The Black Hills of South Dakota

Watch This Column

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LAURA LA PLANTE'S BIG YEAR

LAURA LA PLANTE is now at the very height of her success. The demand for her pictures is universal and she is known and admired even as far away as Egypt, India, China and Australia. This is her big year. Picture after picture has increased her popularity and, if possible, her ability and her charm.

Three of her pictures now before the public, and which I wish you would be sure to see, are excellent in my opinion.

"Butterflies in the Rain" is from Andrew Soutar's celebrated novel. MISS LA PLANTE plays the daughter of an English commoner who has amassed great wealth. The opposite rôle is taken by JAMES KIRKWOOD. It is an Edward Sloman production.

"Her Big Night" is from Peggy Gaddis' story ***"Doubling for Lora"*** in which MISS LA PLANTE plays a shop-girl who because of her great resemblance to a great movie-star is offered a big sum of money to don beautiful clothes and impersonate the star at a personal appearance at a theatre. She is assisted by EINAR HANSEN, TULLY MARSHALL, LEE MORAN, MACK SWAIN, CISSY FITZGERALD, quite a notable cast. A Melville Brown production.

In *"The Midnight Sun"*— which many of you have seen and all of you who have not should watch for—MISS LA PLANTE is bewitching as a ballet girl. This is a Dimitri Buchowetzki production with RAYMOND KEANE in the opposite rôle.

I hope you won't postpone answering my request for a list of the five classics that you would like to have Universal do in pictures. I am making advance plans now and this list will help me greatly to give YOU the kind of pictures YOU want. I'll appreciate your letter.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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Week of January 10th

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Spades ..... A, Q
Hearts ..... A, J, 9, 8
Diamonds ..... A, Q, 8, 7, 2
Clubs ..... A, 7



Milton C. Work, New York, West—
Spades 10, 6, 5, 2
Hearts ..... K, Q, 4, 2
Diamonds ..... K, 4
Clubs 8, 6, 2



W. Lock Wei, Boston, North—
Spades ..... K, J, 3
Hearts 10, 6, 3
Diamonds ..... J, 10, 9, 6, 3
Clubs 9, 5



Wilbur C. Whitehead, New York, East—
Spades 9, 8, 7, 4
Hearts 7, 5
Diamonds 5
Clubs ..... K, Q, J, 10, 4, 3

Tues., Jan. 11, 10 P. M. (E. T.)

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WTAM, WEEI, WFI, WGN, WGR, WJAR, WOC, WCSH, WTAG, WWJ.

See papers for broadcasting time of following:

WRC	Radio Corp.	Washington
WGY	Gen'l Elec. Co.	Schenectady
WPG	Municipal Station	Atlantic City
KPRC	Houston Post Dispatch	Houston
WFAA	Dallas News	Dallas
WSMB	Saenger Amusement Co.	New Orleans
WSB	Atlanta Journal	Atlanta
WMC	Memphis Commercial Appeal	Memphis
KTHS	New Arlington Hotel	Hot Springs, Ark.
WDBO	Rollins College	Winter Park, Fla.
WDAE	Tampa Daily Times	Tampa
WSOE	Wisconsin News	Milwaukee
WOAW	Woodmen of the World	Omaha
WDAF	Kansas City Star	Kansas City, Mo.
KOA	General Electric Co.	Denver
KGW	Portland Oregonian	Portland
KPO	Hale Bros. & The Chronicle	San Francisco
KHJ	Los Angeles Times	Los Angeles
KFOA	Seattle Times	Seattle
CHXC	J. R. Booth, Jr.	Ottawa, Can.
CKNC	Can. Nat. Carbon Co., Ltd.	Toronto
CKAC	La Presse	Montreal
CKY	Manitoba Tel. System	Winnipeg
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Breck looked about him and nodded. They had just crossed—rather painfully, as usual—one of the numerous eroded ravines, in the bottom of which flowed a trickle of water, but whose course indicated high floods on certain occasions. These floods had at one time uncovered a wide sheet, or apron, of the country rock. Breck turned the car sharply to the left across this. It led them to a grassy opening a mile or so across, in which fed a small herd of Thomson's gazelles, or Tommies. Breck stopped at the hither edge and Mavrouki went back to instruct the truck drivers. Then they drove across the grass opening in deployed formation. At the far side Mavrouki hopped down again, while the cars waited, and scouted rapidly afoot along the edge of the thorn. Shortly, finding what he wanted, he raised his hand in signal. The three cars fell again into line and entered the brush.

At last they were no longer on a road, nor were they anywhere except in an untracked wilderness as far as Maclyn's inexperienced eyes could discern, until Breck pointed out to him a spot in the earth where a tire mark showed plainly. Then, principally by using the eye of faith, and sweeping that eye quickly ahead of him without stop for focus, he was sometimes able for a moment or so to make himself aware of dim, almost vanished wheel tracks. He lost them instantly after one of these glimpses, but they were indubitably there.

"That's the beginning of Hemenway's secret route," Breck told him.

"I don't see how in the world you follow these tracks!" marveled Maclyn.

"Tracks? Oh, I don't bother about them. We'll go by landmarks now—and Mavrouki."

The latter caught his name and grinned. "*N'dio, bwana,*" said he, although he did not have the slightest idea what it was all about.

"That rock apron and plain certainly made him a good blind," observed Breck further. "Wheel marks don't last long in that grass."

"That's why you scattered the trucks—so they wouldn't deepen our tracks!" cried Maclyn with a burst of almost human intelligence.

"Of course," said Breck.

"We're leaving a pretty plain trail now."

"Oh, yes," agreed Breck; "but the first rain will destroy it. And there isn't a chance of anybody's even guessing where to turn off."

Nevertheless, if the white men had chanced to look back at the moment they had entered the brush, and if their eyes had been keen enough, they might have discerned, blended with the thorn on the far side of the ravine, a mounted figure gazing after them.

M'bogo saw it; and touching Mavrouki's arm, he pointed it out by projecting his lower lip in its direction. Mavrouki laid his forefinger on his own lip.

"It is the *mem-sahib* of the camp," M'bogo told him under his breath. "Should not our *bwanas* know?"

"This *mem-sahib* is the other one I have seen in my *n'dowa,*" replied Mavrouki in the same tones. "It is useless to tell our *bwanas.* One cannot fight the *n'dowa.*"

"No, one cannot fight the *n'dowa,*" agreed M'bogo.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SMUDGE-FACE THE PUP

(Continued from Page 13)

thousands of dollars had been spent in building up faultless strains in the West Gosset kennels and from every point of view a nondescript, gutter-bred mongrel would be a menace. During the first few days that followed poor Pansy's death the matter was left in that kindly abeyance that follows any tragedy, but soon enough, in the most innocent yet inevitable way, the pup proved himself a new source of annoyance. He began to assume the rôle of a public entertainer. In the leisure hours of the kennels he met and satisfied a long-felt want.

For while Mrs. Whitmarsh was accustomed to fill her library, three or four evenings a week, with a friendly, informal company, it was only natural that the kennel hands, the chauffeur and the stable boy should equally build up a social life of their own. The presence of three pretty maids in the house and four unmarried men at the other end of the garden made the Whitmarsh estate a rallying point for groups of young men about Gosset and their lady friends, who drove up to the rear of the house by the carful almost every night.

To all this Mrs. Whitmarsh had no objection. She even cleared out an old hayloft, furnished refreshments and music and twice a year permitted her people to give a dance. The only rule she had established was that under no conditions must any visitor go near the dogs at night. Professionally the kennel men could understand this, but their guests as a rule could not. Having frequently come several miles to a famous dog farm, the visitors, especially the feminine visitors, wanted to see dogs.

And now here was a dog that the hosts could show them—Smudge-Face the mut. By this time he really was an irresistible little rascal, and almost every evening the tool house was opened or he was smuggled into the stables to show off his points and perform for the ladies. But there is, unhappily, a certain type of young woman who cannot view any small, amusing animal without emitting loud squeals, especially when her gentleman escort takes advantage of the darkness and the closely huddled circle of onlookers to squeeze her playfully in the ribs. And Mrs. Whitmarsh did not care for squealing. More than once, hearing unwonted voices late at night near the kennels, she went out to find a curious, pushing group in front of the tool shed. The group evaporated instantly at the approach of her little hand searchlight, and the kennel men were spoken to very severely in the morning, but the practice did not end. As the pup grew in stature and developed a voice, the visitors would tease him with a rag, which would start him barking. In a few moments one of the penned-up Scotties or Highlands would answer the challenge, the excitement would spread, and presently the whole kennels would be in an uproar.

The last straw fell one morning when Mrs. Whitmarsh found three cigarette butts and a woman's hatpin in a yard occupied by her priceless West Highlands. As a love for poor art leads in time to good art, so had the interest in Smudge-Face the mut led naturally to a desire to look at the thoroughbreds. The kennel men, of course, lied manfully, insisted that all the noise was due to Smudge-Face alone, but the evidence was irrefutable. For an hour Mrs. Whitmarsh waited in ominous silence, but when her husband came back from the village the storm broke.

"That pup of yours," she commanded, "must leave today. Then, if a sound comes at night from the kennels, we'll know absolutely that something is wrong with one of the regular dogs."

As usual Mr. Whitmarsh agreed with her completely, but the steps that he took were not at all those she had had in mind. He bundled up the little pup and brought him into the house.

"I'll tell you," he said waveringly, as he fixed up a box in the cloakroom off the back hall. "We can keep him here for a few days, where he'll be away from the kennels, but right under my eye. In the meantime I'll ask around and find someone—up on the mountain, perhaps—who will take him away."

Mrs. Whitmarsh looked at him very oddly, as if for the first time in their married life she were beginning to suspect a new element in this docile, jellylike man.

"If you'd done what I told you to do in the first place," she said quietly, "we'd never have had any of this fuss."

"I know it," replied Mr. Whitmarsh meekly, "but it's kind of late now."

For a few days it did really seem as if the little disturber might at last cease to trouble, might fade from the scene; but, as it soon proved, the effect of new quarters was merely to change one audience for another. In moving the pup from the tool shed to the house Mr. Whitmarsh, so to speak, had elevated him from Sixth Avenue to Broadway. The unwanted visitors no longer poked and giggled at him down by the stables, but the house guests—the élite of the countryside—had only to see him to adore. One look at his quizzical, flip little face and they seized him with hungry arms. They might pretend to exclaim with delight at the champion Scotties, the Puccini manuscript and the Catherine of Russia table, but what they really came back to a second time was the smudge-faced mut.

For poor Mrs. Whitmarsh this resulted in a highly mixed state of mind. On the one hand as an expert and an artist, it really hurt her to see her prize beauties slighted while her most honored visitors turned to this mongrel whelp. On the other hand she was too good a showman, too quick a hostess, not to sense public taste and turn it immediately to her own ends. After all, her great reputation had always been that of a sparkling eccentric, a dominant genius who did not at all despise the grotesque.

When one stopped to think, there was something piquant, indeed rather royal, in maintaining a whole farm for thoroughbred stock, then giving the place of affection and honor to a mad little brat.

Mrs. Whitmarsh, in short, was just on the point of becoming reconciled. She had almost, in spite of herself, developed a shame-faced affection for Pansy's last relic, when one day she noticed a thing that brought her up cold, that made her once more the unflinching expert, the anointed guardian of patrician strains.

For a week the puppy, at the heels of his idol and master, had been poking with increasing informality around the kennels, but as Mr. Whitmarsh had taken scrupulous pains not to let him inside the nettings, Mrs. Whitmarsh had stifled the objections that naturally rose to her mind. Now, however, glancing carelessly out of a second-story rear window, she saw a sign that she instantly recognized. She almost leaped down the stairway and into the yard. Mr. Whitmarsh, a smile of absorption on his face, was waving a bit of rope that had fallen loose from the clothes reel, and the puppy was biting frantically at the end. Both glanced up casually at the newcomer, but without a word Mrs. Whitmarsh leaned over the pup and examined him closely. Surely enough his coat had been dusted with a yellow-white powder which had become caked and stiff in spots. Mrs. Whitmarsh straightened abruptly and faced her husband. Her eyes were flashing and her face was pale.

"What," she demanded, "is that?"

Mr. Whitmarsh stammered. "Why, you see," he explained, "he seemed to be having a bit of skin trouble, and I thought that a little X-powder wouldn't do him any harm."

"Skin trouble!" retorted his wife. "George Whitmarsh, you know that is mange!"

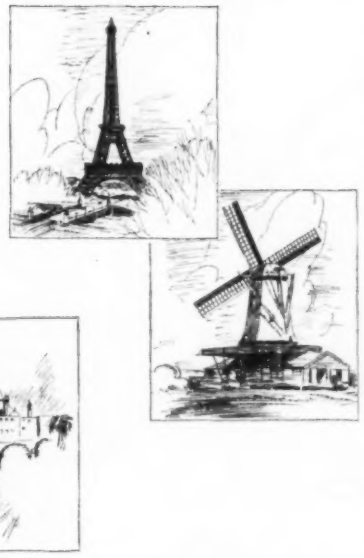
"Well, it does begin to look like it now," admitted Mr. Whitmarsh, "but I've been very careful since yesterday to keep him away from the other dogs."

His wife stood staring at him icily, in awful silence, and his voice began to falter. "I've thought," he pleaded, "that perhaps

(Continued on Page 84)



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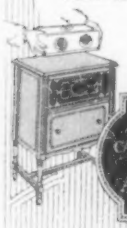
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POOLEY
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UNIT

(Continued from Page 82)

if I kept him shut up in the woodshed it wouldn't do any harm."

"The woodshed!" snapped Mrs. Whitmarsh contemptuously. "You've been around dogs all your life and you don't know that mange has wings?"

Then suddenly, at something she saw in her husband's face, her voice became lowered and her attitude relaxed. "I'm sorry, George," she said, not unkindly, "but this thing absolutely cannot go on. Either you've got to give that pup to someone up the mountain or else—get out the box."

"The box," of course, meant a grim little chest with a chloroform sponge that was always kept in the harness room at the stables. Mr. Whitmarsh neatly coiled up the end of the rope that was still in his hand and tossed it over the clothes reel.

"I don't think I'd want to give him away to anyone," he answered slowly. "I've had him too long."

"Very well, then," replied Mrs. Whitmarsh firmly, "you had better speak to one of the men."

"I'll do it myself," said Mr. Whitmarsh shortly. "But first I think I'd like to go down and get the mail."

Without resentment, without even protest, he picked up the little pup by its sagging belly and disappeared into the house. A few minutes later, from her upper window, his wife heard his old station wagon rattle out of the yard. He was not gone unduly long, for presently Mrs. Whitmarsh saw him sitting thoughtfully on a stained bench by the kitchen door where, in the old days, the laundress had aired her washtubs. The little pup was in his lap. For a moment or two Mr. Whitmarsh fondled its ears; then, very sadly, taking the little fellow under his arm, he walked painfully toward the barns.

Not unaffected herself by the sight, Mrs. Whitmarsh softly closed her window and busied herself in a far part of the house. But unpleasant episodes of this kind are not uncommon in large kennels, and when a proper time had elapsed she went downstairs with an air of deliberate, assumed cheerfulness. Nevertheless, she did go out to the kitchen and tell the cook to have fried eggs on toast for Mr. Whitmarsh's luncheon. The cook grinned knowingly, for Mrs. Whitmarsh had always ruled that anything fried, in the summertime, was an abomination, especially at luncheon.

The table, in fact, was especially attractive and airy that day. Mrs. Whitmarsh even arranged a few extra flowers with her own hand, but at one o'clock Mr. Whitmarsh had not appeared. At 1:25 his wife went out to the stables and found one of the kennel hands.

"Have you seen Mr. Whitmarsh anywhere about?"

The man looked at her in surprise. "Why, yes. He left here over an hour ago in the old station car."

"You mean when he went for the mail?"

"No, ma'm. He came back with the mail. Then he went out again."

Mrs. Whitmarsh hesitated an instant. "Did he—did he take his dog?"

"Why, sure," answered the man, without suspicion. "I remember that now. He had the pup on the seat beside him."

Mrs. Whitmarsh went back to her iced tea and salad, and the eggs on toast were left unfried. Not without sympathy she realized that Mr. Whitmarsh, at the last minute, must have lost his courage. He had taken the other alternative and gone up the mountain. She was not even worried at five o'clock in the afternoon to find that he had not returned. Mr. Whitmarsh liked to chat around among the scrub farmers and coon hunters who lived up in that region, and perhaps he had had some difficulty in finding anyone who would accept the pup.

But at dinnertime he had still not returned, and Mrs. Whitmarsh began to get nervous. Then a slow suspicion began to form itself in her mind—a suspicion so incredible that her heart chilled at the possibility, while at the same time her sense of drama almost jumped at the idea. Nevertheless, it was too incredible—with a man like Mr. Whitmarsh—to take seriously. In a reasonable calm Mrs. Whitmarsh ate dinner alone, yet a number of guests who dropped in during the evening confessed, as they drove away, that though their hostess had been most hospitable, she had not been her usual brilliant self. And curiously enough someone asked about Mr. Whitmarsh.

An accident was the one thing that never occurred to Mrs. Whitmarsh, or at least the one thing of which she had no fear. In their friendly little county it would have been the first thing of which she would have heard. No; her first suspicion contained the only tenable theory, and as the long hours of the night wore away it was slowly confirmed in the mind of Mrs. Whitmarsh that this thing was preposterously but solidly true. Until three o'clock in the morning she lay awake, trying to read, in her bedroom, but shortly after dawn she was up and about. She kept constantly walking back and forth to the rear of the house, with an eye on the stable yard, where the cars were kept, but at nine o'clock she sat down with a telephone book in her hand.



Glancing Out of a Second-Story Rear Window, She Saw a Sign That She Instantly Recognized

The first call she put in was to Lebanon, and a few minutes later she heard Benson Whitmarsh's boisterous Yankee voice. The moment, however, that she gave her name, his tones became stiff and guarded, like those of a family lawyer who has resolved not to talk.

"Oh, hello, Gloria," he greeted her curtly. It had always annoyed Mrs. Whitmarsh when her husband's cousin called her by her Christian name, although even she could not have suggested any other. In any case this was the last time in the world to be undiplomatic.

"Benson," she asked very sweetly, "is George over there with you?"

"Yes, he's here," replied Benson promptly. "That is, he's stayin' here. He ain't here just now."

"Where has he gone?" asked Mrs. Whitmarsh.

"Can't tell you, Gloria," answered the other. "I don't keep watch and ward on his comin's and goin's. He may have gone for a walk. Maybe he's up in the lot."

"But when is he coming home?" asked Mrs. Whitmarsh pointedly.

"That I can't tell you," said Benson blandly. "I don't know that he's goin' home at all."

"What—what in the world do you mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Whitmarsh.

"Well, all I know," replied Benson gruffly, "is that he asked me whether I could put him up for a month or two. Last night he was talkin' some of puttin' a bit of money into the place and us farmin' it together."

"Oh, thank you very much," replied Mrs. Whitmarsh with sudden stiffness. "Will you please tell George that if he cares to phone I'll be here all day?"

She hung up the receiver, but she did not move, and at the door there sounded a discreet knock. The head kennel man came into the hall—a Scotchman without ceremony.

"Mis' Whitmarsh," he asked, "what did you want to do about those West Highlands? I thought ——"

"Oh, hang the West Highlands!" snapped Mrs. Whitmarsh. "Do what you please."

For a moment more she sat dumbly at the telephone table, then in a slow haze she rose and began to walk indefinitely about. She could not bear to go out to the kennels. Every homely thing in the barnyard reminded her of George, but even the rooms of the house itself seemed now silent and empty—a curious result from a man who had never said a word. All day long, in a forced, mechanical manner, Mrs. Whitmarsh busied herself in the upper part of the house and on the front veranda, but all day long her ears remained tense for the ring of the telephone.

Each time it sounded she had to force herself not to run to it wildly, and when the maid answered, she sat with cold, nervous fingers, trying to make out, from the brief, ambiguous sentences, who might be at the other end. And each time it was only the butcher or the baker or some idiotic woman who wanted her to take tickets for a charity fête.

For one day and one more night she stuck it out, fighting with her pride and her sense of command, but on the following morning she put on a cool, simple frock and ordered her own little coupé—the one with the dove-colored upholstery and the crest on the panels. An hour later she was driving up the dusty side road of Lebanon that led to Benson Whitmarsh's white farmhouse. As she came within view she saw George sitting quietly under a huge lilac bush, playing with his puppy, but Benson, by the grace of a merciful heaven, was nowhere in sight.

As the car turned into the yard and stopped by an old stone mill wheel that was used as a horse block, George looked up curiously, but he did not move until Gloria had opened the gate. Then he rose to his feet and they came, self-consciously, face to face under the old lilac bush. Even now George was not hostile, combative. He looked more like a little boy who had run away, but who knew all the time that his nurse would be sent. Yet neither was Mrs. Whitmarsh her old self.

"George," she said gently, "don't you want to come home?"

"Well, Gloria ——" George began vaguely. He turned away, not knowing quite how to put it, but suddenly Mrs. Whitmarsh felt something at her ankles, and looking down she saw the absurd, smudgy face of the pup. He for one was unconscious of any hard feelings and he waved an ecstatic welcome with a furious tail. Instantly Mrs. Whitmarsh picked him up in her arms and hugged him to her, then abruptly she held him off at arm's length.

"Why, George!" she exclaimed. "What have you done to him? He looks so dressed up."

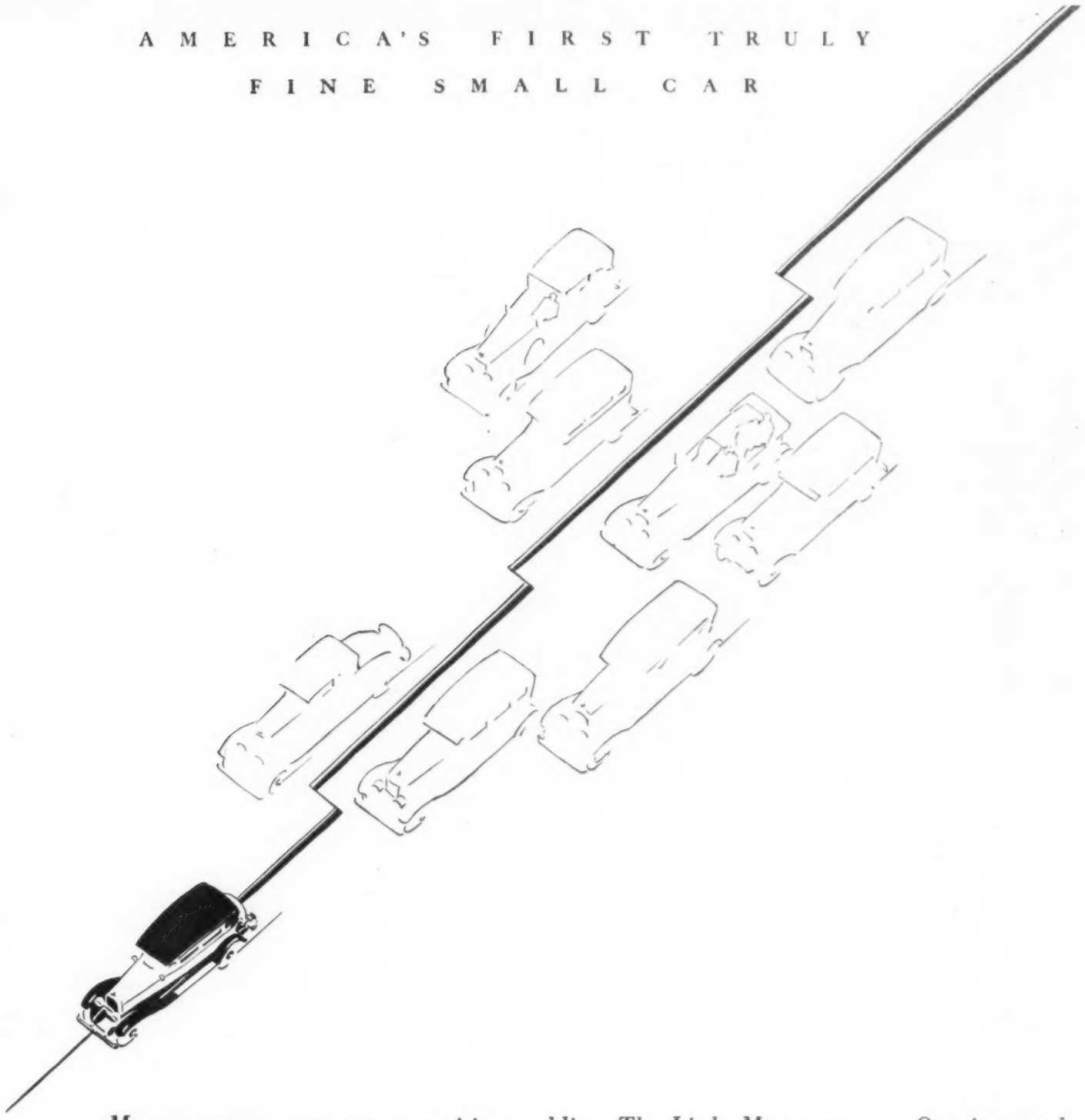
Her husband blushed heavily. "I got it for him on the way over. It does kind of change him."

Mrs. Whitmarsh laughed and put the pup back again on the grass. Around his neck he was wearing a flagrant, new pigskin collar of the most expensive kind—a collar with a silver band. It made him look oddly complete and capable, like a very short man in a brand-new suit.

"And, Gloria," pleaded Mr. Whitmarsh, as the pup stopped to listen to his talk, "I went in to a vet in Newmarket yesterday morning, and it isn't the mange. It really isn't. It's only ——"

"Oh, George," broke in Mrs. Whitmarsh weakly, "I don't care if it's anthrax or smallpox. Gather him up and bring him along."

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CLASSICS OF A RING RECOLLECTION

(Continued from Page 27)

At my right screamed the wily manager: "Use your right! Use your right!"

Now and then, when the white fighter pressed too close, the darky would prod him in the face with a straight left and the loaded one would tip back, hike his left foot upward like a rocking horse, then settle back into his plodding. For all I know it might thus have gone on forever without the slightest danger of injury to anyone.

But the end of the fifth round found the wily manager almost frantic. The right had remained cocked; it never fired. It was lugged about in constant readiness, and from all appearances, might remain thus until mortification disposed of its existence.

"You'll use that right, yuh lunkhead!" the wily manager snarled into the fighter's ear as I began rubbing the back of his neck in the rest period. "Yuh hear me? You'll swing that right—or I'll murder yuh!"

"Use it?" the heavyweight panted angrily. "Huh! Use it, he says! I can't even lift it!"

The wiles of the manager are pretty certain to cease, once the bell rings. After that the fighter is on his own. So we have in the game two diametrically opposed psychologies the existence of neither of which is suspected by the other. The fight manager will tell you that his fighter fights solely for money, and, to a degree, he does. That degree is the clatter of the bell.

The fighter will tell you that fighting is his business and he expects to exact every dollar he can from it. He does. But the clang of the bell changes him. It is seldom, indeed, that a fighter thinks of purses in a ring during a fight. Seldom, too, that he thinks during a bout as does the manager. His thought is for the opposition; the size-up and what it shows; then the planning of his battle to encompass the other's defeat. This psychology is a dangerous thing to meddle with.

A Hard Blow to the Purse

A point in fact is the case of a certain fighter who made a match that he knew was an easy one for him. He agreed with the promoters on a stipulated purse payable in advance. Knowing that he could handle the match as he wished, he conceived the idea of betting his own end of the purse that the other fellow would last the full course of the fight with him. It was an easy bet to make, because he was a ten-to-four favorite to win.

His plan was to double the purse by refusing to knock out his opponent. That went well until, in the round before the final one, the other fellow's seconds threw in a towel, and the smart fighter found himself weary and exhausted, with his own pains gone for naught and his entire remuneration but a flickering possibility that had faded out of existence. He had fought harder than he realized.

On the other hand, I know a manager who invariably bets on his fighters. Never that they will win or lose, but always on how and when they will do either. He never tells his boys of these bets. He merely works with them in the corner and urges certain campaigns most likely to bring about the result he wants.

To change a fighter's psychology is very apt to change his fighting ability as well.

In my first article I promised to be chronological. As my French valet, Timothy Hourihan, might say, "Ain't he terrible!" But chronology comes laboriously except in the cumulative, and if your impression of ring things grows, as did mine, through experience, then I really have kept my promise rather well. It is that toward which I am striving.

There comes a time in the career of a fighter when he is good. It comes suddenly, after months, even years, of effort. He just arrives, stands out a bit over others.

You will then find a certain grace of motion in his work; a very definite conservation of energy. If you are an amateur fan watch the youngsters closely next time. You will be impressed by the fact that they are often very far apart in the ring.

They leap back, dodge tremendously, swing with a might that usually makes them grunt and often throws them entirely off balance. Compare that with the slipping of punches you see in the main bouts of the professionals. A toss of the head supplants a leap across the ring, the twist of a shoulder replaces a violent dodge; and all to the same effect. A miss, in other words, is as good as a mile.

When I left the Navy I was at that good stage. I found it rather easy to make men look foolish in a ring. I slipped a punch with little difficulty and no exertion. I kept poised, ready to counter instantly. I timed my own punches and those of the opposition.

That brought me opportunity to wander into the well-known timbers, or sticks, meaning the smaller towns, and deal with sport writers and local champions. There I made most of the money that came and went so fast in my ring days.

The exact process is rather interesting. One chats with a sport writer and suggests that a local champ be built up to a match. The writer struggles with his pen until the pot is boiling. Then one goes to the town of the budding warrior and does whatever occasion demands.

A sort of circuit, if you get the thought. Almost theatrical. A fistic foundry in which are molded battles that thrill. The local champion is really in luck, because he gets a purse not otherwise available, and the good fighter is kept profitably busy.

I can truthfully say that I never deliberately fixed a fight. Only once or twice in my life was such a proposition even hinted to me. But I can just as truthfully say that I have refused to knock out men who would easily have fallen had I desired to stop them. My angle was this: Through the sport writer and the local warrior my business was booming. Without either I would have been materially handicapped. Without the fighter I would have been idle. Why then wallop the goose with the golden egg? Reasonable?

But it was not all roses. Fights were apt to come frequently. I more than once have caught a late train after a ten-round bout, slept in a berth and fought another ten-rounder the following night. It is strenuous.

And not all opposition is easy by any means. I recall one bout in particular. It took place in an Eastern city and the lad I boxed was a fairly well-known youngster. I underestimated his capabilities too.

Good Intentions and Poor Aim

I arrived in the town at three o'clock the afternoon of the bout, tired, hungry, out of sorts. I ate rather heartily of ordinary food, as we were working at catchweights. Then, instead of sleeping, I talked more than an hour with a promoter from another town and two sport writers who had ideas.

It was six o'clock before I got straightened away. Too late to nap, so to kill the time, I ate a little more before going to the club. I entered the ring about 9:40, listless, tired, almost disinterested. At the tap of the bell I fell a victim to one of the oldest gags in the game. The youngster was on top of me before I was out of my chair and he slipped through my hastily thrown guard a right shot that spattered my nose into a large and bulbous appendage which grew with such alarming speed that shortly my eyes closed and remained so for that round.

In a tangle of amazed and injured reparation, I lunged at him and whanged a steel ring post with my right hand. It broke two knuckles. The rest of the evening immediately assumed rare possibilities. I remember very little of the balance of the first round. Just a barrage of dull thumps that rained over my head and body ceaselessly.

All I could do, I did. Threw my arms about my chin and took whatever came until my head could clear and I could get myself set for the action to come.

I feigned continued blindness at the next bell and waited my chance. He was after me instantly, intent upon finishing me. I slipped in close and shot a short left to the face. It gave him ideas for just a fraction of a second, then he cast them out and returned to the onslaught.

I caught him again with a left and he dropped to his haunches but came up like a spring. It was a case of nudging him plenty with the busted right, I could see, so I did it. Straight to the point of his unprotected chin I sent the over-shoulder right. He went down and remained there.

For an instant my right arm went ice cold, then it tingled back to life again and hung there like a suddenly acquired dull ache. I felt as a man who lugs a thousand pounds in an aching arm and can find no place to put it.

The truth is, that youngster would have leaped to fame had he stood off after that first wonderful attack of his; stood off and prodded me with a straight left, seeing only that my plaintive proboscis was paddled plentifully until his big chance came.

The Difference in Shoulders

But that was experience. I was learning to get the set of a man's shoulders at a glance, to measure his sinew and decide whether he was a hitter and from what angle he hit best. A square-shouldered man is invariably a straight hitter and dangerous, though a mite slow. Sloping shoulders breed hooks and darting jabs with speed that is sometimes so great as to defy measuring. But the blows lack power.

Again, a square-shouldered man, meaning a man whose shoulders are at the same level above the biceps as they are at the base of the neck, is almost certain to be a mark for a straight shot from inside; whereas a sloping-shouldered lad usually offers a side target and is more apt to slip punches easily or roll the power out of them by going with the blow.

My policy was generally to drive a straight punch at a square-shouldered citizen and to open hostilities with a right uppercut on a sloping-shouldered scrapper. It worked well for me. The square-set lad is apt to bull in and lunge his chest against you. The other slips in sidewise, prods a shoulder deep into the culinary sector and whips you from either side with darting arms.

It seems queer as I write it, but it is also true that the square-set chap will meet you front-on in a clinch, whereas the sloping one will slip inside and wind up with the back of his head under your chin.

These things were impressed upon me indelibly; I might almost say with red ink. I know of no greater emphasis than a resounding bust on the chin to drive home a point.

The year following my honorable discharge from the naval service found me pretty well established. I figure now that I made in that year $23,000. Of that my expenses were perhaps half, what with splits to advance men and the expenses of traveling. Most of my training was done in the ring.

At the close of the year there were faint rumblings about me. I was a comer, a kid who appeared to possess championship attributes. I used such rumblings to the full during the year following. I built them into purses. There was talk of having me battle for the belt.

Just about that time I received a setback in the nature of a victory that proved to be a boomerang. I tell it because, later, I am going to discount the altruistic portion of it by relating some very nasty things I did in the way of elbows, feet and hair as adjuncts to my fighting equipment. I am anything but an angel.

The fight in point was with a man who once had held the belt. He was still reputed to be good, and the promoters announced that if I got by him I had stuff to bring the champion to heel.

In the first round I knew that I had only the shell of a once great fighter to beat. He knew everything there was to know but lacked the strength and stamina to do it. At the end of the round he was licked. I knew it. He knew it. It seems I still can see the haggard look on his bumpy face. He sat on his little canvas chair, heedless of the words of his seconds, heedless of the crowd, or even of the fight itself.

Defeat was in his face. Ghastly defeat that had naught to do with the fight of the moment. I could see it, see the depths of a mighty despair that played, not upon a twenty-foot ring but upon a life that suddenly had roused itself to a terrible certainty.

At the opening of the second round he came out with the avowed purpose of getting in close—a clinch. I let him, because I had no fear of his strength.

"Kid," he muttered hoarsely in my ear; "carry me along, will yuh? I got nuttin' but cobwebs left. Lemme go the route, kid. I got a fambly and I can lick most of the guys fightin' around here for three years more."

I carried him. He stayed the limit. Next day the papers called him the grand veteran, the glorious gladiator and what not. They called me a false alarm, a shifty sort of nonentity who had no right to aspirations much above the amateur classes because I had no punch. I lost my championship shot at that time.

But here is a thing I did not lose; here is a thing I gained: Years after those hectic days I was driving my car through a certain city and was distinctly in a hurry. I drove too fast, cut out of line perhaps, and motored gently into the arms of an irate cop.

A Policeman's Friend

He made me pull over and came to me, his goggles in the process of being removed. A motorist leered at me significantly in passing. I scowled hatred upon the world generally.

The goggles of the cop were off and I grinned recognition. "Kid," I sighed; "carry me along, will yuh? I got a fambly ——"

I cannot write what he called me. The goggles dropped from his hand to the running board of my car and he caught my arm in a grip that burned. There was welcome in his eyes.

"Drive on, yuh big mutt!" he ordered. "All these other guys backin' up made it look like you was goin' fast, huh?"

Today, and I hope for many a day more, that fighter is working in a little business establishment I happen to own. It is not a big business. There is little enough there to need safeguarding, I admit. But whatever is there is safe—safe so long as the old champion presides over my interests; and I do not in the least mind having him read this and realize the limitless trust I place in him.

But to go back. I had lost a championship chance that year, and it was to take two full years to bring it back to me; two years that will form the background of these little articles and from which I hope to extract for you, in subsequent articles, the meat that will show you ringdom as it is and perhaps warm you a little to the vagaries of a life that is dependent upon a single punch for failure or success.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Coe, based on the ring experiences of an ex-champion whose name some years ago was a familiar one to followers of the sport. Mr. Coe is well qualified to put the story into words, being an old navy champion himself. The next article in this series will appear in an early issue.



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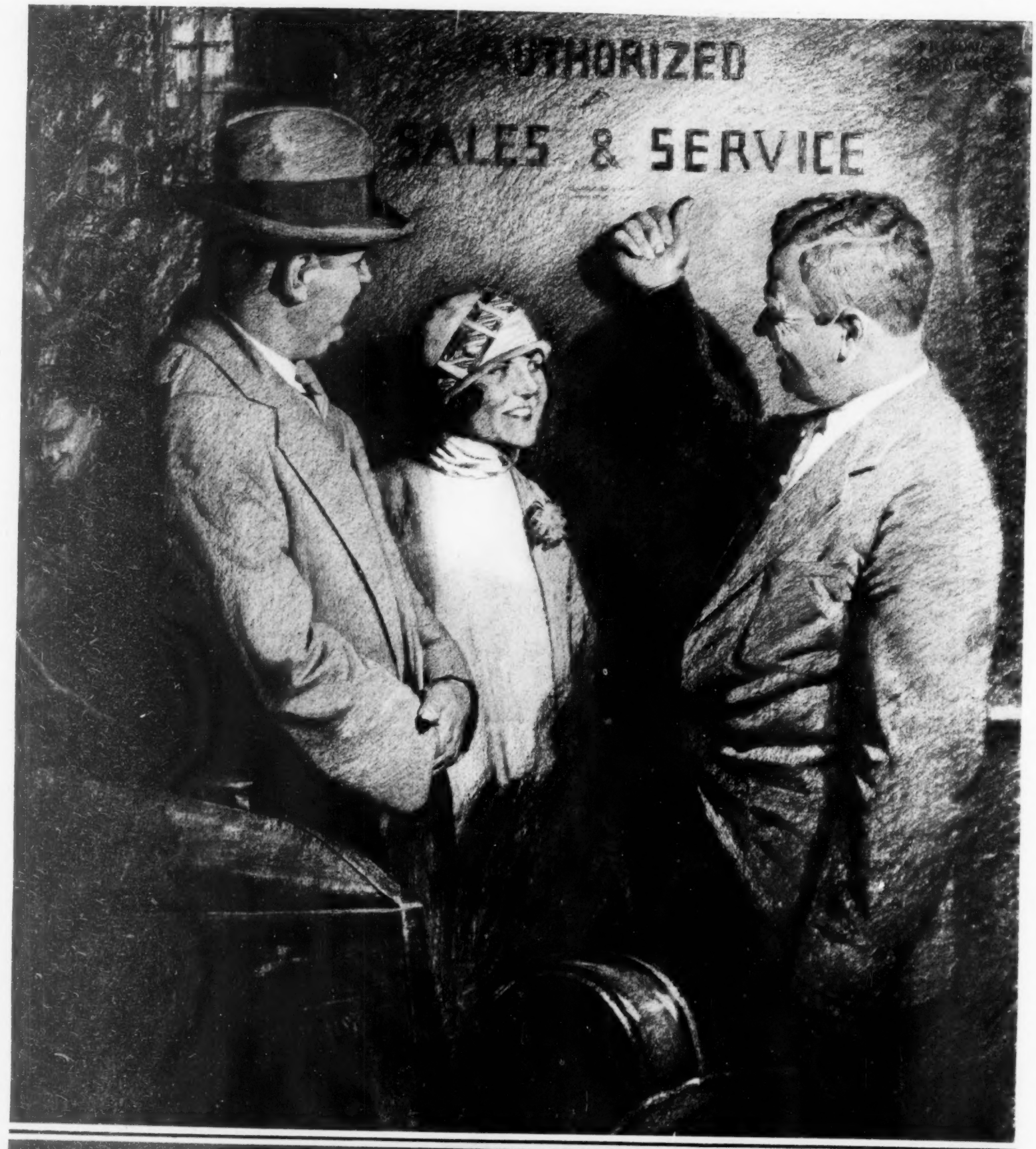
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MOTORS

THE HARVEST OF THE YEARS

(Continued from Page 55)

essential characteristics shown by all the links are so fixed that it would require a charge of TNT to break them up—mere gunpowder wouldn't more than give them a slight shock.

Now we can go back to the analogy between plants and children with a new light shed on the discussion. You cannot make an artist out of a boy who cannot draw a straight line, we have agreed. Why not? Because, if he has no tendency that way and no ability that way, it is certain either that there is no artistic bent in his more recent hereditary line or else that, when that heredity was recombined with the heredity of another family—as in the mother's or the father's—your boy received bequests from other hereditary characteristics and the art germ was omitted, or almost so. There are artists, on both sides, who have children with no tendency that way, though that is unusual. If it occurs it means that the boy got his characteristics from those members of the line before him that were clerks or clergymen or lawyers or business men or farmers or artisans, and that the æsthetic germ somehow contrived to come to him dormant or slightly or not at all.

Heredity and environment, as a matter of fact, are the two forces that are continually striving for the mastery in the plant or the animal or the human being. If the heredity is the stronger, the environmental influences will have to be increased tremendously in power to overcome the more static force that is in the heredity. Environment is galvanic, active, positive; heredity is fixed, established, conservative—in this comparative sense, it is negative. There are many cases, both in my work and in life all about me, where heredity and environment appear to be equally powerful; when that occurs you have to stand back out of the way before the collision, because it will be like that of two locomotives—the irresistible force hitting the immovable post. The splinters fly in every direction, and the innocent bystander is the most likely victim!

In animal breeding or in the development of plant life we start early, and as the experiment proceeds, remorselessly destroy the individuals that do not measure up. In human beings we cannot do that. If we could our heredity problem would be attacked first, of course, through selection, then through breeding on a scientific basis, then through environmental pressure to effect gradual but sure improvement. As it is, the only thing we can hope for is to educate our young people to careful and high-minded choice of mates, then to begin to give their children environments that will discourage and thwart bad tendencies, foster and emphasize good ones, and add entirely new ones that point in the direction we want them to go, even though, in one generation, or two, or six, we cannot make very rapid progress. And it is in the hope that this fundamental program will cause you to think a little that I am writing so at length.

Rare Beauty From the Weak

I have been discussing the subject thus far on the premise that the human plants in our nursery are normally intelligent, normally healthy children. Such children, reared in normal homes, and especially such as are brought up in touch with Nature—in the country, or the suburbs, or the small town—are not a great problem to the race. We are fortunate in America in having a vast majority of our children situated in some such environment, and even in our great cities the children have something of Nature brought to them in parks and playgrounds; though these are a bad substitute, in my opinion, for glades and hills and rivers and forests and the plains. However, we have a pretty good natural environment for most of our children, if we will take advantage of it; what we must discuss for a moment now are the children whose environment is bad, worse or worst, and the children in the whole list who are below normal or abnormal.

One of the greatest fallacies of near science and of amateurs in Nature's school is the belief that only from the normal can we get our best developments and results. As a matter of fact, Nature shows us again and again that it is from abnormalities that some of our most valuable and beautiful plants arise. Perhaps the very load and burden of great possibilities occurring by a chance recombination of heredities in a plant, leaves it little room for the characteristics most useful to its own continued existence. From that weak or abnormal plant—that genius plant—may come the very characteristics we are looking for, and our only problem is to nurse it physically and keep it strong enough to pass on its overload of spiritual or æsthetic essences to its children.

How many of our great men have sprung either from weak or below-normal mothers or fathers; how many have themselves been crippled or deficient in some physical attribute? The list is long and impressive; more than that, it is sublimely inspiring. Physical defects or abnormalities may be due to the fact that the strength of the body has gone into a great soul or spirit or mind. I would be the last to condemn the weak or sickly or crippled; I have found too many cases where the physically subnormal or abnormal plant produced the finest and longest forward step in an experiment.

The Sunshine Treatment

In the human plant, however, there is a power that my flowers and trees do not have, except in a figurative sense—the power of mentality. The question of what to do where the child plant is mentally deficient is one to be answered in love and pity rather than with cold science. Yet even here there is beginning to dawn a great hope and a great promise! For science has begun to find methods by which even the mentally deficient child can be gently but patiently pressed on by an environment of sunshine and pure air and good food, and by suggestion, education, attraction and good sense, until there emerges from the darkened mind a little spark of intelligence that may be fanned into quite a flame in time. Repetition, repetition, repetition again finds itself justified as a method here. It must be self-evident that the hopelessly deficient mental person should not be allowed to jeopardize his fellows in a violent moment; it must be fully as evident that he must be restrained from jeopardizing the race by propagating his own kind. But mercy and kindliness and generous, healthful, patient care are the least we can give our little ones who, through some weakness in heredity or some accident in environment, come into the world cursed and burdened with the horror of imbecility.

It is, perhaps, idle to repeat what every right-thinking person has been saying from the beginning of time, but I cannot help making one plea for natural surroundings for your children. In this day of the automobile and the fast local train and the bus it is possible for perhaps 80 per cent of Americans, at least, and of Canadians and Australians, for example, to live out where Nature is not a complete stranger to the child. Pictures of little children in the great cities in the heat and deadly fumes of summer or the bleak and deadly grip of winter so wring my heart that I cannot look at them. Stories of their transports of joy when some kindhearted person or agency gives them a week in the country would be sufficient, if I were the tyrant and supreme dictator of the land, to cause me to raze all our large cities to the ground and send the inhabitants packing into the open. Our so-called civilization seems to be tending the other way—away from the country and toward the city.

But as I have observed in another place, this growth of urban population has been given a temporary and salutary check, even though it is but a compromise, in the development of suburban living. Why are you remaining, with your child or your little brood, in the fetid and menacing atmosphere of your city, where not only the life of your child is risked daily through accident or disease, but where the peril from bad associations is fully as great and as deadly in the end? If it is because you cannot live elsewhere, you are to be pitied, but not blamed or censured. But is it, in fact, only because you can sleep an hour later, can find a picture show nearer at hand, can show off to more neighbors, can live a fatter or easier or softer life yourself, without sacrifice or personal inconvenience? If you are rearing little children in a city for such reasons you are unworthy of parenthood and should be excoriated and shamed by the whole race.

Children are as much entitled to open air, to open places, to acquaintance with Nature and her wonders, as they are entitled to justice and love and a fair chance. A child should know intimately rain and wind, grass and tree, gnats, butterflies, toads, tadpoles, birds and their nests, flowers and their haunts, hayfields and meadows, haystacks and cellar doors, rain barrels and the attics of barns during stormy days. They should have rabbits and chickens and squirrels and dogs for their companions and friends; they should be acquainted with dog fennel and sassafras; they should dig caves and explore forests and sail the ocean of a mill pond in the galley of a soapbox raft. They should be out where every breath comes freshened and stimulating from the plain or the hills, where the sun strikes into their little bodies directly, where dew can moisten their feet and snow fall on their glowing faces and the wind lift and rumple their hair.

The Melting Pot of Tendencies

And lastly let me say that America—like Canada and Australia, among other places, but particularly and peculiarly America—is blest beyond all nations in history by another fact that comes to me immediately from Nature's school: The fact of the mixture here of all the races under the sun. I have referred to this fact before, but in this paper on the children I must remind you of the marvelous possibilities for good and evil that lie in the circumstance that here is found what Zangwill so unforgettably named The Melting Pot of the World!

The possibilities for evil lie in the natural law, observable in all Nature and observed by me intimately for seventy years in my greenhouses and gardens and on my experiment farms, that heredity in recombination multiplies tendencies as surely as it divides or adds or subtracts them, and that the mingling of bad characteristics in one individual with other bad characteristics in another will almost certainly result in an intensification of the bad traits of both sides. The great number of races represented here in America, and constantly fusing through marriage, has infinite possibilities for harm and danger to the nation. Education and training and example will help to strengthen the good in our immigrants and newer peoples, but nothing can prevent bad results if the vicious traits and old bad influences in old heredities are mingled and intensified by union and reproduction.

You can cross the bad with the average or the bad with the good and out of the whole number of resultant individuals will come perhaps many average and a few good ones. But when you join bad with bad the best you can hope for is one, maybe, with the saving spark of a few good habits from the parents—since there is no such thing as a wholly bad man or woman—and the rest preponderantly bad and perhaps a great deal worse than either of the parents.

No Escape From the Law

On the other hand, as I have suggested above, the union of the less desirable with those who are better, morally and mentally, will start a slow upward tendency in the family line. The corollary of the proposition is that from the joining of the best you will get something good and worthy and perhaps something vastly superior. As in plants and animals, so in humans, this combination and recombination of heredities sets up a great commotion in the hereditary germ. The sparks fly, the whole body is thrown out of equilibrium, and from the perfected unions of germs may come the most amazing and the most attractive and desirable results.

That is why America, made up of all these combinations of races and heredities and types and varieties of individuals, has for its national heredity, as a whole, the sum of all the heredities of all, with the environments of all times, all peoples, all countries, all conditions, all stations, all persuasions and possibilities and potentialities.

There is nothing magical or fortuitous in the fact that America is a great nation—very great in every sense when its youth is considered. Nature provided all the machinery and ages ago gave us all the laws. A few discerning men, like Pitt, in England, saw this before it became a fact. It could have been foretold by any naturalist, and was foretold by Emerson and Thoreau and Whitman. The joining of diversified heredities had to produce something strong, virile, adaptable. The environment of early hardship and trial, of freedom, mental and physical, of strong moral inclinations, and of incredible possibilities and natural advantages, had to press on those heredities with a favorable upward tendency. There was no escaping the law.

What are we going to write in them? For you may be well assured that it is we who must start their story for them. We must dictate the first paragraphs. And we must even lay out for them, up to a certain point, the plot and nature of the tale, for it is from their beginnings, given them by us, in their earliest childhood and in their schools, that they will take the leanings and the inspiration. We will influence them so that on us depends whether their narrative be petty, futile, sensational, or inspiring, uplifting and imperishable!

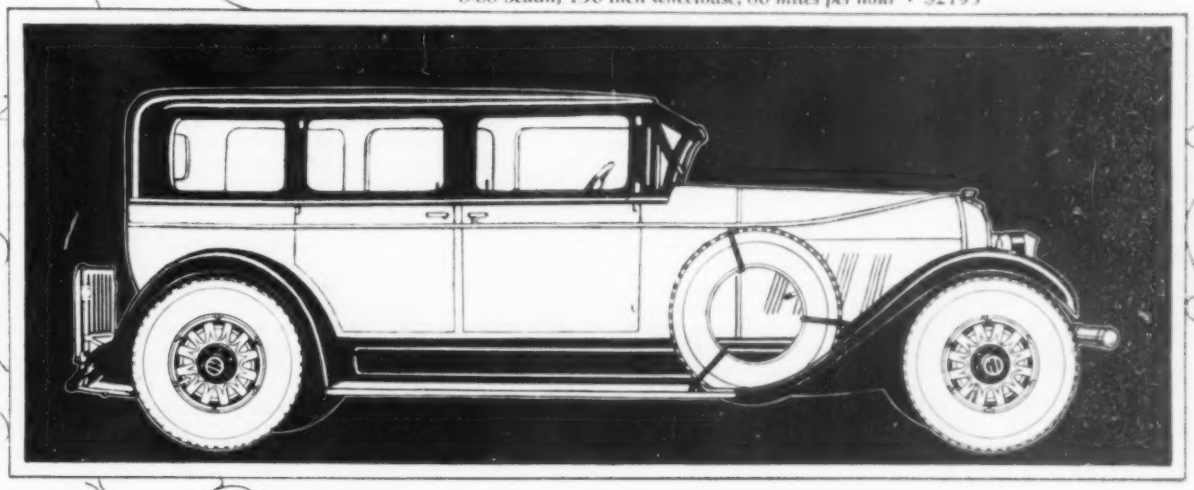


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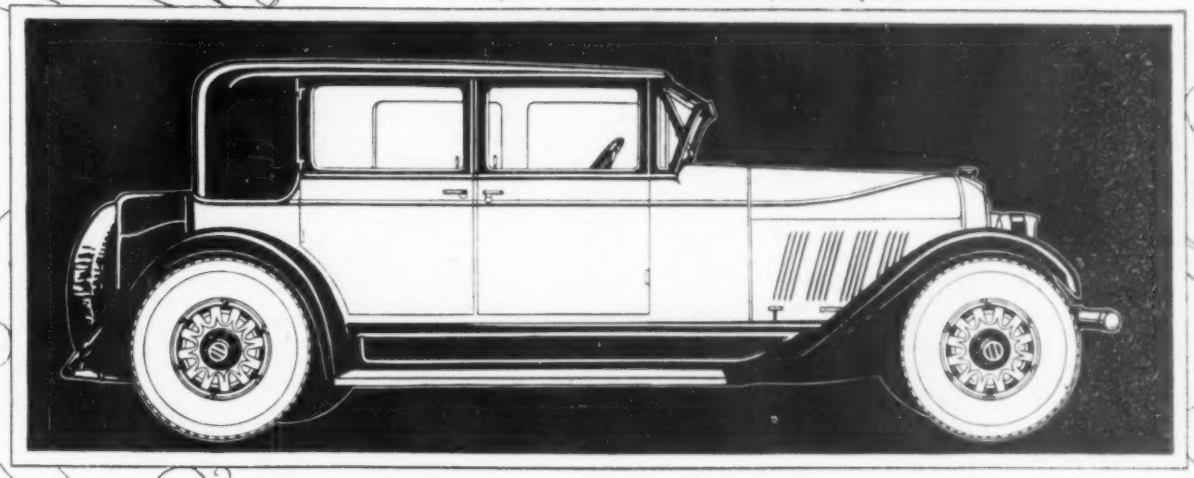
Caribou Swimming in the Yukon River, Near Dawson, Alaska

Editor's Note—This is the tenth of a series of articles by Mr. Burbank and Mr. Hall. The eleventh and last will appear in an early issue.

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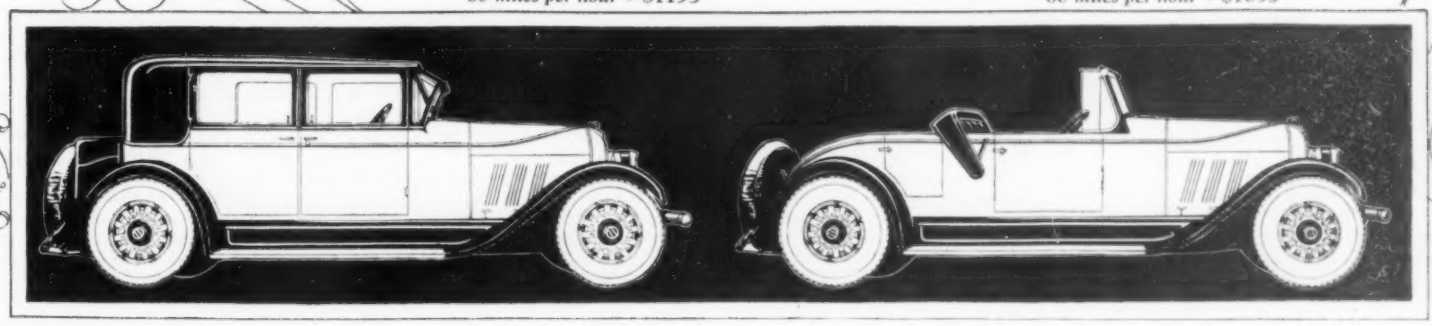


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SECOND PRIZE—
$500—Izzy Yew
Winner—M. S. Dearing, Columbia, Mo.

THIRD PRIZE—
$250—Justin A. Rut
Winner—S. D. Stevens, Minneapolis, Minn.

FOURTH PRIZE—
$150—Noah Hope
Winner—H. Walton Ashton, Phila., Penn.

FIFTH PRIZE—
$100—O. G. Thatsme
Winner—E. B. Martin, Portland, Ore.

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THE AMERICANS ARRIVE

(Continued from Page 5)

people of the great modern democracy? It was really too confusing. But in the meantime where was she to put this lovely being? Certainly not in the room she had arranged for a nursemaid. To think that while she had been spying upon neat, harmless Mrs. Brace she had utterly failed to notice the meeting between her son and this woodland divinity, so that now she did not even know whether they had met as strangers or as old friends!

All the time that she was going through this crisis of alarm and suspicion she was welcoming Mrs. Brace, listening to the discussion of the roads between her husband and Mr. Brace, and being introduced to the hard-boiled child, whose name, it developed, was Penelope Comfort. Absorbed as the princess was in her son's problem, she still had some attention left over for the child, who seemed to her one of the strangest figures she had ever seen. A small person in horn-rimmed spectacles—that was the first impression. Then she became aware of calm, alert, appraising eyes behind the glasses; then that the child's mouth was beautiful, curved and chiseled, and firm at the corner with an absolute sense of rectitude; capable—though this the princess learned somewhat later—capable of an intensely sweet and patient smile.

"You will be interested in an old castle, *hein?*" said the princess kindly.

The child paused. "Yes," she answered; "if it is really old."

The princess was surprised that everyone except herself laughed at an answer that seemed to her impolite.

"My daughter," said Mr. Brace, "never answers any question without advice of counsel." Everyone looked at Penelope, who averted her eyes patiently. One saw she had suffered much from the pointless frivolity of her elders.

They went into the castle through the great flagged hall hung with weapons which, since the dawn of European civilization, had played such an important part in the family history—crossbows and spears and harquebuses and modern Mausers and Mannlichers—up the staircase, carpeted in red and rising by broad low steps. The stairway was lined with portraits.

"How very interesting," said Mr. Brace, feeling for an eyeglass. "I shall want to know all about these."

"Bad pictures—bad pictures. One keeps them though," said the prince, his Oxford English coming back enough for this statement.

Suddenly on the landing they came upon a bear, standing on its hind legs and clawing at the air—stuffed, fortunately.

"From the Pyrenees," said the prince. "My mother was Spanish."

At the first floor old Leopold the major-domo appeared, carrying a tall agate lamp; the castle was without any other type of lighting.

"I hope your legs are good," said the princess. "You are on the next floor."

A huge dark portrait dominated this hall. "Surely a Velasquez," said Mr. Brace, breathing with difficulty.

The prince nodded. "An ancestor of my mother's," he said. "A very bad man—he murdered his brother—but a very fine portrait."

They went on another flight and reached the state bedrooms—a room for Mrs. Brace and her sitting room; a room for Mr. Brace and his sitting room; a tiny room alongside for Penelope.

"Will you be happy there, child?" said the princess.

"I don't know," said the child.

Her mother rebuked her. "Of course she will be happy in such a lovely room."

"I thought she really wanted to know," said Penelope. "I suppose it will be all right, but"—and here she smiled her strangely sad and poignant smile—"a person isn't always happy, even in a lovely room. Where will Miss Wellesley be?"

The princess cast a glance over her shoulder and saw that Miss Wellesley was being detained in the corridor by the elder prince, who was showing her and Mr. Brace a collection of family toys preserved for over two hundred years.

"It's awfully awkward," she said, "but I did not understand about the governess, and I thought it was a maid or a nurse, and I've arranged a room over the tower, near my servants. But of course I'll arrange something else. Perhaps your husband would give up the sitting room, and I could bring in a bed ——"

"She won't mind—being over the gate, I mean," said Mrs. Brace. "She's a lady, you know, and so doesn't fuss about things like that. She won't care where you put her."

"She is awfully pretty," said the princess. "I should think it was dangerous to have such a pretty governess."

"Ah, I have no sons," said Mrs. Brace—a reply which immensely amused the princess. "As if," she said afterward, in telling it to the prince—"as if husbands were immune."

"Well," said Penelope, "I think it seems pretty hard, mother, if all being a lady does for you is that no one cares where they put you to sleep."

"She has been with you a long time, I suppose?" observed the princess.

"No. She came to us just for the trip—she speaks several languages very well. But we have always known her family," said Mrs. Brace, and went on to explain that Miss Wellesley's father was a bishop. He had followed too closely the Biblical precept of taking no thought for the morrow, as he had died leaving eight daughters practically unprovided for after having brought them up to every luxury. "You know how it is," said Mrs. Brace.

No one at the moment knew more about that situation than the princess, but she had never before heard of an authentic case of American poverty. It astonished her very much. A poor American. It seemed to her a contradiction in terms. About bishops she knew a great deal. She felt thoroughly at home with the idea of a bishop, a prince of the church. But what a strange country it must be where workingmen owned enormous buildings and bishops died in poverty.

A fat little blond maid bobbed into the room and said unctuously that the gracious lady's hot bath was ready. She said it triumphantly. You felt that a great deal of preparation, a great deal of heating of water and drying of towels and spreading out of enormous bath robes had gone into getting ready that bath.

The princess left Mrs. Brace and went into the corridor. She slipped her arm through that of Miss Wellesley, who turned and looked at her with her startled sherry-colored eyes.

"My dear," said the princess, "I may as well confess that I thought you were going to be a nurse, and not a beautiful young governess, and I had the wrong room got ready for you—a room over the gate—but if you won't mind dressing there, I'll have another one arranged ——"

"*Um Gottes Willen, mie-mie,*" said Ferdinand, coming suddenly out of a polite interest in a story Mr. Brace was telling about his own collections at home, "you did not mean to put Miss Wellesley over the gate?"

His mother looked at him, thinking "If you had not been so guiltily silent about her I would have known the right thing to do," but Miss Wellesley cut in: "But I should love to be over the gate. It sounds so romantic. It is perhaps the place from which you pour burning oil down on the besiegers."

The princess laughed. She liked the answer. "As a matter of fact," she said, "the place where you threw the hot stones and oil from is the room next—the room the old major-domo has—but yours has a secret staircase."

"Oh, please don't change me," said Miss Wellesley.

"I'll take you there," said the princess, and though both Miss Wellesley and her son urged her not to exert herself, for the room over the gate was a long way off, she insisted on going. "I must take you, the first time, to your room," she said, "and besides, I like to."

As Leopold was now unpacking for Mr. Brace, Prince Ferdinand himself took the lamp and led the way down a flight of stairs, through a grille, along a covered gallery and finally into a room in the thickness of the wall—a small room, but to American eyes far more interesting than the magnificent eighteenth-century suite into which the Braces had been ushered. There were loopholes in the outer wall, and only one window, which looked into the court.

"I think it's perfect. I love it," said the girl.

"Look out what you say," said the princess, shaking her finger toward the ceiling. "There's a place up there where I can sit and listen to everything that's said in this room. Just this part about the gate goes back to the days when the castle was a monastery, and that little winding staircase—show it to her, Ferdinand—goes down to the vaults where the wine was stored." Ferdinand unlocked a rounded door in the corner which opened on a tiny circular stair filling a turret of the gateway. He showed a disposition, or so his mother fancied, to linger, but she hurried him away.

"We shall be late," she said. He looked back over his shoulder.

"I'll bring you your bags," he said, but at that moment one of the stable boys came in with them, and the princess led him away with her.

"Do you think," she whispered, "that they will be all bathed clean enough to please themselves?" She talked on, making a little fun of her guests' aquatic habits. Then at her own door she reached up and patted her son's cheek.

"Boys get on best who are frank wiz their mothers," she said, speaking English, as he and she usually did.

"*Um Gottes Willen, mie-mie,*" he began, obviously flustered by her reproach.

"Frank wiz their mothers," she repeated, and went into her room and shut the door.

The moment when everyone goes to his or her room to dress for dinner is always a moment of peculiar inner candor and clarity. The princess was thinking that the Von Liensterbergs simply must be reasonable and allow a formal engagement between the young people, or else things like this—and worse, perhaps, for of course there could not be any question of her son's marrying the Braces' governess—would be happening all the time. Then the prince, her husband, came in to ask her what she thought of the Americans in general, but specifically to inquire whether in her opinion there was anything between Brace and the governess; and on her saying she was sure there was not they had several comments, which would have sounded very loose and shocking to the ears of the Braces, on the subject of a man who could travel over Europe with a beautiful creature like that.

"Imagine me fifteen years ago," said the prince.

"Imagine my allowing it, even today, my dear," said the princess flatteringly. Meantime Mrs. Brace, floating in her warm bath in the vast bathroom, lit by a single flickering candle, was reflecting on whether this luxury was not after all the greatest of all, this recklessness of personal service—porcelain stoves in every room of the enormous building; stoves which, as soon as it became cold, must be lit separately and kept going all day and all night with little packets of kindling wood; hot water dragged

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"ASK YOUR DEALER..."



IN THAT word, "your," lies the key to the tremendous importance of the dealer in the distribution of merchandise. He is your center of supply. He is often your friend or acquaintance. Your own purchases are influenced by his selection of stock. You are inclined to trust his judgment.

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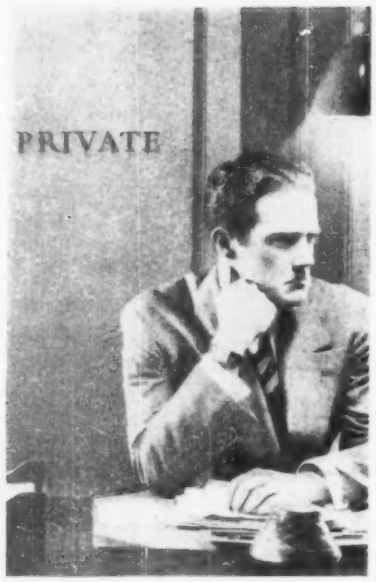
Advertising has become a powerful factor in distribution. It is an aid to sound merchandising. It is a means of assisting the dealer, wholesale or retail, to dispose of his stock in a shorter time and in larger quantities. But the advertising of a product, regardless of its merit, does not constitute a valid reason why your dealer should stock it and sell it to you.

Multiply your retail dealer by 1,200,000, add 15,000 wholesalers, and you will begin to realize the complexity of distribution. All these dealers sell some advertised merchandise. They prefer to sell it, *if it has merit*. How to induce them to stock and sell this merchandise, how to do business with them in a mutually profitable manner—these are questions that are of first importance to the majority of manufacturers and advertisers. And the first step toward solution is to recognize that dealers are not red and blue pins in a sales map—but people. . . . Friends of yours; and dependent upon you, your trade and your confidence, for their advancement in their chosen fields of business.

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perhaps it's comedones

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After you shave, spread Pompeian Massage Cream generously over your face—and *rub*. Continue to rub until the cream rolls out. Note how dark the cream looks. That's the dirt that was in your pores.

Don't let comedones form. Use Pompeian Massage Cream every day—especially when social or business engagements demand that you look your best. It means a healthy, wholesome skin. To get full pleasure and benefit, use Pompeian Massage Cream regularly at home after shaving. For sale at all drug stores.



For Men! 60c jars at the stores

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Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime, coin preferred) for a special trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream containing sufficient cream for many delightful massages.

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from she knew not where by little fat maid-servants who bobbed and kissed your hand, or said they did. But no—her American training rose strongly within her—it was stupid, absurd, inefficient. The American methods were certainly wiser—where you could turn on heat with one hand and hot water with the other.

Mr. Brace was thinking that he had fallen into a medium entirely suitable to his temperament, and that he would like never again to be separated from a manservant like Leopold. English valets were all very well, but this man was simply perfection, warmth and competence together, as if the fellow actually enjoyed waiting on you.

The hard-boiled child was thinking that she had been deceived; this was just a big house, not a castle—no dungeons or ruins of castellated towers; not even a ghost.

And in the room over the gate Miss Wellesley was not dressing for dinner at all, or unpacking her bag, or doing anything useful, but was simply sitting with her hands over her face, crying.

She was crying for a good reason. Because she had suddenly seen clearly that the thing she desired most in all the world—the thing that made her life a happy or a tragic one—could not possibly be. She could not marry Ferdinand. Though she had been most carefully educated and spoke French and German fluently, she had never before been out of her own country—both the duties and the salary of a bishop making the idea of traveling with a large family quite out of the question—and so her grasp of what it meant to be the heir of a name older than the Hapsburgs, the possessor of responsibilities kingly not so very long ago, the only child of people accustomed to thinking in terms of the family, and not of individuals—all this had been to Clara Wellesley only a romantic conception. To see it was very different. To see it was to feel the weight of this succession since the Middle Ages, this unbroken continuity—the portraits, the armor, the letter from Charles the Fifth. She who was proud of tracing her ancestry to a poor collateral of the Great Duke's who had come to America in 1715 after a little trouble over a Stuart uprising—she to break this ideal which had been old when Columbus discovered America—yes, they had been here in Grauenstein, struggling and fighting and marrying well in order to preserve the family, for two hundred years before Columbus set sail.

And it would destroy it for her to marry Ferdinand. Almost everything had gone except their forests, and these were going. A few years more—the lifetime, perhaps, of his parents—and if he did not marry a fortune the state would take over Grauenstein as a national monument, and Ferdinand would become an American business man—not a successful one, for that was not his temperament or training. The idea was not entirely disagreeable to Ferdinand—she knew that—for to be even a clerk in a New York brokerage house was a more amusing life than fulfilling semiroyal functions on the top of a remote rock. Besides, he loved her deeply, sincerely; a young man's first passionate love. She remembered with shame how, when he tried to tell her what the situation was, what their marriage would entail, she had turned away from him, thinking him a cold lover. Now she was on her knees to him for loving her so much that he could contemplate such a devastating possibility. She could not let him do it.

Their acquaintance had begun in a practical joke. Clara had been staying at Newport the summer before with her aunt—the widow of an admiral and the sister of the bishop—an elderly lady who had nothing to do with the fashionable life of the place, but, on the contrary, rather scorned it, regarding the influx of metropolitan people as a vulgar disturbance of her regular all-the-year-round existence. For the Braces, however, she made an exception. They were old friends of the family, and when they invited Clara to a party she urged her to go. Clara was not eager. She said she did not know anyone and would have a horrid time, but in the end she went.

In the meantime the arrival in Newport of a Serene Highness, and a good-looking one at that, only twenty-three years old, had created something of a stir. It appeared that the attractions of a prince are a little more potent than the same attractions in a commoner. As feminine hearts became soft, masculine hearts became bitter; the usual accusation of a mercenary purpose on the part of visiting foreign potentates was freely made, and finally in one little group bets were offered and accepted that the prince would make conspicuous love to any girl introduced to him as a great American fortune.

For this purpose it was necessary to find someone at once attractive and not too well known in the set in which the prince had already been moving. Clara was made to their hand. Pretty, yes, but to their eyes not quite chic enough to be dangerous. They told Ferdinand her remarkable story: The only child of a great soap king, they said, left absolute heiress at twenty-one of exactly sixty-seven millions. . . . Wouldn't he like to dance with her? Ferdinand looked at her long round throat and sherry-colored eyes and said he would. And sixty-seven millions! An addition to any girl's charms—a lady—and Americans so adaptable.

Clara had been having a dull time. For even a beautiful girl needs some launching in a group who have been swimming and playing tennis and dancing together every day and night for weeks, possibly even for years and years, so that they need only pull each other out upon the dancing floor without any responsibilities of conversational openings. Therefore, though a number of young men had asked vaguely who she was, none of them had so far taken the trouble to have themselves introduced to her.

She had been talking a long time to an elderly friend of Mrs. Brace's who had known her father and seemed to remember having met her when he came to their house on the occasion of a diocesan convention. That convention, if it did nothing for the church militant, now certainly served its purpose, for they had talked it threadbare by the time they were interrupted by one of the girls whom Clara knew slightly, bringing a tall, blond young man, who clicked his heels together and bowed as the girl said: "Miss Wellesley, His Serene Highness Prince Ferdinand Grauenstein wishes to be introduced to you."

Normally Clara's reaction to this event would have been: "What an attractive-looking young man—and a prince, too, just fancy—but there is really no use in my making a great effort, because of course he did not really want to be introduced. Probably Mrs. Brace sent that girl over to rescue me." And she would have smiled and let him drift away.

But she was a good deal bored by her father's old friend, and she made a sudden resolve to keep the prince by her side. She looked up at him and laughed and said, "Dear me, is it your opinions about the state of Europe that I have been so slavishly reading for the last week? I thought of you as being sixty, with a square white beard."

"Ah," said the prince, delighted at this opening, "one may be very wise without a white beard."

"Yes, but are you?" said Clara.

"That," he returned, "you must judge for yourself. All I can do is to promise you every opportunity for forming an opinion."

At this point the elderly friend of her father, who prided himself on his tact, made a formal little speech about the necessity of his returning to his hostess, and bowed and left them, without either one knowing that he had gone. He might, in fact, have melted into thin air, or rather, as far as they were concerned, he had already done so.

"Shall we dance?" said Prince Ferdinand.

"Yes," she answered. "Will that increase my estimate of your wisdom?"

"At least," he said gravely, "it will make everyone else envy me."

"Dear me," murmured Clara rather pertly, "I do believe there is something in the training of a prince after all."

They had danced only long enough to be sure they danced perfectly together—that is to say, they had gone a quarter down one side of the room—when the only other young man in the room whom Clara knew cut in.

"Well," Clara thought, "there's the end of that." And she turned with a rather mechanical smile to the newcomer, who was full of geniality.

"Well, well, well," he said, "fancy seeing you here." And presently he asked who the man was she had been dancing with. Clara was startled to hear in her blank level tone that slight vibration which will creep into the sound of names that have become dear to us as she replied: "Prince Ferdinand Grauenstein."

"Gee, I suppose you'd like to tear me to pieces for cutting in," said the boy.

"Of course not," said Clara, for she had been very well brought up, and thought it was wrong to hurt people's feelings. "If the prince feels any great longing for my society he can cut in on you, you know."

But he did not cut in. Clara danced round and round with her old acquaintance. The prince did not cut in for an excellent reason—he did not understand the system. His first idea was that he had been insulted—for this was his first dancing party in America. It took him some time to find someone who could explain the situation to him, but then he caught the idea in a flash.

Just as Clara had made up her mind that she might as well go home, that she disliked parties, that she evidently had no charm and was absolutely unsuited to social life and only able to attract old gentlemen like her father's friend and dull boys like her present partner, a sharp little tap came on the arm of that young gentleman, and almost before she knew it she had lifted her left hand from one black shoulder and placed it—light as a feather, and yet now vibrating with some power with which it had not vibrated an instant before—on another black shoulder—and how different. She was, in fact, dancing once again with the prince.

"I take no chances," he said, and they danced through an inclosed piazza and stepped out on the lawn. Then with a slow almost trancelike manner, as if neither had the faintest idea where they were going, they crossed the lawn, and sitting down on the wall above the sea, they stared out at the Atlantic Ocean.

It was a mild summer night. There was a dark bank of fog hanging about the rim of the horizon, just enough to make the stars large and liquid and the air soft and salt. Ferdinand already knew that he had, for the first time in his life, fallen in love. He faced the fact seriously. He was an honorable young man, full of responsibilities under his gay, mad enjoyment of everything He would never have dreamed of making love to a young unmarried girl to whom he could not offer matrimony.

The practical jokers, to do them justice, had never thought that emotions would rise so rapidly. Within an hour Ferdinand had told her that he had never felt for any woman what he felt for her. She admitted that the universe had undergone a certain transformation. "My mother will adore you," he whispered. No wonder he believed the heavens had opened for him. They stayed so long in the garden that the bet had been paid and the betters had gone home by the time they came in.

They had a night to dream, without sleeping, on what had happened to them. In the morning, on the beach, Ferdinand heard the truth. Even standing dipping one toe into the Atlantic Ocean, he managed to receive the ill news like a gentleman and a prince. He looked at the offender with a steady serene stare and said: "Ah, well, I'm afraid you're rather out of my

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class"—and when this had sunk in—not only to the mind of the practical joker but to the minds of all the circle about them, he added, "as a clown, a joker—what is your word for people who make fun for other people?"

"Not clown," said the other rather too quickly.

Ferdinand smiled amiably. "No?" he said gently. "No? I thought that was just the right word," and he turned away and went for his swim, leaving the inconstant crowd quite as willing to laugh with him as at him.

But his own problem was acute. He had no idea what he ought to do. He had gone further, much further than he should without going further and asking her to marry him. He had fully intended to ask her to do so. At home—if such a situation could conceivably have arisen in his own country—he would have written her a polite note saying he was called away, and she would have understood, but here he knew she would not understand. Indeed, he longed to explain, yet an explanation must inevitably lead to the clear and definite statement that he loved her, and to make this statement without following it by a proposal of marriage—if he only knew the etiquette of the situation. He wanted so much to do the right thing and he loved the girl so deeply.

He decided on a course of action that would not have occurred to an American boy in a foreign land—he decided to consult an older lady. He was to have tea with Miss Wellesley at five. At three he visited Mrs. Brace, whom he already knew, having brought letters of introduction to her and her husband, and very seriously and politely he put the problem to her.

Mrs. Brace, like almost everyone else in the world, had a weakness for being consulted, more particularly in love affairs, and not least when one of the lovers was a good-looking young prince. Was he really in love? Indeed, yes. Was marriage utterly impossible? Oh, no, not at all. It was possible and immensely desired, but from his point of view absolutely wrong—a ruthless, an unforgivable self-indulgence.

She may be forgiven for doubting these statements taken together as he first made them, but as he talked she began to understand. He could find something to do in this country; he was no fool, and not afraid of work. He could support a wife here—yes, even here—and he would ask nothing better as far as he was concerned. The life of a clerk was more amusing in America than being a prince nowadays in his own country, but he had duties to his family, to his parents—dull duties which it would take a lifetime to fulfill. According to the principles in which he had been brought up there was no question that his first obligation was to his family. He understood that here it was different, but what he wished to know was this: Might he explain the situation to Miss Wellesley? He knew her parents were dead and she had no brothers. Could he be perfectly candid with her? Did he wish to be? Mrs. Brace asked. Indeed, yes. Mrs. Brace admitted that she saw no other possibility. Certainly he must tell Clara the whole truth and let her decide, or at least share in his decision.

"It may be," said Mrs. Brace, trying to be encouraging, "that there really isn't any problem at all. Perhaps she doesn't care about you, you know."

He looked up, startled, prepared to deny the possibility, and then remembering the strange legend he had heard about the coldness of American women, he sank, as it were, under the weight of his sorrow and admitted it was possible. "I suppose I should wish it to be so," he added, "but I do not wish it. I wish the opposite." He looked pleadingly at Mrs. Brace, as if he wondered to find himself so completely in the wrong.

His wishes were fulfilled. Clara admitted that she loved him, if this could be love—so sudden, so without background or past experiences in common. He assured her it could be and was.

But according to American standards there is no obstacle whatsoever to true love not even marriage to other people; and Clara was essentially an American of her age and race. She tried to believe what he said, to understand it and make it the basis of their discussion. While they were together she did believe, but as soon as she was alone again she said to herself, "If he really loved me ——"

He had told her that the decision rested with her, but it seemed to her she had no choice as to which way she should make it. They parted forever. In fact, in the course of the next month they parted forever a great many times. Never had there been such a wild and agonizing month. They parted, they met—perhaps by accident—to find they could not live without each other and that they must decide to be married. The prince received a letter from his mother—a tender, confident letter. He showed it to Clara. Clara cried over it, and said nothing would induce her to take him away forever from such a mother. They parted forever. Next time they met deliberately through Ferdinand's coming to see her, because he was sailing in two days and could not go away without saying good-by. They said good-by, and then he did not sail. Poor young man, he could not—he could not bring himself to go. His family cabled to him almost every day. At last it was Clara who insisted on his sailing. She couldn't bear it, she said. He must go, and Ferdinand admitted she was right.

In their last minutes he suddenly saw and was able to put into words the truth—that she had never really taken in the compelling tradition in which he had been reared. It seemed to both of them that life would be less bitter if they could at least be agreed in this—that there was no failure in his emotion for her because he must follow another duty. Thus it was that they worked out the plan of her coming to Grauenstein for a few days with the Braces. The Braces had already suggested her making the trip to Florence with them. Penelope Comfort, not easy to please, was attached to her.

She had come to understand her prince's sense of duty, but she would have been hardly human if she had not secretly hoped that there might be another outcome, that his parents would fall more in love with her than Ferdinand had, and would say: "How fortunate it would be for any young man to win this girl, penniless or not. How much she must love him if she is willing to give up her own proud and exciting country ——"

But a few minutes in Grauenstein had destroyed that dream. Now she was, she thought, like one of the heroines in a novel by Henry James, who falls more in love with the European background of her princely lover than he is himself; only those heroines were always in control of large fortunes, so that they were able to restore and establish the old castle, whereas she could only ruin it still further. There was not a possible fortune anywhere in sight for Clara, no elderly relation or devoted godmother—no hope.

She came down just as Leopold announced dinner. There were no traces of tears about her eyes, no redness, at least, only that extra shine and softness that comes to eyes that have wept recently and not too much. She and Ferdinand exchanged one look, like a tragically gentle caress. He offered his arm, although his parents and the Braces were walking, all four together, without this formality, in the direction of the dining room. He pressed it to his side. Alas, on what evil times had they fallen when they were grateful for even this contact, with Penelope Comfort hanging on the other arm and talking all the time!

The dining room, hung with the portraits of field marshals and chancellors and cardinals and powdered beauties, was particularly suggestive of the visits of emperors and kings. Eighteen chairs were ranged against the wall, and in the middle of the table a huge silver cup, very ugly—the gift of a recent sovereign.

(Continued on Page 98)



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(Continued from Page 96)

"Royal gifts. We always dreaded them," said the princess with her chuckle. "You cannot give them away, you cannot lose them, and they are generally hideous—like that one."

"It was buried three years, during the war," said the prince, who was willing to make short raids like this into the conversation, but rejected any responsibility for give-and-take. He looked wistfully down the table toward his wife, asking her to take up the burden of telling the story.

The princess was not at all unwilling. "I hoped we had lost it forever," she said. "We were in Egypt when the war broke out, far up the Nile. When we got back to Alexandria we found a letter from Leopold, saying he had hidden the plate, as there was some question of the army taking over the castle."

"There are two or three treasures still hidden about the castle," said Ferdinand.

"Well, why don't you find them?" said Penelope.

"I used to spend all my time looking for them as a boy, at least for the gold coin buried somewhere during the Napoleonic Wars," said Ferdinand.

The elder prince looked at his wife. "Tell them," he said, "that it is not so very valuable, but that we want it on account of the coins."

The princess took up the story. "You see," she said, "until the last century we had our own coinage—we made our own money. And my husband has a complete collection of the different coins, except for one of the large gold pieces of the seventeenth century, and he hopes, if he could find the money hidden during the Napoleonic Wars, it would contain almost certainly one of those."

"You can't find it?" said Mr. Brace.

Ferdinand shrugged his shoulders. "The castle has been burned twice since then," he answered. "Most of this building is nineteenth century. Leopold, who knows more about the vaults and the cellars than I do, says that there is no possible place for hiding left."

"But where did he hide the things?" asked Penelope rather sternly.

"He won't tell me," replied Ferdinand. "But you might ask him."

"I should think you would make him tell," said the child.

Even the older prince laughed at this. "Ah," said the princess, "you don't know Leopold." She turned to Mrs. Brace. "He has been with the family for fifty years and is retiring on a pension. For some reason or another he is eager to go to America, although he would die of homesickness away from these mountains, and he cannot speak one word of English. He will probably talk to you about it."

"But how about the quota?" said Mr. Brace. "I don't believe he could get into the United States under two or three years."

The princess shook her head. "I don't know what that is—the quota," she answered.

"It's the dragon at our gates," said Mr. Brace. "It is our Cerberus"—a pretty classical allusion rather lost on the princess, who went on:

"We are devoted to him, of course, and don't want him to do anything to make himself wretched. He has served us so faithfully."

"He could have run off with all the plate, you see," said the prince.

"And nearly did—into the next world," said the princess. "You see he hid it while we were in Egypt, and by the time we got back he was down with influenza. He came very near dying—and he was the only one who knew where it was."

"Very honest, very faithful," said the prince.

Clara glanced at the pale eyes and receding chin of Leopold and thought how poor a judge she was of character as written in the face, for his seemed to her one of the craftiest and least dependable faces, and yet he had had the plate in his power and given it back. He, too, was a victim like herself to the idea of this family. Its continued existence was more important to him than his own individual gain.

The conversation was interrupted by the drinking of a toast to the guests, very seriously, in old Marsala.

"Would you mind if I hunted for the treasure?" said Penelope, with that queer cynical smile of hers, as if she knew all children were a little ridiculous.

"We will take you to the cellars tomorrow and give you a pickax," said Ferdinand.

When they rose from table the three men went to the prince's own study to examine, not antiquities of the castle but the prince's immense collection of heads and horns of animals. The walls of his room were studded with them—enormously long black horns of chamois, ten and twelve branched stag horns, tiny roebuck horns.

"Goodness, what a lot you've shot!" said Mr. Brace.

"These are only the very best," said the prince politely, yet astonished that anyone should think these many.

Miss Wellesley took Penelope upstairs to put her to bed. The child was talking of the treasure as she went, not wildly or romantically, but with a shrewd keen instinct to find it. Mrs. Brace and the princess were left alone in the drawing-room.

The princess reached first for her cigarette case—a box of polished wood with a tiny crown in emeralds on it—and then for her knitting. "You don't smoke?" she said.

"No," answered Mrs. Brace, trying to make the syllable sound not too New Englandish. She did not think it a pretty habit for women.

"Lucky you," replied the princess, already puffing and knitting like lightning. "I smoke all the time—too much. It will kill me, I dare say, but not, I hope, until I see Ferdinand happily married."

"We became so much attached to your son in America," said Mrs. Brace. "He is so charming and handsome and gay."

The princess nodded her head up and down solemnly. "He is serious too," she said. "Under all that nonsense he thinks of his responsibilities. I thought perhaps you would find him a nice wife in America—one just so nice as you are, if you forgive my saying so."

Mrs. Brace, although without any great amount of guile, was aware of being led on. "No," she said, "though I have no sons, I know it is unsafe to undertake the marriage of other people's. Besides, it isn't so easy—international marriages—and I suppose the girl would have to have something of a fortune."

"But all Americans have that," said the princess.

"Not all," said Mrs. Brace. "But that isn't the worst complication. We don't marry for money in America—or no, I mustn't say that; but it is not our tradition. It violates our conscious ideals. We marry—or so we always tell ourselves and each other—only for love."

The princess opened her blue eyes in amused protest. "And he could not be loved—my Ferdinand?" she asked.

"Only too easily," answered Mrs. Brace. "But the girl—she would wish to be loved too."

"But he would love his wife, of course," replied the princess. "He will be an excellent husband. I tell you he is serious, very serious."

Mrs. Brace was silent, despairing of making the difference clear to a civilization which had so completely defined its own point of view. What was the use of saying that an American girl would not be content to be loved as part of routine of responsibility? She would want to be loved wildly and dearly for herself, in just the way in which Clara was loved.

"No," the princess went on, shutting one blue eye so that the smoke would not get into it, as her hands flashed and twinkled through her knitting—"no, that was not my anxiety, but I knew very well no American girl would live this life, like me, alone, knitting on the top of the mountain, talking with the cook and Leopold, and now and then with the *curé* about the candles for the churches. All day long, if there are any men here, they are away shooting. Your girls, they go from Paris to Biarritz to Venice to St. Moritz, amusing themselves and spending money and dancing and playing tennis, and doing I don't know what."

And at this moment the door opened and Miss Wellesley returned.

"She could tell you better than I could," said Mrs. Brace. "Clara, we were discussing ——"

"*Hein!*" cried the princess. "You call yourself Clara, do you—the name of my favorite saint—Claire. So sympathetic, I think; perfectly combining spiritual and human love, do not you think? Sit here by me," and she pointed to a stool, not quite a footstool, beautifully covered in fading *petit point*, which was standing at her knee. Clara sank obediently upon it. She did not know if it was a joy or an added pain that she felt inclined to love Ferdinand's mother better than anyone in the world except Ferdinand himself.

"We were discussing," said Mrs. Brace again, "whether any American girl—one, I mean, who had led the ordinary crowded luxurious life of travel and amusement—could give it all up to settle down for twelve months of the year in a castle like this."

"Ah, before the war it was different," said the princess. "Then we ran about a little, too, but now the rain falls and the wind blows and the windows shake, and no one comes near us for months at a time. No American girl would do that for her husband, eh?"

Miss Wellesley became conscious that her teeth were beginning to chatter under the excitement of this conversation. "It depends on the girl," she said, as yet unimpeded in her enunciation. "American girls have done a good deal for their husbands; crossed the Atlantic in tiny ships to an unknown wilderness and crossed the continent in covered wagons."

"Really," said the princess, very much interested to hear this. She had been taught the histories of all modern European nations and something of Rome, Greece, Assyria, Egypt and Babylon; but nothing whatsoever about the history of the United States—except as it concerned an unsuccessful war of England—had ever been mentioned in the course of her education. "And when was that?"

Clara smiled. "It was a long time ago, I must own," she answered. "But some of the spirit remains. Girls would still sacrifice their luxuries and amusements for a man they loved."

The princess leaned forward. "That is very interesting," she said. "I did not know. I thought the American man worked and made sacrifices and the American woman played all the time and was waited upon. But you say no, that she would still feel the responsibility of sacrificing herself for her husband."

"For the man she loved."

"Even to giving him up, if that were best?"

"Yes," said the girl.

The princess laid her hand on Miss Wellesley's shoulder. "You are very charming," she said, "very sympathetic to me."

And at this Clara began to cry. Large tepid, incontrovertible tears began to splash on the princess' hand. It could not be denied or ignored; it was really very awkward. She rose to her feet. "I think I'll go to bed," she said, and left the room, quite openly blowing her nose.

The princess looked at Mrs. Brace. "Why, the poor child. What does it mean?" she asked innocently.

Mrs. Brace felt cross with everyone, including herself. She saw that she should not have brought Clara, and that her husband would be furious with her if he ever knew the truth of the situation, which she was resolved he never should.

"It means," she replied, "that she's had a long trying day. It isn't an easy task to be a governess, and Penelope is sometimes rather wearing."

"Penelope is charming," said the princess, without complete conviction.

Mrs. Brace shook her head. "No," she said, "she is a person to be respected—a Puritan father in the guise of a little girl. She asks more critical questions than anyone I ever knew. Poor Clara has been trying to answer them all day long."

The princess politely affected to be satisfied with this explanation, which told her one thing, at least: that Mrs. Bruce did not intend to betray any confidence that might have been placed in her.

They were discussing American children when the men came back to them. The princess through her one open eye saw her son's glance flash once into every corner and take in the fact that for him the room was empty.

"Anna von Liensterberg and her father are coming over to luncheon tomorrow," she said. "He is such an interesting man, and she—I thought Mrs. Brace would be interested in seeing our idea of a perfectly brought-up girl."

Mr. Brace, who already knew a great deal about the count's collections, expressed pleasure, but Prince Ferdinand said coldly, "You make plans for my friends without consulting with me, mie-mie dear?"

"I felt sure this would please you. No?"

"I had thought of taking them to see the waterfall and the ruins of Braun tomorrow."

"That can be done the next day," she returned. "Tomorrow they will want to see the cellars and the well."

Everyone, indeed, seemed satisfied with her plans except her son.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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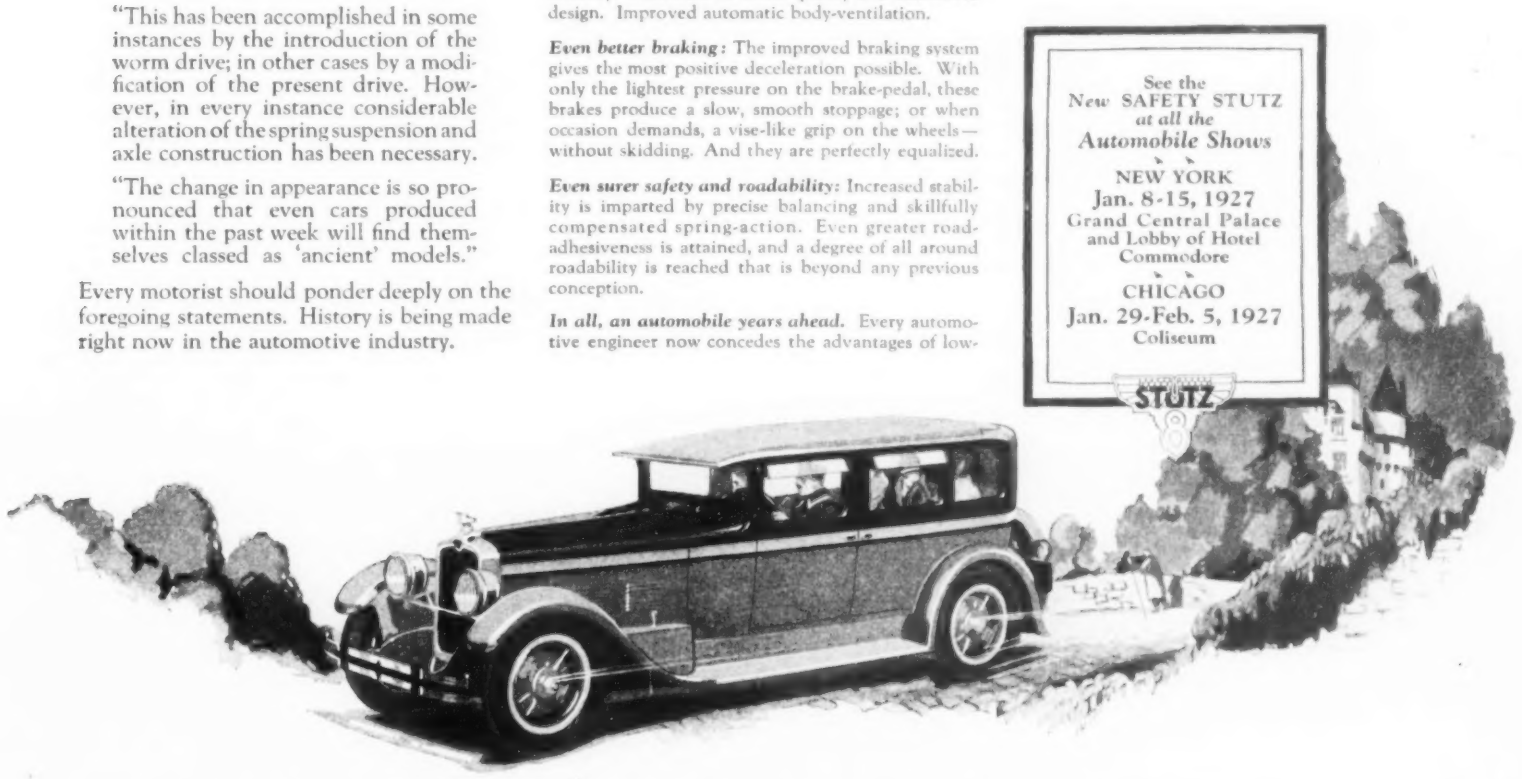
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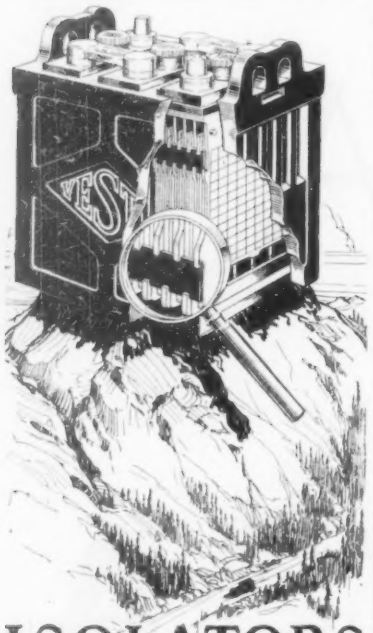
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A PLACE IN VENICE

(Continued from Page 9)

some slices of the fag-end of an unholy Italian sausage and, secondly, the vermicelli. The drink was the remainder of the contents of a bottle of Fiuggi water.

"I hope you've enjoyed your meal," said Byatt bitterly, at the close. "Sorry there's no coffee. Anyhow the coffee on the Lido would have been filthy. Can you give me a cigarette?" he added, after feeling in the pockets of his jacket lying on the floor.

"The lunch was excellent," I said.

"Glad you liked it," said he, still bitterly. "It will now be in order if you invite me to dinner tonight, or to lunch tomorrow."

"I'll be delighted."

We both walked about the room, smoking. For myself, I was in great mental discomfort.

"Well," he began again, "what about it all? The facts of the case are before you, except that you don't yet know that what you see here are my entire worldly possessions, and I haven't a centime—yes, I have." He pulled out two or three Italian coins, worth in all about sixpence, and planked them savagely on the window sill. "There! My total fortune. . . . Go on. Speak freely."

He stared at me, his chin pushed forward defiantly, as if to say to me: "Are you clever enough to solve the problem, you prosperous devil?"

"If I'm to be frank," I replied—"and there's no object in not being—what I don't understand is why, if you were so hard up, so near the end of your resources, you should have been chucking money about on the Lido this morning. You don't bathe on the Lido for a penny three farthings."

"Oh!" said he naughtily. "You certainly don't. It's ten lire for the smallest cubicle, beside the tip and the hire of a costume. And there's the steamer fare and the tram along the Lido afterward. And that wasn't all. I had a drink at Florian's before I started, and I went into the hotel divan and had a most costly cocktail—a side car, if you want to know—and two sandwiches that came to twenty lire.

"But I'll tell you how it happened. I saw a fifty-lire note floating on the canal this morning and I fished it out and dried it in the sun. You see, I'm just round the corner from the Accademia, where the big Titians are, and some American woman must have dropped the thing overboard from a gondola and nobody saw it. Fifty lire's no use to me, so I thought I'd have a fling—hastening-the-end sort of business, you know—rashness-of-despair sort of thing. Quite usual, I believe, in these cases. That's the whole explanation. Of course if I'd used the fifty wisely I shouldn't have been without a centime today, but I should have been without a centime in another three days or so, and where's the difference between then and now?"

"Quite!" I answered.

"Moreover, I've had the Lido, and I've met my old fellow Oundelian."

I resented the man's misfortune. I wished I'd never met him. I'd absolutely no responsibility toward him, and he'd no right to expect anything from me. I was entitled to walk out. But could I? No! I was confined in the squalid room by the mere power of his unhappiness over my sense of pity, and by the august traditions of Oundle School. Nevertheless, I did harshly resent the man's misfortune. He walked to and fro, nervous, superior, shabby; and I thought I could read in his face the history of his fall from Oundle to perdition. I scorned him at one moment; at the next I was most painfully sorry for him.

"Well," he said, "don't think I don't realize I'm putting you in an awkward position. Good-by! I won't accept any return hospitality. Like that, I shall be one up on you." He held out his hand stiffly.

At this juncture the rickety door opened and a youngish, good-looking, charming woman came in. She was expensively and very fashionably dressed, and wore valuable jewelry, and had brown hair and brown eyes and a troubled, frightened expression. I thought of her in those fragile and lovely clothes climbing the long, dark, frowzy, slippery stairs that led up from the splendid picturesqueness of the canal to Byatt's miserable place.

She said nothing. Byatt said nothing. They gazed at each other. Byatt's frame shook. The woman's white hand on the door was trembling. I turned toward the window, embarrassed. Also I absurdly did not like being caught in my shirt sleeves by the modish creature. Not a word from either of them. I waited interminably. Then:

"Here!" I heard Byatt's angry, rising voice. "You get out of this. Do you hear me? Get out of this. And quick!" His tone was terrible.

A silence. Movement. When I turned round again the woman was gone and Byatt was seated in the sole chair, his face hidden in his hands, crying.

"I've let myself in for something," I thought, rancorous, yet pleasurably expectant. Life seemed to be a frightful, dramatic and absorbing affair, for some people.

III

WHAT struck me was the contrast between Byatt's present demeanor and the awful ferocity with which he had forced the visitor to depart the moment she arrived. He was not pitiful to me in his weakness, and I was touched, though I had contempt for a man who permitted himself to cry in front of another man. And I had doubts about the justifiableness of his treatment of the woman, whose face had pleased me by its kind, rather wistful expression; she had showed, indeed, absolutely none of the arrogance of the very well dressed!

Byatt looked up, not a trace of shame on his delicate, bearded features.

"You saw that lady?" he said loudly, having mastered his sobs. He repeated imperiously, "You saw that lady?"

"Yes."

"She was the cause of my ruin, and I haven't set eyes on her since she did me in. You can imagine how I feel about meeting her again. You married?"

I shook my head.

"Well, I was. Hunting woman. Oh, no, not her. My wife, I mean. I'd no profession and no money. I got myself made secretary of a hunt in the Dukeries. Five hundred a year and a house. Fancy me secretary of a hunt! Still, there it was. My father had died leaving nothing, though he'd been living at the rate of a good ten thousand a year. Usual thing. I had to keep myself somehow. I didn't make a bad hunt secretary, I think. My wife helped me. The mischief with my wife was that she'd do anything for me. Stick at nothing. She did stick at nothing. She died for me."

"What do you mean—she died for you?" I put the question in a tone as sympathetic as I could manage.

Byatt jumped up and walked about and kicked his coat lying on the dirty floor. A child, still a child! But I began to be anxious, to be afraid, about the probably distressing quality of the child's story. Children can suffer. A solemn mood was coming over me.

"This lady you've just seen—I forget her surname; she's married; her Christian name's Ethel. It's no good beating about the bush. Ethel fell in love with me, violently. She didn't hide it, didn't trouble to hide it. Well, damn it; she was very attractive. Still is; you could see that for yourself. I say you could see that for yourself."

"Of course."

"Well, when an attractive young woman makes straight at you—when she shows you she's your slave—what's a fellow going to do about it? She was attractive. No man—anyhow, awfully few men—could resist such an attack, and I didn't. I won't deny it. We saw a lot of one another. If I'd lifted my finger she'd have run away with me. It don't sound nice for a man to say such things, but there it was, and why should I beat about the bush? Yes, yes, I was in love with her. My wife fell ill. Pleurisy. Pneumonia. Had to go into a nursing home. She was very ill. I saw as much as I could of her. And I did not see Ethel at all. Ethel wrote to me, but I didn't answer her letters either. Sense of decency toward my wife, I suppose. Jolly few women have that sort of a sense of decency.

"Well, I had to run up to London for a night on urgent hunt business. What happens? While I'm away Ethel forces her way into the nursing home and sees my wife. Forces her way! I have the evidence of the nurse on that point anyhow. Can you imagine it? I don't know directly what Ethel said to my wife. But I know what my wife said to the nurse afterward—perhaps her mind was wandering, but she said it all the same. I mean perhaps she didn't intend to say it, because you don't make such confidences to a nurse. However, she said it. She said that Ethel was in love with me and I was in love with Ethel, and so she felt—my wife felt—she was only in the way, because she wanted my happiness more than anything, and if my happiness meant Ethel's happiness, she wanted Ethel to be happy too. And the next day my wife went and died. I say she just went and died. And that was that. Can you conceive it?"

"I hardly can."

"Well, you'd better set about conceiving it then. That's what women are—some of them. Ethel must have been mad—completely carried away by her feelings for me. But there's some varieties of madness that oughtn't to be forgiven, and can't be. I never saw her again until today. She didn't write, and you may be sure I didn't. She cleared out, and a good thing too! I heard afterward she'd married some plutocrat."

At this point poor Byatt dropped into abuse which, though there was not a word in it that couldn't be printed, was so appalling that I don't care to reproduce it. Moreover, I couldn't possibly reproduce the tone—icy, icy, and so deliberate.

I didn't speak, because I couldn't think of anything adequate to say. I couldn't even look at the unhappy man. Somehow, I was ashamed before him, as though I'd done something wrong to him. I expect I was ashamed of not being as unhappy as he was. For the whole tragedy, apparently years old, was quite fresh in his mind. The coward in me that is in all of us would have given almost anything to be a hundred miles away.

He proceeded, "And look at me. I'm the result. Of course there was a vast deal of talk. For scandalmongering give me a hunting county! I threw up my job—and if I hadn't thrown it up of my own accord I should have been asked to. Sold the furniture—the furniture was practically all I had on earth. Lower and lower naturally! At last touting for jobs as a guide in Venice! See this beard? Do you think I wore a preposterous beard in those days? Not much! I let my beard grow because one day I dropped my safety razor out of the window here, cleaning it, and hadn't the money to buy another. Besides, why should I shave? Men in my state get careless and idle."

A clock struck noisily on some tower.

"Your gondola's here," said Byatt.

"But I can't leave you like this," I burst out.

"Yes, you can. I've no claim on you whatever, and you can't help me."

"Listen," I said, resuming my coat. "I can't talk now. I—I'm too sorry for you

(Continued on Page 104)



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(Continued from Page 102)

to be able to talk about it. But you owe me your company at dinner and I'll expect you tonight."

"Shan't come."

"Then I'll call for you—eight o'clock. Yes, I will."

He was shaking his head as I hurriedly left, but he was not shaking it with any real conviction.

IV

ETHEL was standing nearly at the bottom of the frowsy flights of marble stairs. She made a charming, appealing, pathetic picture in a dark corner, as she half sprang at me.

"Excuse me—are you his friend?" she timidly asked in an exquisite voice.

For an instant I understood that she could indeed be irresistible when she chose; she was choosing. I explained my relations with Byatt, and added, "Are you thinking of going up to him again? I doubt if that would be very wise."

"Do you know his story?" she asked.

"I know his story," I replied frankly. "He's just told me." The situation seemed to have rendered us intimate without any preliminaries.

She said, with quick submission, "I'll do whatever you consider best. But could we have a talk—I mean you and I?"

"My gondola is waiting. Will you come with me?"

"I have my launch here," she said. "If you wouldn't mind. It's more private than a gondola. I've just arrived on my yacht."

"That big yacht?"

"Yes. You must have seen us. I saw the gondola. At first I didn't quite recognize Mr. Byatt because of his beard"—she gave a little shudder—"but afterward I could be sure by his way of moving his hands."

I had noticed nothing remarkable in the movement of his hands; women, however, notice and remember the tiniest trifles in the deportment of the men they have loved.

"I'll come with you with pleasure," I said. "To the yacht?"

She was evidently, despite her modest demeanor, a personage of consequence; the number of people who have control of a very big yacht is exceedingly few.

She nodded. "I'm alone on board, but I'm expecting friends at the end of the week. I suppose he told you my husband was dead."

"He didn't know," I answered, and said further, perhaps callously, "He didn't even know your married name."

I dismissed my gondola. Ethel's launch, with its crew of three, was a craft as smart as only the launch of a big yacht can be smart. It had a glazed cabin, closed forward, with a door aft. Once in the cabin we were shut off completely from the crew. The launch, almost silent, got away with an entirely un-Venetian speed; it passed everything on the ruffled bosom of the Grand Canal. Owing to its inclosed propeller, it could pull up with suddenness of a motor car; gondoliers and the engineers of other launches were at first terrorized, then relieved, then angry; Ethel's British crew magnificently ignored all Venetian manifestations of feeling.

"I followed you as soon as the launch could be lowered," said Ethel, "but the moment I got inside the house and inquired for Mr. Byatt, I hesitated to go upstairs. And is that his home?"

I nodded. She shuddered again.

We were approaching the great white side of the yacht.

"No!" she cried. "Not on board! Not on board! Let us go to Torcello. We can talk in the cathedral there. I went there last year in the launch. There's no place quite like it."

I assented, though I had always regarded Torcello as a day's excursion. Ethel gave an order, peeping forth from the cabin. A man touched his cap. The launch swerved. The engineer opened out and the pace was doubled.

We had covered the six sunlit miles to Torcello and were shooting up the village canal making huge plutocratic waves on either side by the time I had recounted to Ethel the narrative just heard from Byatt. I had no scruples about being perfectly candid with her; neither regard for her sensibilities nor a sense of loyalty to Byatt could prevent me from making a complete disclosure.

She wept a little, but very discreetly. A strange scene! Though our acquaintance extended over a space of but half an hour, we might have been lifelong intimates. To be with this dissolving, wonderful creature in the privacy of the cabin aroused in me emotions both delicious and sad. "Does she still love him?" I asked myself. She was the mistress of a big yacht, and doubtless also of big houses; and Byatt had grown a beard because he had no money to buy a razor, and they were bound together by a dead woman ——

We were in the cold, bare, deserted, lovely Cathedral of Santa Maria. The dark and beautiful Venetian girl who was our cicerone sat down on a stone step by the door to await placidly the pleasure of the tourists; and the childishly naïve twelfth-century mosaics of the Last Day, the Crucifixion, and Hell were spread in front of us.

"This is the most touching church in the world," Ethel murmured.

I thought so too.

"I didn't force my way into the nursing home," she said quietly, after a pause, and sat down on the balustrade that guarded the chancel, and sighed. "At least I did. But Mrs. Byatt had sent me a note. The page boy at the home brought it, and I don't think anybody else in the home knew anything about it. The note was just this: 'I'm very, very ill. Please come and see me here. It's urgent.' Scrawled in pencil. I was ashamed to go. But of course I felt I must go. I knew I couldn't look her in the face. I knew I'd done her wrong—a wrong. I admit all that. I had great difficulty in getting in to her. Well, I did force my way in. But after her note, wasn't I bound to see her? She smiled at me very kindly. I burst into tears at once—the moment the nurse was out of the room—she asked the nurse to leave.

"She didn't cry, Mrs. Byatt didn't. And she was terribly ill. She said she wanted me to tell her honestly if I was in love with her husband—with Edgar. How could I tell her a lie? Then she said she knew Edgar was in love with me. I couldn't speak. I only nodded. She beckoned me to come close to her, and she took my hand and kissed it. Yes! And she was frightfully ill and her breathing was awful, but she seemed perfectly calm in herself. I'm afraid I must have made a dreadful noise sobbing. The nurse came back and the doctor was with her.

"I had to go. They pushed me out. Afterward—the next day—I heard she was dead. I went away to London. I never heard from Edgar—and why should he write to me? And I couldn't bring myself to write to him. I married—perhaps you know how you marry at the first chance when you're—when you're like I was, with nothing on earth to live for. In two years my husband died. That's the story."

After a long interval of silence she began to talk about the mosaics and the carvings on the balustrade of the chancel. The beautiful girl at the door sat waiting for us with everlasting patience.

At last Ethel said, "It's the feel of this church that has helped me to tell you. I knew it would. . . . And I never saw him again until today. He's very poor and unhappy, isn't he? Why did you say I mustn't go upstairs to him again?"

V

I FETCHED Byatt out of his lair, and he dined with me at one of the open-air restaurants which are a feature of Venetian summer life. It happened to be a week when low tide occurred in the evenings, and the aroma of the canals, which on three sides bounded the restaurant, was added to the odors of the dishes. At the end of the meal cigar smoke mitigated the battle of the smells.

"How could I have guessed that my wife had sent for her?" he said gloomily, after I had told him, with my customary frankness and fullness, all that Ethel had told me.

"You'd have known all about it if you'd taken steps to see her," I answered.

"But how could I see her when I thought she'd practically killed my wife?" he objected.

"But she didn't know you thought that of her," I said. "She didn't even suspect it."

"Then it's nobody's fault. The nurse was quite sincere. It was just one of those things that are nobody's fault. My luck! Her luck, if you like."

"Do you want to hear my view?"

"As you wish."

"My view is that you were too proud, and she was too proud. You've suffered for your pride."

He retorted in a bitter, rather loud voice, "I suppose in my place you'd have acted quite differently."

I looked at the tablecloth.

"I dare say I should have acted just as you did. But I should have been wrong all the same. However, it's no use discussing that. The point now is that you can put yourself right."

"How?"

"By going to see her. She's paid you a visit, and you can return it. She gave way first, anyhow—that's something."

"Go and see her on her yacht, eh?"

"It's where she lives."

"Never!" he cried fiercely, hitting the table. "Never! I'll die first. She's rolling in wealth—rolling in it; and me—look at me! No! Never! I'd a thousand times sooner be unhappy forever and ever."

"And would you far sooner she should be unhappy forever and ever too?"

He hesitated. "Yes!" he exploded savagely. "A ruined man and a pauper making up to a rich widow! Not on your life!"

"If you were rolling in wealth, would you go and see her?" I demanded.

"I might."

"And you won't because you're a pauper—as you say?"

"I won't."

"Then besides being a pauper," I said resentfully, "you're a fool—and a proud fool, and a cruel fool."

He pushed back his chair violently and seized his hat. "Thanks for your charming hospitality," he said acidly, and strode away.

He could not leave by water, as he had no money for a gondola, but in Venice there are hidden footpaths from everywhere to everywhere. I paid the bill and hurried in my gondola to his abode, and there lay in wait. Presently I saw him, through the central passage, enter the house from some alley at the back. He began to climb the stairs wearily; a broken man, a pitiable, a heartrending spectacle. I cautiously and silently followed him up the dim steps. Then I stopped, petrified.

Under a feeble glim, in the very corner of a landing where I had met her earlier in the day, she had been waiting for him again. Her hand was on his shoulder. She was timorously smiling at him. Invincible, yielding woman!

I crept downstairs swiftly, like a would-be thief in imminent fear of detection. I had seen, beneath the flickering flame in its dirty glass, on the frowsy landing, the most beautiful and reassuring sight I had ever seen. And I can still shut my eyes and see it afresh.

The next morning, at my hotel, I received a note:

> Please lend me fifty pounds if you can. She can get me a job, but I must have money in my pocket. I admit I was a cruel fool. But she was not. Don't come down. And thank you.
>
> E. B.

He must have brought the note himself. I put good English bank notes into an envelope and addressed the envelope and gave it to the waiting boy. And I did not go down.

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There he made his home as a young man. There in later years, over the food and the coffee that made it celebrated, he welcomed Presidents and admirals, statesmen and generals—the illustrious visitors to old Dixie.

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And the same firm of coffee merchants who perfected this blend years ago down in Nashville, Tennessee, still blend and roast it today. The same coffee that so delighted the guests of the old Maxwell House is on sale in sealed tins at all better grocery stores.

Give your family the enjoyment of this wonderful blend. When its delicate fragrance reaches you and you take your first sip of the rich, mellow liquid, you will know why the most discriminating families have been so eager to secure it. Plan now to serve it tomorrow for breakfast or dinner. Ask your grocer for one of the blue tins of Maxwell House Coffee. Cheek-Neal Coffee Company, Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles.



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SOMETHING JUST AS GOOD

(Continued from Page 23)

terminating at Deadwood, where I was well and favorably known to all and sundry. Things was beginning to boom in the upper hills and there wasn't skassly a trip I made that I didn't see changes—new enterprises starting up, old ones going bust, new people coming in and old ones getting killed off; but, on the whole, the towns a-growing and beginning to put on lugs and dog. Being a smart, wide-awake, up-and-a-coming and up-to-date business man from the soles of my moccasins to my coonskin cap, I kept my eyes peeled for these here changes and innovations, and one fine sunny fall morning, as I walked down the main street of Deadwood, I seen a new sign out over the doorway of a little frame shack squeezed in between Bonesteel & Turner's and Mac the Saddler's. It read:

CLAY J. OGLESBY
ATTORNEY AT LAW

"It can't be!" I says to my worst enemy. "It ain't reasonable that it would be that brat." Hows'ever, I went in, and there, sure enough, grown to twice his len'th and broadened out a trifle, was my young friend, sitting up to a table that was piled up with papers and law books, a-writing away to beat the cars. Of course, being labeled, I reco'nized him a heap easier; but when he looked up and grinned at me, I think I'd have known him anyway.

"Good afternoon, sir. Be seated and I'll be at your service in a minute or two," he says, and went on writing.

I become seated. Once he stopped and looked at me sort of thoughtful from under his long curly black eyewinkers, but before I could say anything he was busy again. Finally he took up the paper and leaning back in his chair begun to read in a deep bass voice what he'd wrote:

"'County of Lawrence, Territory of Dakota, scilicet: This deposition, made and executed this fourteenth day of September, anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight, witnesseth that on the day and date hereinbefore mentioned, personally appeared before me the undersigned deponent, Clay Jackson Oglesby, of the city of Deadwood and county and territory aforesaid, the following, to wit: One full set or arrangement of buff or sandy whiskers to me hitherto unknown, but attached to and forerunning the features of one Samuel Stegg, he being well known to deponent and ——'

"I thank you, Mr. Stegg, but there is no fishbone in my throat, or other obstruction. How are you yourself anyway? Charmed and delighted, I'm sure, and tickled 'most to pieces to see you again."

"What for did you want to go through all that rigmarole?" I asked him when we'd got through shaking hands and settled down.

"Force of professional habit," he replies. "We lawyers are slaves to form. And then when you first came in I thought you might be a client that it would be well to impress. Did I impress you? Did you get the idea that I was a busy young man who rather regretted the necessity of listening to your troubles? By the way, would you mind holding these papers in your hand and pointing to them if you see anybody looking in, and say in a loud and firm voice, 'Mr. Oglesby, I'm willing to follow your advice and compromise for twenty thousand dollars'—or something of that nature?"

I agreed to do that little thing, and then I told him that he must have a good memory for faces to have placed me right away like he did; but he said no he hadn't, but I had an unusual face. "An open face," says he; "a receptive face—particularly for rabbit stew and johnnycake. Did you ever get my letter thanking you for the gun you sent me? That was an injudicious present, Mr. Stegg. If we had been anywhere near a stage route, there's no telling what would have happened. Here, let me show you."

He got up and went into the room that was partitioned off from the office and in a minute he come back with the pearl-handled .38 that I'd blew myself for in Cheyenne one time when under the influence of a prodigal streak or something and had sent to the kid, care of Levi, to be give to him on his twelfth birthday.

"Do you reckon a youngster would be likely to forget a man's face when he had lavished a gorgeous instrument of murder like this on him?" says Clay, and somehow that sort of pleased me. The gun was in mighty good shape, too, without a scratch on it and oiled and ready for emergencies.

"It has come in very handy on several occasions," says Clay. "But for this shining toy, society would still be groaning under the existence of men and women who shouldn't have been allowed to be born, much less live to manhood and womanhood. One of them had the back-slapping habit."

I apologized for my enthusiastic greeting and asked him how was he prospering. He said that, considering he'd only had the office open for a little more than three weeks, he was doing very well indeed. Several people had looked in at the door with wishful expressions on their faces, 'sif they'd like the best kind to have him attend to their law business if they only had any to be attended to. Not directly remunerative, he says, but encouraging. He told me he had gone to Beloit and took the law course there, according to old Levi's dying wishes. He had intended then to proceed to Omaha or Chicago, where, he had been given to understand, there was considerably more litigation than in Deadwood. But Deadwood was nearer to the ranch on the Belle Fourche.

"I've got a tenant on it now," says Clay, with his quick wide smile. "He's undertaken to worry for me by the terms of an ironclad, hog-tight lease that I drew up myself, if I do say it. Still, it's handy to be in Deadwood; and when Moody and Washabaugh and Steel and Parker and a few dozen others die off or retire, I'll get a fair share of business. Also, Chicago and Omaha is too remote from heaven."

"I've heard rumors to that effect and I judge there's some foundation for 'em," I says; "but if Deadwood is any closer, there's been a heap of powerful revival work done here since my last trip."

"Wrong," says Clay. "Taking heaven to be the abode of angels, as I've been informed it is—of beings pure and good and bright and beautiful and glorious to behold—I can tell you that we've got a little private branch of the celestial establishment right within our corporate limits. I know, because I've been there; and after you and I have eaten supper at the Wentworth, I'm going to excuse myself from you, temporary, and climb the golden ladders to the terrace where Melanie dwells. Melanie and I will then sit out on the porch and watch the moon rise over White Rocks and listen to the plaintive feline wailing of the one-string fiddles that floats up from Chinatown to our enraptured ears. If that won't be heaven, it will be a pretty good substitute that I could get along with for an eternity or two."

"Melanie?" I repeats. "Melanie? Melanie who, bud?"

"She confers distinction and luster on the patronymic of Baggerly," Clay replies. "I met her at Beloit."

I whistled. "Jim Baggerly's girl? You're shooting high, son."

"Hitch your wagon to a star," says he. "Mine is attached to the brightest and loveliest in the whole gol-darned firmament, but that ain't nothing to do with Jim Baggerly. Jim is of the earth earthy, with all due respect to him and his money and his bank stock and stuff. If he was still swinging a pick and caressing the head of a drill with an eight-pound sledge at three dollars per diem, she'd still be the coruscatingest jewel in the stellar spaces. I hate to speak in terms of detraction of my future father-in-law, but if he wasn't lost to the major portion of a sense of decency he wouldn't allow a low-down, homicidal tinhorn like Terry Soper in the same ten-acre lot as his daughter, not to speak of his house."

"Jim's democratic," I told him. "And another thing—there's few would be right eager to boot Terry Soper off their front porch. He's bad medicine, that hombre."

"He makes me sick," says Clay. "But let's change the subject—to supper, for instance. Have the rolling years done anything to your appetite?"

We went and had a good supper at the Wentworth, and following that, smoked a good cigar, with good talk that gave me a right good opinion of Mr. Clay Jackson Oglesby. Considerable of a man, I judged, and about the kind that you'd expect a boy like he was to grow into. Nobody's fool, but straight as a string and clean as a hound's tooth. You could tell that he'd been East, account of him talking like one of these Eastern pilgrims some of the time, and he was something of a dude in his dress, which didn't hurt his appearance none. He seemed to be mighty particular about the part of his hair, which was brushed as slick as stove polish. You couldn't say much for his mustache as yet, but it promised well for its age, although, as wide as his mouth stretched when he forgot for a moment how sad and dreary life was and grinned, it seemed a pity to screen off them teeth of his with soup strainers. Quite a lad! I'll bet Levi was proud of him, and it was a shame that the old man couldn't have made out to live a spell longer.

Well, as soon as we had finished our cigars, he done like he'd said—excused himself and started off for heaven, whistling a tune as he went. I hoped he would have a good time, and I sort of figured that he would. You could tell by the way the girls in the dining room looked at him that he might be sort of popular with the sect if he laid himself out to try. But this Melanie Baggerly—well, I'd seen her and spoke to her and heard tell of her a right smart, and I figured that Clay might have hitched that wagon of his to a balky mule and stood about as good a chance of getting somewhere. The day had already gone by when a person could just get him a clean shave and a paper collar and bust into any doings that happened to be did; you had to have an invite to the toniest ones, and Melanie was in the plumb center of the upper crust, while Clay wasn't even filling as yet. In time, if he made good, he might be took up and took in, but in the meantime here was a numerous number of chips of our best old blocks getting the aidge on him to a painful degree, and unless he had got a big start with the girl at Beloit, that would count.

Then there was Terry Soper. The way Clay spoke, I smelled trouble. I hadn't never heard Terry spoke of as a tinhorn before. Allusions like them is apt to get around to the ears of the allusioned party, and while Terry may or may not have been crooked, his record indicated that he got bloodthirsty when peeved. He was a big, round-faced, sleepy-eyed somebuddy, dark complected as a Mexican, which some claimed he was on his mother's side. He dressed regardless and was a heap given to fancy vests and to bowing and scraping with his hat in his hand when he aimed to be polite. There was talk that he was interested financially in the Gem Theater and in two dance halls in Lead, but that may not have been so. Anyway, he'd sat in some big games since he'd been in our midst and nobody ever accused him of crooked work—which may or may not have been account of his Texas and Oklahoma record as a killer. I'd heard of Jim Baggerly winning anywhere from fifty to five thousand dollars off him at a stud game one night, and I'd heard that Jim had him up to the house once or twice, but I didn't see that that was any reason for Clay getting all het up. Granted that Terry had behaved himself, played straight and kept strickly sober, that didn't signify nothing significant. Jim might have Mike Moran's bartender up to the house—would, if he took a notion. One thing about Jim Baggerly—he never got his head swelled.

Right then and there come a quick, springy step on the porch, and somebody kicked the legs of the tilted chair I was setting in and then grabbed the back of it and jerked it into position again, just as I was a-pawing the air and bracing myself for the coming shock at the end of my spine. I started remonstrating with the Smart Aleck who had done this, and was about to show him a chair trick of my own, when he begun laughing and I seen that it was Jim Baggerly himself.

"You wouldn't brain a person for a little thing like that, would you?" says he, and I told him that I certainly wouldn't, because a person like that wouldn't have any brains to brain.

"Well, well," says he, rumpling my hair with his horny fingers. "Mebbe you're right, Sam, mebbe you're right. Is it safe to sit by you yet?" He took the chance and offered me a cigar, which I passed, and then lit one himself and got down to business. "If you and Don Gurney want a short-haul job and don't open your mouths too wide on the price, I can throw one your way," says he, and went on to say that it was the machinery from the old Blood-Blister five-stamp that him and Brent and McCarthy had bought at sheriff's sale on the ground two years ago and which they wanted moved over to a real mine that Brent had near Terraville—a rock-bound treasure house of fabulous wealth that me and Don might be let to have some stock in. Would Don and me like to drive over to the mill tomorrow and make an estimate?

I told him I'd talk it over with Don and we'd let him know in the morning. We'd have to look at the road too. "But I want you to distinctly understand that we don't entertain no stock proposition," I says. "Funny thing that I was just thinking of you when you came along. How's the madam and Melanie?"

"You can find out by going up to see 'em," he replies. "Tell you what—you come up along about noon and we'll have a bite of what the woman has got for us and then go and look at the whole thing. I've got business in Terra anyway."

I told him I'd think that over too. I don't like to go back on an old friend just because he's had the misfortune to get rich; but Jim's house, with its mahogany furniture and elegant carpets and Ma Baggerly's airs and graces—well, you know how it is. "I reckon," I says, "that it won't be long before Melanie will be leaving you. I understand that there's one or two young bucks a-fluting round your tepee."

"One or two dozen," says he. "I met one of 'em just now at the corner of Gold and Main—a fresh young snipe of a lawyer that's just hung out his shingle here. Oglesby, his name is."

"That must be our legal adviser," I told him. "He takes care of all our business for us."

"I'd think that he'd need extra help," says Jim, sort of sarcastic. "Did you say all of it?"

"And we was darned lucky to get him before the rush," I says. "Smart as a whip and honest as the day is long. If he don't think you've got a case, he'll tell you so."

"I don't think you've got one—unless it's a packing case, and I don't mind telling you so. But, honest, do you know him? I understood that he came from Beloit. That's where Melanie says she met up with him. To tell you the truth, Sam, I ain't got no sort of use for a lawyer, except to see

(Continued on Page 110)

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WWJ–*Detroit*
WRC–*Washington*
WGN–*Chicago*
WOC–*Davenport*
WCCO–*Minneapolis, St. Paul*
KSD–*St. Louis*

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that nobody else bilks me and to keep me out of jail."

I allowed that that was something, and I didn't think it would hurt none to tell him who Clay was and how I'd known him from childhood and never heard of him doing a mean thing.

I judged that old Jim took that all in and mebbe gave weight to it, but you could never tell from the old scoundrel's face what was in his hand or up his sleeve.

Don and me figured that as we didn't have nothing spoke for or promised at Sidney, we might as well see what this Baggerly haul looked like, as, if we took it on, it would give us time to pick up more freight for the down trip, so next morning I put on my good clothes and had my whiskers trimmed to go up to Jim's. On my way, I looked in on Clay, finding him up to his ears in work as usual. I asked him did he have a heavenly time last night and he made answer that he had had a hell of a time.

"You mean a aitch of a good time," I corrects him.

"I mean exactly what I'm telling you," says he; and looking at him close, I seen he did mean it.

"But there's one thing," says he, "and that is that it's all over, meaning done, finished, at an end and terminated, and I won't have nothing to worry about or distract my mind from my work, which is something to be thankful for. If a person, angel or no angel, is a-going to tolerate the society of a rotten, greasy, thieving, murdering half-breed buzzard, and talks about him being fascinatingly picturesque and romantic and mysterious beyond words, besides being a slumbering volcano; and if she won't take a few words of advice and a little mild and reasonable reproof in the spirit that they're offered, all I've got to say is she's welcome and I'm through. I'm no volcano myself, but I certainly felt like erupting. Not that I did, you understand. I was ca'm—ca'm and cool as an iceberg floating in the sunny seas of Labrador. Even my facts was cold."

"Well, mebbe you'll learn to have more sense than to feed a girl cold facts," I told him. "What a woman craves is warm fiction. And I want to ask can you hit anything with that pistol-gun you was showing me yesterday? I mean without taking up undue time in unlimbering."

"I'm a modest man and opposed to bragging of my accomplishments," says Clay, "but candor compels me to admit that I am reasonably celerious on the draw and fairly accurate in my aim. You might call me a lallapaloosa and not be overstating. You see, when I got your gun, father staked me to a reloading outfit, including a bullet mold; and having plenty of lead, powder and leisure, and a laudable ambition to excel, I did tolerably well. Then, father was no slouch with his old cap-and-ball, and a friend of his by the name of Mr. William J. Hickok stayed with us a day and kindly devoted half of it to my tuition. . . . Yes, I can shoot with that gun."

"You'd better strap it on under your arm then," I told him, "and that's a piece of advice that I hope you'll take in the spirit in which it's offered. Don told me last night that Terry Soper had been making some cracks about you in Crosby's place. I thought I'd tell you. That little devil of Jim's ——"

"Go easy," says Clay, frowning. "Don't spoil our flowering friendship. As for packing a gun for that vermin, I ain't going to show disrespect for no lady by fussing with one of her callers and mebbe having it surmised that the fracas was on her account. I aim to keep out of Mr. Soper's way, and he'll keep out of mine if he knows what's good for him. And now you'd better run along and play until suppertime. See you then."

I went on up to Jim's and was well received by Jim and very kindly so by ma, who was waxing fat, as the Good Book says, and feeling her oats. She meant well though. I certainly made one break when I told her I was hoping to get some corned beef and cabbage, cooked the way she used to cook it in the old days at Carbonate. But that passed off, and Jim took me down to the basement to show me something, not being supposed to keep it in the house. Finally Melanie come downstairs, and, by Godfrey, you'd have thought that I was her long-lost uncle. She was all right, it seemed to me, and I didn't blame Clay one particle for anything but giving her good advice. As for cold facts, you could easy have told her that her eyes was as blue as the heavens above and as bright as diamonds, and that her hair was like gold and her teeth like pearls and all the rest of it, and never gone outside or beyond the coldest kind; but she had more than them things. She had a sort of way with her that words don't fit, nohow, and she had sperit—plumb full of it—and spunk; and in between a certain amount of fool talk that she knowed was fool talk and which you didn't mind, she let slip a few things that showed she had a right smart of good sense.

Another thing, she wasn't afraid of herself nor nobody else. After a while we went and sat out on the gallery, and pretty soon ma called Jim into the house, and Melanie come right plump out with what was on her mind.

"I heard last night that you was in town," she says. "A friend of yours told me."

"I'll bet it was Clay Oglesby," says I. "Not but what I've got other friends, but they wouldn't be apt to be friends of yours."

"I didn't say that Mr. Oglesby was, did I?" she asks. "Yes, it was him told me."

"He's a right nice boy," I stated. "He'll go far, Clay will."

"He goes a little too far sometimes," says she. "I had to tell him that he did, so I don't suppose we shall see any more of him here."

"Probably not," I agrees. "Especially if he's got his mind made up to stay away. There's that about him—if he once makes up his mind, you can cut him up into little pieces before he'll give in. Firm as a rock! Firmer, because you can move a rock with a few sticks of giant, but you can't move Clay from any position he's took."

"A good deal like a balky mule," she remarks, "without any tail that a person can twist. Dear me, he must be more unpleasant than I had any idea of."

"But you can do anything with him with kindness," I went on to say. "A gentle pat or two on the back and a few loving words and you can lead him anywheres you want him to go."

She laughed. "You don't say so! You must have been making a long and careful study of the gentleman's character, and that's rather funny, because he told me about the one time that you saw him before yesterday."

Then we both laughed, and once you do that with a person—good and hearty—you can bet that you're on good terms with him or her, and ain't going to have no trouble right away. "Well," I says, "it ain't the number of times you see folks that makes you like 'em and understand the nature of 'em."

"And that's the gospel truth," says she. "You'd be surprised to know how less and less I like some the oftener I'm obliged to see them—and they're the ones that come oftenest, as a rule. People I like lots and heaps, like I do you, for instance, stay away from me, except when they've got business with pa."

"That may or may not be the case, according to how and wherefore," I told her. "But regarding of Clay, I took a big notion to that young one on the Belle Fourche ranch. I wish't you could have seen him, ragged and barefoot, all by his lonesome. No mother to look after the poor kid and give him the loving he needed, and his daddy away a right smart of the time—having to be—and yet so gritty and trying to make the best of ever'thing! You just think of that, Melanie, my dear."

"I have thought of it," she says, in a funny kind of a low voice, and turned her head away quickly. "The sun's right in my eyes," she says, and passed her hand acrost 'em and then shifted her chair. But she didn't need to look at the sun where she was.

"And I reckon all of them things that I liked in him then he's done kept," I went on. "The girl who gets him will get a man worth having."

"I'll keep your recommendation in mind," she says, smiling at me kind of mischeevious. Lord, when she smiled at you thataway!

Then a gong sounded in the house—pom-pom-m-m, pom-pom-m-m, pom-pom-m-m—and Jim helped it out by bawling, "Grub pile!"

At which Melanie grabs me by the arm and steers me to the dining room, giving my arm a squeeze on the way that wasn't noways painful.

After we'd et, Jim has his team around to the door and we got into the old buckboard that disgraced 'em and lit out. We made good time, and we needed to, for when we got to the mill I seen at once that it was going to take some figuring; and when I looked at the road out to Brent's new mine, I seen there was more figuring still to be done, and a day's work for me and Don on a prelim'nary survey.

Jim wanted to rush me into an estimate, but I said him nay. I knew Jim. He might love you like the apple of his eye, but he'd skin you every time on a dicker if he could.

"Here's where a lawyer comes in useful, even according to Jim's tell," I says to myself; and having that in mind, I got Clay to come out with Don and me the next day and we done a good job of prelim'nary surveying. Then when we got back, we sent word to Jim that we'd meet him at Clay's office at two in the afternoon of the next day and be ready to make him a proposition, and when the time came, he was there, and Brent with him.

Don and me didn't do much talking. We just set back and admired Clay while he done it. I seen then what Clay had been a-doing with that fat notebook that he toted along on our trip, and I begun to get the drift of the many fool questions he had asked us. Mister, that boy had everything—grade percentages on the pitches figured to a dot and the fillings estimated to the last shovel of dirt, and his estimates on the whole thing was what you might call liberal. Jim and Brent just naturally went up in the air as if they had been blasted, and when they lit they lit a-hollering and a-pawing. We was crazy; we was highway robbers. If we thought they was a-going to stand any such imposition we had mighty poor and defective apparatus for thinking, and we could take our thus-and-so harpoons and grease 'em to keep off the rust and put 'em back again. Did we think that we had the only freight outfit in town?

"As far as you are concerned, we have," says Clay, with one of his grins. "Cospatrick & Rollins told you a week ago that they couldn't hook a chain for you for three weeks, anyway; you tried the Northwestern, and the best they could do was stick you for a bonus; and, even so, would have to wait until Cinnamon Bill got back from Cheyenne. Then you went to Charley Bates—and you know what he told you. Well, gentlemen, we're just as independent as any of 'em, so if you want to get your stock on the market by the first, and have Bonham run that article in the Pioneer, you haven't much time to lose."

"Think you've got a cinch and you can bleed us, hey?" says Brent.

"I'd just as soon you wouldn't talk thataway, Mr. Brent," says Clay. "It ain't pretty; it ain't like a little gentleman ought to talk, and you might peeve us to such an extent that we'd tell you to go to hell. I've showed you what the grades are and where we want this junk placed for loading and when—which you'll notice is embodied in the contract, with proper provision in case of your failure. We're charging you no more than a good, reasonable price. If you think that grading can be done cheaper, go to it yourselves, but it must be as specified and under our supervision if you do it yourselves. I think that's all. Take it in a gentlemanly way, or leave it similar. But one thing or the other right now, if you'll be so kind."

Brent picked up the contract and read it over and then offered it to Jim, who waved it aside.

"I got all the sickening details by heart," he says. "Well, gimme a pen."

He shook hands with Clay when he left, and so did Brent. It seemed to me we had treated them something scand'lous, but they didn't seem to be sore about it. "I want to get a chance to talk to you the next time you're up to the house," Jim says to Clay, and Clay told him he'd prob'ly have a good chance right here, any time from nine A.M. to 5:30 P.M. "I won't keep you waiting in the anteroom long, it ain't likely."

"That the room where you ante?" Jim laughs. And Brent says, "Smoke a good cigar on me, Mr. Oglesby," and offered him one, passing Don and me up.

We could see where Clay had saved us money on the deal, outside of boosting our figure on it, to say nothing of the resk of holding the sack on the whole deal or coming out at the little end of the horn on some slip-up. As it was, we got through with the job and got our money for it without any trouble. And with all that, we could hardly get him to take any fee at all, and what he did let us force on him wasn't worth speaking of.

"It looks like we'd be eating together pretty regular for a while," I says to him at the supper table that same evening.

"I'm glad to know it. It's always a joy to me to see and hear you eat," he replies—but smiling when he said it.

"Of course I could go to Jim's and eat with Melanie any time I took the notion," I told him. "I've got a standing invitation to set down at their table and out on their gallery. I didn't tell you that."

"That's very nice," says he, not smiling this time. "You and Terry Soper can enjoy each other's society too."

"You're a whole lot of a lunkhead in some respects," I informed him. "Ain't you going up there tonight? You wasn't there last night of course."

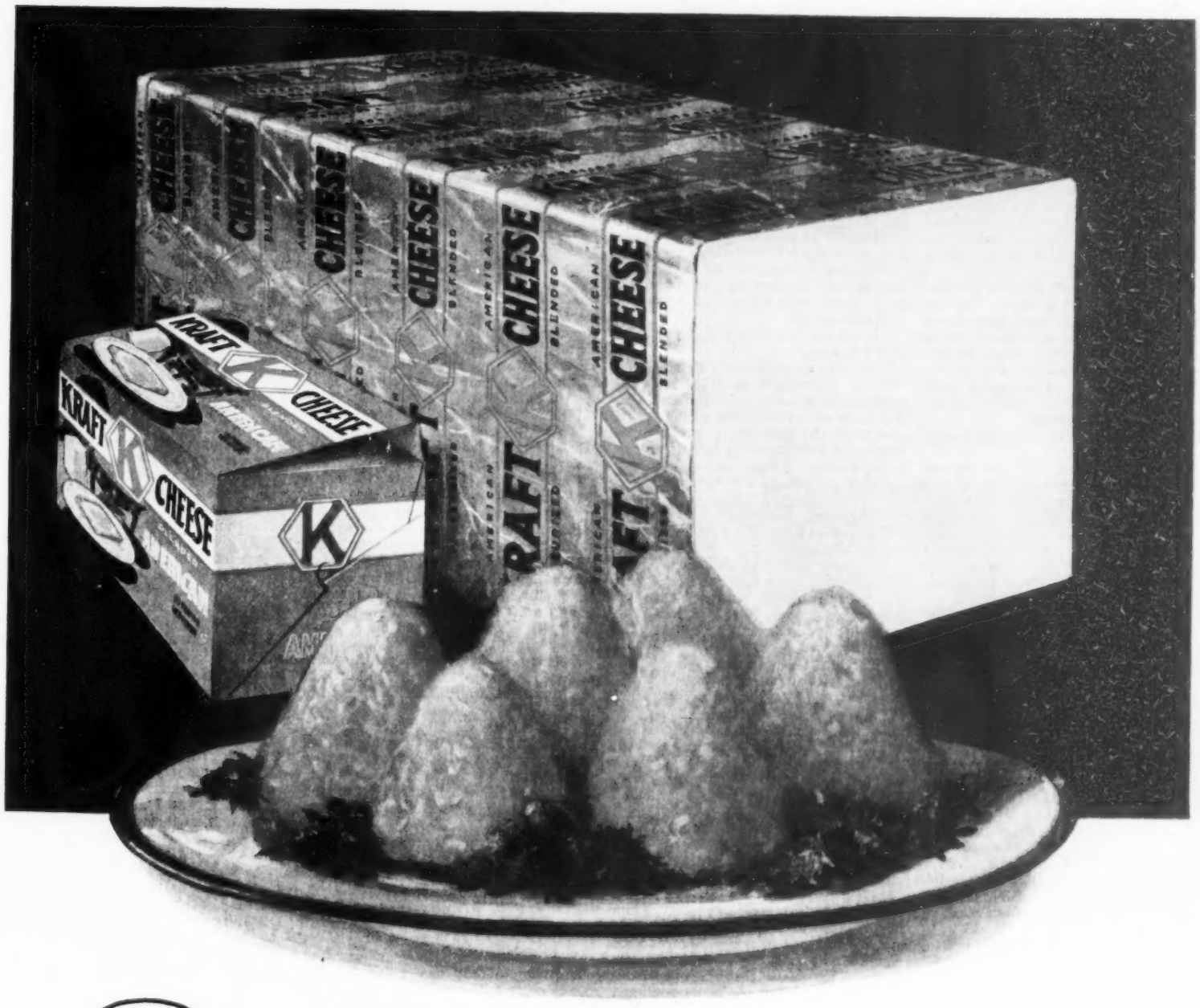
"The habits of the spotted dithyrincus are very interesting and worth while studying, I'm told, and I never remember seeing so mild a fall," was his reply. "In other words, it relegates the atrabilious conditions."

I remembered that last used to be a byword of mine, but I'd most forgotten it. Then it come to me. "You've got a mighty good memory," I says.

"When I hear something I don't understand, I keep it in mind until I can find out what it means," he says. "I made out to find all them words you used, in the dictionary, with one exception. I gathered that you wanted to change the conversation when you sprung them. I wasn't too dumb."

"I'm not, either," I says, and the topic was closed for the evening. It occurred to me that mebbe I was right when I told Melanie that Mr. Oglesby was some stubborn and set. Anyway, as time went on, I took notice that Clay's visits to the Baggerly residence had stopped after he announced he was through. Another thing I noticed was that he was working like the devil. I thought it was a bluff at first, and that he might be reading a Seaside novel behind the law book he was holding; but no, it was law, and mining law at that. But he wasn't let to study as much as mebbe he'd have liked. Seemed like he was getting acquainted fast, and ever' oncet in a while when I looked in at his office I'd find two or three of the boys there smoking and chinning—Charley Burke, the surveyor; Kinney, the superintendent of the Sweet Evelina; Mac the Saddler—who

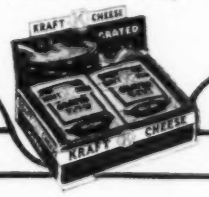
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didn't never waste much time on poor company—and a lot more. Once Judge Moody looked in and stayed over half an hour. All the same, I caught Mr. Man one time when he wasn't reading nor yet visiting. He was sitting with his elbows on the table and his face between his hands, and it was about as miserable a looking face as I'd ever seen.

I had to cough twice before he come out of his trance and looked cheerful.

"Why don't you go up and beg her pardon for acting like you done, and promise to behave yourself in future?" I asked him, and I was tickled to see the way he blushed up.

"You don't understand the circumstances, Uncle Sam," he says. "By the way, I've got two court cases, and who do you suppose sent me my clients? None other than our friend James Edgar Brent."

"Elegant moonlight nights now, and the Chinese fiddles must be a-sounding great up on Jim's gallery when the wind's blowing thataway," I murmurs.

"Two cases," says he, "and the beauty of it is I can win 'em."

"Good boy!" I says. "A couple of years from now and you'll be turning clients away and making money hand over fist."

He heaves a sigh right up from his boots. "I reckon that's about the best I can do now," says he. "It seems like a mighty poor substitute, but I may get more interested in the prospect in time. I'm a good deal of a philosopher. 'If you can't do the way you want, do the best you can; and if you can't get one thing, take another.'"

"Good philosophy, but you're getting it twisted in its application," I told him.

But it ain't no use arguing with a mule. Even the little I've had to do with 'em has learned me that. When they balk on you, let 'em think you've give up, and unhook 'em and tie 'em to the wagon by their halters and set down and smoke a pipe or two and cool off; then, after a while, hook 'em up again and it's an even chance they'll start off as pretty as you please; and once they're started, you can relieve your feelings by putting the bud to them. I knew that, but I didn't think that Melanie did. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, it wasn't a week after that that she showed me she'd got the idea.

I'd come in after some supplies for Don, and before I went back I allowed that I'd look in on Clay. I found him busy, but nobody with him; and I had just settled myself for a few minutes' talk with him, when who should come in but Melanie, sweet as a peach and looking like a smiling morn in May. For rapid action, I wish you could have seen Clay take his feet down off the table. Then he stood, staring, and as white as an ash heap. She didn't seem to see him at first, but made for me, with both hands out.

"I seen you come in here and I follered you to see if I had done anything to make you mad at me," she says. "You've been a-neglecting me shameful, and I don't like to be neglected." Then she turns to Clay and gives him a cool nod. "Good morning, Mr. Oglesby. . . . No, I won't set down, thank you. I have only a minute."

But she sat down just the same. A real surprising sort of a young lady! "Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" she says to me. "You ought to."

"I am, my dear," I answers. "I most always am."

"I'm glad you admit it. You'd better show it by coming up to see me. If there's anybody at the house you don't happen to like, I'll send him away and tell him not to come back. I'd sooner do that than have a friend of mine shun me like I was a pestilence when I ain't nothing of the kind."

"If you was, you wouldn't be shunned, but vice versa," I says. "But I want to ask you a question," I went on. "I know right well that you're looking square at me out of them beautiful eyes, but what arises in my mind is—are you a-talking to me, or are you a-talking to Clay here?"

She sort of giggled. "The very idea!" she says. "Whoever heard of such a thing! Such a preposterous notion! As if I'd dream of even speaking to Mr. Oglesby after the scandalous way in which he behaved the last time I saw him! He would have to call and apologize on his bended knees before I said anything like that to him."

Clay took a step toward her and stopped at the look she gave him. I got up and said I reckoned I'd have to be moving. She got up too. "Then I'll move with you," says she.

"Might I be permitted ——" Clay begins, eager, but sort of hesitating.

"You heard what I said to Mr. Stegg," says Melanie, and took my arm and moved me tords the door, which Clay jumped to hold open for us.

"I'll see you tomorrow, Clay," I told him over my shoulder.

As soon as we got outside, Melanie says, "You're what might be called an easy-going chaperon, aren't you? I'm surprised, and not at all flattered. Here I tag you all over town and into that young lawyer's office, and the first thing, you try to run away from me. I must say!"

"Two's company, I've heard," I told her.

"Of course," she answers. "We two—you and me. Don't you believe that you are my only love?"

"I do not; not by a gallon stone jugful, although that don't stop me from loving you to distraction," I says. "And now whichaway are you going? Because I'm going to Terraville and my rig's up the street a ways."

"You're n-n-not c-c-coming home with me?" she asks, in a sobbing voice.

"I hate to disappoint you so cruel, but I ain't," I replies. "Melanie," I says, "it's none of my business, but you give in to that young slim-jim too easy, in my opinion. And here's my rig and I'll have to bid you a fond ajew, and thank you for tagging of me, and I hope to pay my respects to you before long."

"So you think I gave in too easy?" she says, a-smiling.

I nodded and begun to untie the hitch strap.

"Well," says she, "one time papa had a man working for him who was stealing him blind. When papa found it out, he didn't say anything, but he was extra nice to the man and raised his pay three times in six weeks. That was so that when papa suddenly started cussing the man up hill and down dale and booted him in the same directions out of town, the man would feel all the worse about it."

"H'm!" says I.

"Of course you wouldn't betray a lady's confidence, even to a friend," she says, making eyes at me. "Especially if it was a lady who loved you like I do."

"I s'pose not," I says; but I didn't smile back at her.

I was tempted some to betray the confidence of the lady who loved me when I seen, the next day, what a complete and fancy job of fooling she'd done on poor Clay. He was certainly feeling right good about it, and when I come in he started back-slapping and rib-poking to such an extent that I had to stand him off with a bill spike—the very thing he was so strong against. I reckon he had hard work to keep from going outside and whooping and turning handsprings.

"Ain't she wonderful?" he asks me, making another pass to pound me, and with his face a-beaming. "Ain't she the marvel of the world? What other girl on earth would come right out, square as a die, open and aboveboard, like she done? Big as a house, she is—a big, noble soul! I felt like a queer quarter and a plugged picayune when she heaped them coals of fire on my head, I want to tell you. I'm going to smell singed hair the rest of my days. What call had I got to tell her who she was to let call on her? Who gave me any license to dictate and get up on my ear and say what I said? But she's forgave me, Uncle Sammy, dear, and what's more she's already give notice to that putrid scum to stay away from her. She done that, not to please me, but because, after she'd thought it over, she thought it was the right thing to do."

"From what you say, I gather that you went up to the house and called on Melanie and found her her angel self once more," I says.

"'Angel' is a poor weak word for it," says Clay. "I'll have to invent a special word to describe her that'll sort of do her justice. You know, I made up my mind long ago that I was a-going to ask her to marry me—when I got rich and great and sufficiently nervy—but last night I thought, why postpone when it looked like my chances was good? Well, I'd have done it in a minute more. I was just a-starting to do it when Jim come out on the gallery and spoiled it. He had the cat under his arm—it was a big cat and it was squirming, but old Jim just clamped down on it and looked at us.

"'What on earth are you doing with Bluebell?' his daughter asks him.

"'Well,' says her parent, drawling it out, 'I've wound the clock and I understand the next proceeding is to put the cat out. When the milkman comes you might tell him to leave an extry pint—if Mr. Oglesby is a-going to stay to breakfast.'

"I can take a hint as well as the next fellow, so I got up and said good night," says Clay. "But I'm going to fool the old rascal tonight and propose the first thing instead of the last. Something tells me that her answer won't be no."

"Clay, m'son," I warned him, "don't you do it, or you'll be sorry."

"How come?" says he. "If the worst comes to the worst, and I don't succeed in the law, I can always make an honest living."

"Don't ask me why, but you go slow and easy," I told him. "All ain't gold that glitters and you can't tell how the cat is a-going to jump until she's lit. Melanie's a little angel, of course; but, after all, she's Jim Baggerly's daughter, and it don't hurt none to watch Jim."

Of course he laughed at me and scorned the word of wisdom. If we was satisfied to take the word of our experienced elders that fire is hot there wouldn't be so many burned fingers. But we've all got to find it out for ourselves.

Don and me was both of us busy with our hauling by that time—hard work and plenty of it; so it was close on to a couple of weeks before I got back to town on Ed Kent's stage. As we drove down Main Street on the way to the livery where Ed put up, I seen Clay walking along with a lady I didn't know, a-bending over her real attentive and toting her parasol for her, which must have weighed as much as half a pound. Ed knew ever'body, so I asked him who was this high-colored brunet lady Clay Oglesby was beauing down the street, and he said it was Miss Cora Kinney, Paul Kinney's sister of the Sweet Evelina, who'd been visiting Paul for about three weeks and owned quite a batch of the Sweet Evelina stock. The fam'ly was rich as mud, and this girl had money of her own besides. Seemed like Clay was running her mighty clost, and it wasn't but a little while back he was going with Jim Baggerly's girl. Sort of a butterfly, Ed guessed.

I didn't lose no time getting over to Clay's office. He wasn't in, but I sat down and waited until he got back. He didn't look none too well, close up. Kind of peaked, and his eyes was dull. I guessed something of what had happened, but I didn't say nothing, only to tell him how the job was getting along and what the chances was we'd get through in a few days more.

It was him that finally spoke about Melanie. He'd been just about half listening to me, and drumming with his fingers on the table, and reaching out to flutter the pages of a book that was a-lying there. Then, all of a sudden, he says, "Well, you was right, Mr. Cassandra."

"You mistaking me for somebody else?" I asked him.

"I made a proposal of marriage to Miss Baggerly and was definitely refused," he says, with a hard laugh. "Asked for her hand and got the mitten. You as good as told me so, didn't you? See how damned smart you was! Ain't you pleased with yourself?" He run his fingers through his hair, grabbed a handful and give it a jerk that ought to have brought it out by the roots.

Then he got up and begun walking the floor.

I says, "Clay, you know dern well that I'm right sorry it happened so. Was it the night after I seen you last? Sit down and tell me about it, if you feel like it. Anyway, brace up, bud."

"That's right," he says. "I'd got myself pretty well in hand, but seeing you —— Well, it's all right, and I'll get over it. A little tough at first though." He managed a grin. "Fact is my nerves are out of kelter. I've been sleeping poorly for some reason. . . . Yes, I'll tell you the gist of it, knowing you're interested. I suppose it may sound funny. I know that it would have struck my sense of humor if it had happened to anybody else. All there is to it, she told me she thanked me for the honor I'd done her and was very, very sorry, but it couldn't never be.

"Now she didn't say that as if she meant it or meant me to think she meant it—the sorry part of it. She said it like she was enjoying herself—glad of the chance to jab me. She added on that chestnut about hoping it wouldn't make no difference in our friendship, and she said that lightly, although only a few minutes before you'd have thought —— But that don't matter."

"She was playing even with you for quitting her before," says I. "She got her vanity hurt when she found you didn't come back that time."

"About the way I figured it out," Clay said. "If she had any liking for me, it soured then. So I thought I'd do a little of the light and airy myself. 'You might, perhaps, consider me as a brother,' I said to her.

"'I was just about to ask you if you couldn't look on me as a sister,' she answered. 'I never had a brother.'

"'Still,' said I, 'it might be as well to have a little understanding of the duties, obligations and privileges of brother and sister first. You see, I've never had a sister, so I'd like to know what's expected of me.'

"'Not much, I believe, from what other girls have told me,' she said.

"I told her I understood that a brother acted as an escort. She said, only as a last resort. If nothing interesting offered, then it was the privilege and duty of a brother to act—then only. I said that this didn't seem to be such a boon as I had hoped. I asked her what she was to do for me, if anything.

"'I correct your manners,' she replied. 'At Christmas I may give you a pair of wool wristlets that I have knitted myself. I also select a suitable girl for you.'

"'That ought to be worth while, seeing I'm such a poor picker myself,' I said reflectively. 'If I can't get what I want, I'm always willing to take what I can get. Whom do you suggest, sister?'

"She mentioned Vera Schmidt. I objected that Vera was a blonde and said that I considered blond women were disappointing.

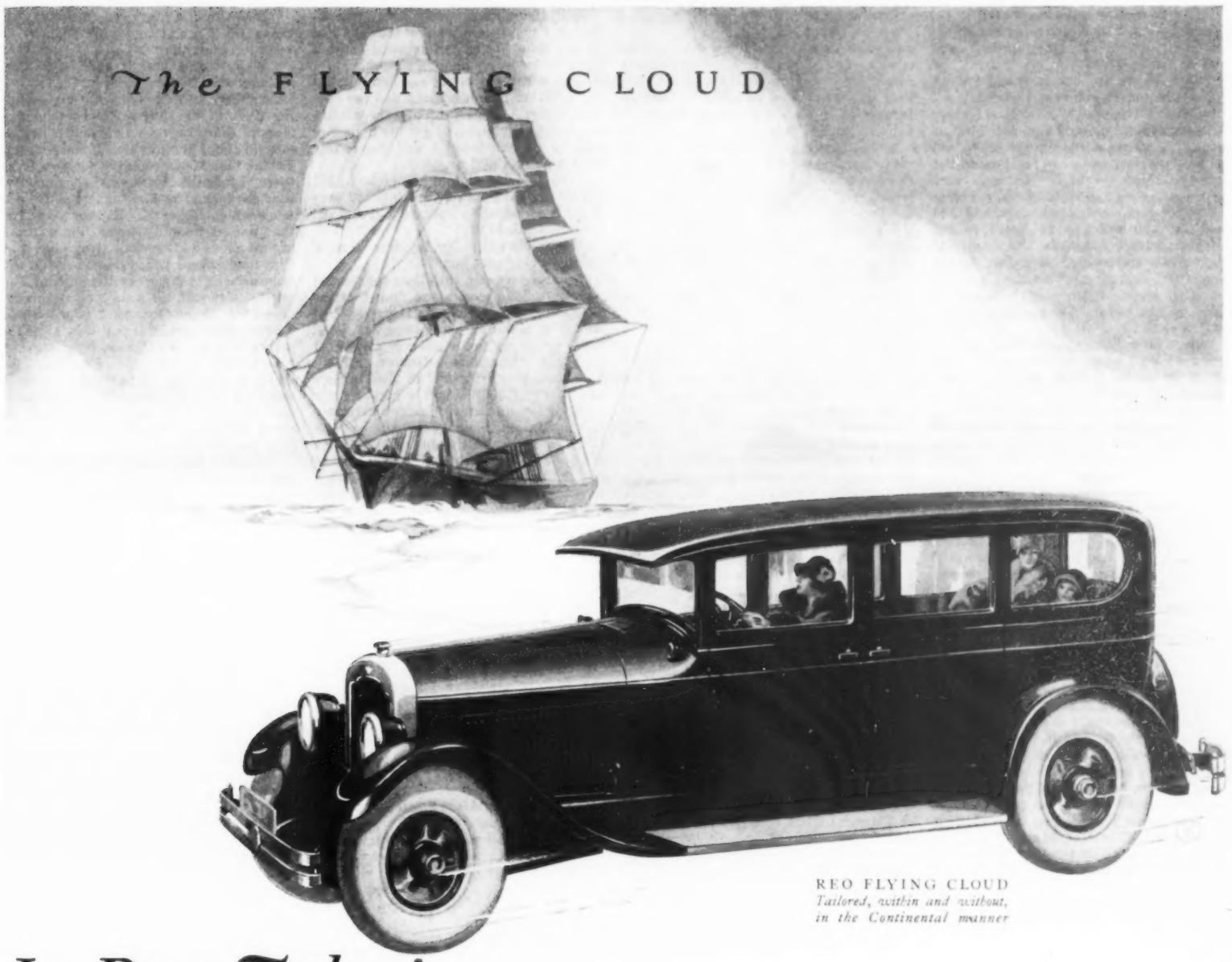
"'Mollie Wedderburn. She's a brunette, and I think she admires you.'

"'If she didn't always laugh in the wrong places,' I said.

"'Well,' says she, 'there are one or two I have in mind that you don't know; but you've met Miss Kinney, and there's ——'

"'Stop at Miss Kinney,' I interrupted. 'I think she might do admirably, and if I can win her I'll be in luck. Thanks, sister. Of course your image will remain forever imprinted on my heart, and all that, but —— Sister, it isn't late, and knowing

(Continued on Page 114)



REO FLYING CLOUD
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SEARCH the world for that which typifies the days of high romance, the hopes of men for great adventure, the final word in grace and beauty and speed, and you find the sailing ship.

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Speed! Like a storm cloud before a hurricane.

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Power! 40% increase in power, vibrationless, seven-bearing crankshaft plus improved torsion vibration absorber, motor full rubber-floated.

Long Life! Flying Clouds, after running 100,000 miles, have *in every part* set a new standard of durability for America's Longest Lasting Car.

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NO OTHER AMERICAN CAR LASTS AS LONG AS REO ~ NOT ONE

(Continued from Page 112)

I'm not wanted, and governing myself accordingly, I reckon I'll go up to Paul's and call on her now.'

"'Oh, please do,' she said, and I don't know whether she thought I would, but I did. Also I happened to meet Miss Kinney in Bridge's store the next day, and Melanie came in, and as soon as she saw us, turned and walked out; and when I met her a little later, she cut me dead. Her eyes were cold—cold with hate. Being crazy, I went up to her house that same night, and Jim met me and told me he didn't believe Melanie wanted to see me. 'She's mad at you about something,' says Jim, in the smoothest kind of way, 'but she'll get over it. Call around again—say, in a year or two—and I'll bet she'll be glad to see you—and so shall I.'

"So, Uncle Sammy, not being able to get the thing I want—want more than anything on earth—I shall, as I said, take something—and be contented, if I can't be happy." Then he hit the table with his fist. "Say, was all this just because I happened to get mad and say a few hasty words to her? Are women as cruel and revengeful as that—any of them? Tell me!"

"Most generally they don't realize how cruel they are, is my guess," I told him. "All the same, if I was judge of a world-wide contest, I'd give you the Class-A leather medal for being the champion chucklehead where a girl is concerned. Why, you nit-wit, haven't you ever heard that actions speak louder than words? What have yours been and what have hers been?—setting aside that she has a right to get mad too. Ever occur to you that she might have some reason to think you was the hardest-hearted, fickle-mindedest kind of —— There she is now," I says.

And there she was, going along the other side of the street, and it was a treat to watch her walk. And here, coming along to'rds her, swaggering in his long-tail black coat, with his pants tucked into the violet tops of his boots and his hat to one side of his head, come Terry Soper; and when he come up to her, he stopped and took off his hat with a sweep and bowed halfway to the ground. Melanie didn't so much as nod at him in return, but she had to stop, because the son of a sausage blocked her way and shifted his ground when she tried to slip by. You could see that he was a-saying something to her, and you could see plain that she didn't care to listen to him. I turned to Clay—and Clay wasn't there, but halfway across the street.

I did some mighty quick thinking and made some motions that wasn't much slower. I scooted into the next room and jerked open a drawer, and there, just as I had expected, was Clay's pearl-handled .38. The young fool had run off without it, into the jaws of death and into the mouth of hell, as the feller says; and here I was, the peaceablest kind of a citizen, elected to mix into something that I've always made a point of avoiding when possible. I wasn't a-going to take no chances though. I'd be an innocent bystander, sa'ntering up out of cur'osity—until I got close enough to poke that gun into Mr. Soper's ribs—or the small of his back for choice, and march him to the marshal.

It was a right good scheme, and might have worked, but I lacked a full yard of being close enough to carry it out, when Soper, showing his yellow teeth, stepped back, his hand flying to his left armpit—and me just fumbling inside my shirt! I reckon he couldn't have made much better time than he did, but the trouble was that Clay begun as he got started, and no coiled rattlesnake could have struck quicker than Clay did. Seemed to me a flash of lightning wouldn't have been more'n a close second. Bing! went Clay's fist on the point of Soper's jaw, and bang! went Soper's head on the plank, his violet-top boots a-kicking as Clay stamped on his wrist and twisted the gun out of his hand. Somebody was holding me—clinging like a Cousin Jack in a wrastling bout—and I had a kind of a notion that it was Melanie. It was, but I didn't give her much attention until Terry Soper went a-weaving down the street in the direction of the calaboose, supported by Wayne Trimble and Jess Green, followed by Clay and Chris Spangler and a young mob.

"I—I believe I'm a-going to faint," says Melanie. "Take me somewhere quick."

Well, the quickest was Clay's office, although I don't hardly think that she had that in mind, being too agitated—still, I dunno. Anyway, she didn't faint. For a minute or two she didn't say nothing, but sat, with her bosom heaving and her eyes mostly pupils, staring through the window at where it happened. I got her a glass of water and she sipped at it, and then ca'mly let it drop on the floor.

"That fiend meant to kill him—to kill Clay!" she says, half whispering. "I seen it in his horrid, slitty eyes. Oh, if he had! If he had killed Clay!"

"He couldn't kill Clay, my dear," I says. "Clay wouldn't let him."

I'd no sooner said that than she started up with a little scream and rapped at the window. Here was old Jim Baggerly coming up at a wabbly, stumbling run, with blood in his eye and a Spencer carbine in his hand. Some pop-eyed galoot had told him that Terry Soper had insulted his daughter on the street and he had promply grabbed the gun out of Baxter's hardware and was taking steps. He was so near tuckered out, forgetting his sprinting days was past, that I overtook him in about five jumps and told him how Clay had 'tended to Soper's case, and got him to come back with me to his daughter. He was mad clear through.

"Here's a devil of a kettle of fish you've nearly got us all into," he barks at Melanie the first thing, and that seemed to act on Melanie better than the water.

"If you had had half the nerve and backbone that Clay Oglesby has got, that murderer would never have dared to even come near me," she answered him, and then she sort of melted and hugged him. "Oh, you dear, foolish old daddy!" she says. "I want to cry," she says, "but I ain't ready yet."

"What did the such-and-so say to you?" Jim demands.

"Nothing much. Just silliness; but he scared me. I don't know what Clay said to him, because he said it in Spanish, but I got 'vamose.'"

"Well," says Jim, "what are we waiting here for? Come home with me and then you can cry all you want to."

"If you're in a hurry, you'd better go," she says. "I'm waiting for Mr. Oglesby. I want to thank him."

"Well, thank him, then," says Jim. "There he is, a-staring at you."

And there, sure enough, was Clay, standing right in the doorway, where he had stopped short, seeing her. Whether he saw me and Jim, I don't know. I doubt it, and I think that Melanie kind of forgot we was there. I judge so. There was just a moment that she looked at him, and then I don't know which of the two first started to'rds the other—I wouldn't swear. Jim and me argued about it afterward. He claims that Clay made a rush and grabbed her, but my impression is that she ran to him before he moved, although he wasn't by no means backward about coming forward then. The one thing certain is that they come together, and, as far's I know, they've never been far apart since. Also, I took old Jim by the arm and led him to the outside door, and I was kind of s'prised to see how meek and silent he went and how patient he stood with me, sort of on guard, for the next ten minutes or so.

"It's like this," says Jim: "This here ain't so much of a surprise to me as you might think, knowing Melanie. When she come back from Beloit she told her mother that she's met the man that she was a-going to marry and was expecting him out here soon. I allowed that mebbe she was mistaken, the way things was, but you see how it is; and I've made it a rule never to beef about anything I can't help. Considering the way that young rooster tied me and Brent up on the Terraville business, I s'pose she might have done worse."

"I don't see how all that proves anything," commented Tip Yoakum, as Mr. Stegg concluded. "This Oglesby didn't take no substitute."

"He might have had to," contended the old bullwhacker. "Anyway, he took what he could get, and that's what most of us do when we marry."

"Speaking of that," said Henry Albien, addressing Oliver Crewdson, "I've got in them sardines now that you was making such a to-do about."

ANKLE ALONG!

(Continued from Page 45)

the back seat of my big car, and Mr. Frank got in front with me.

"Come here, my little man, and set with me," says Mr. Frank, kindly, to Billy. But the darn kid shook his head, sullen.

"Nope, I'd rather sit with the dog," he says, and in spite of me yelling at him not to, he climbed in with the pooch, and as there wasn't no time for argument, I let it go at that. Anyways I didn't care to force him in front of a prominent stranger, even if I could of.

Well, after we had left Billy to work, I took Mr. Frank down to one of the biggest banks in Los Angeles, where his conference was, but before he went in we had made a date for lunch at Marcelles'. Then I drove around to the Simplex Service station, which it was just behind this bank.

"Fill her up, George," I says to the gasoline boy. "I guess she's pretty near empty. I been driving a big financier from New York around, and I'm here to announce they don't use up any less gas then other people," I says. "Yes, sir, George, that's a big man I had with me!"

George didn't say nothing to that, only "Thasso?" I guess he was kinda impressed, having me talk to him sort of confidential like that.

"Yes," I says, "big Wall Street man. You may see Billy with his own producing company before very long—right in with the Alstar Association." George looked up quick at that.

"That so, Mr. Softer?" he says, real interested. "Say, that's a wonderful boy of yours, Mr. Softer. He deserves every success he can have. Me and the frau never miss one of his pictures; we think he's great. When will you start producing, Mr. Softer?"

"Well, I haven't decided just when yet," I says, on account I always like to be strictly truthful, "but when we commence I will be president of the concern of course."

Then, just to show George I was no bluff, I slipped him a five-spot for himself, charged the gas to my account, and drove slowly off, wondering what next most important business I could attend to this time in the morning. Of course I could of gone back to the studio and signed a bunch of fan photographs for Billy, him being too small to attend to it. I generally signed them "Yrs with love, Billy Softer, per Ed. A. Softer, his poppa." But I figured where if I went back to the studio some detour might hold me there, and I had better not risk it. So I decided I would drop in on the tailor which had the privilege of carrying my account, and order a extra couple pairs of something, and by the time I got to the door I had decided on riding breeches.

"So you're taking up horseback, Mr. Softer?" says Mr. Schmarz as he surveyed me for the new landscape.

"Nix!" I says. "But I will do a little directing now and then, after this new corporation of mine gets going good and strong. So I want these horse-power pants on the shelf, waiting."

"So!" says Mr. Schmarz. "You got a corporation of your own? To make pictures?"

"Yes," I says, "I am planning on my own studio, producing that wonder boy of mine exclusively."

"Ah, that is a wonderful boy you got, Mr. Softer," says the feller. "I don't believe any directing could actually ruin him. Believe me, I am proud to have even you come here for clothes, on account you are his father. Is the mother living?"

"No," I says with a sigh, "and I have often felt sad to think poor Helen had to go and die on me before she could know what a wonderful child I had give her."

At one o'clock I was waiting in the lobby at Marcelles', when up rushed Mr. Frank. One thing about that guy, you could tell he was a business man; he was always in such a hurry.

"Ah, Softer!" he says. "One moment, please! I just want to check this portfolio." He give a fat one to the Dora behind the shelf and shook his finger at her. "Very valuable stuff in that," he says. "Be careful with it."

"Hooch?" says the Dora.

"Papers," said he sternly.

Then we went in and set down, and after a check which read like a savings-bank account, and which Mr. Frank paid for like it come off the one-arm-lunch ticket, he give me a big cigar and come right down to brass knuckles.

"Softer," he says, "about that boy of yours. Have you ever thought of forming a company to produce his stuff yourself?"

"I have," I says quietly, thinking ain't it remarkable how us big business men get the same ideas? "I have done just that," I says. "But I been waiting for the right man to go in on it with me."

"How does his contract with Silvermount stand?" he says next.

"It's on its deathbed," I says. "But I know they will make a handsome renewal if I'll take it. Billy is a killing."

"I believe it," says Mr. Frank. "And I suppose he has made enough money himself to float his own company."

"Pretty near," I says. "But that darn—I mean to say, my sister-in-law is his trustee. I had so many big affairs to attend to, it didn't seem right I should use up any of my executive ability handling his actual money. Anyways, she needn't of henned me into it, on account I was gonner suggest that arrangement all along."

He filtered that one for a few minutes, and then he give a gesture like he was brushing it aside.

"That's out, then," he says, brief. "But I suppose you are a rich man yourself, Softer."

"Oh, no," I says. "I only get three grand a week, and it don't go far, not with living like it is and keeping up appearances."

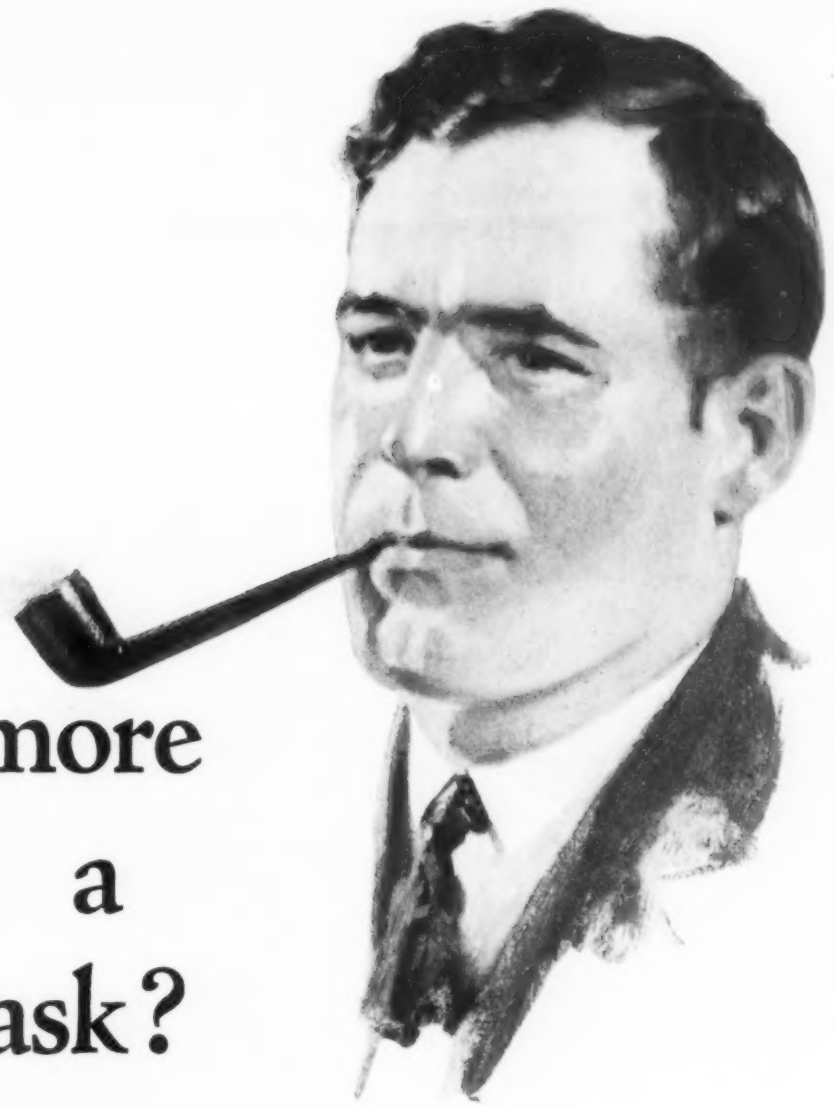
"Hum!" says Mr. Frank. "All that don't detract from the child as a business asset, just the same. Did you ever think of a stock proposition? Billy's known all over the world now. His name would sell the stock like hot cakes."

"Mr. Frank, I guess you can dust me off any day," I says. "I didn't think of that, although I undoubtedly would of, in another minute. Go on and talk."

"Well," he says, "I am going to be perfectly frank and open with you. That is the only way to do between us that are on the big time, ain't it?"

"That's the talk," I says.

(Continued on Page 119)



What more could a fellow ask?

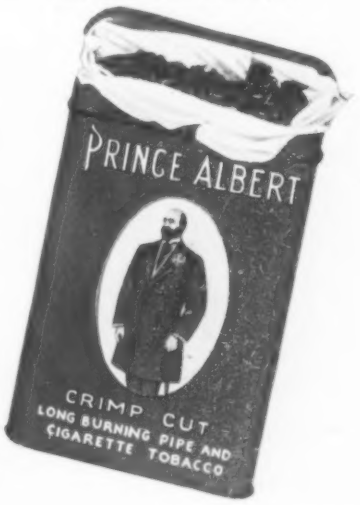
A FRIENDLY pipe, mellowed with age and sweet as a nut. A tidy red tin of Prince Albert . . . good old Prince Albert. Give me these, and my good health, and you can have your cabin-cruiser and your winter vacation. I won't envy you for a minute.

But don't get me wrong. I'm not too easily pleased. As a matter of fact, I'm mighty particular about the kind of tobacco I choose for a constant companion. After playing the whole smoke-circuit, I've settled on P. A. as the one and only tobacco for *me*.

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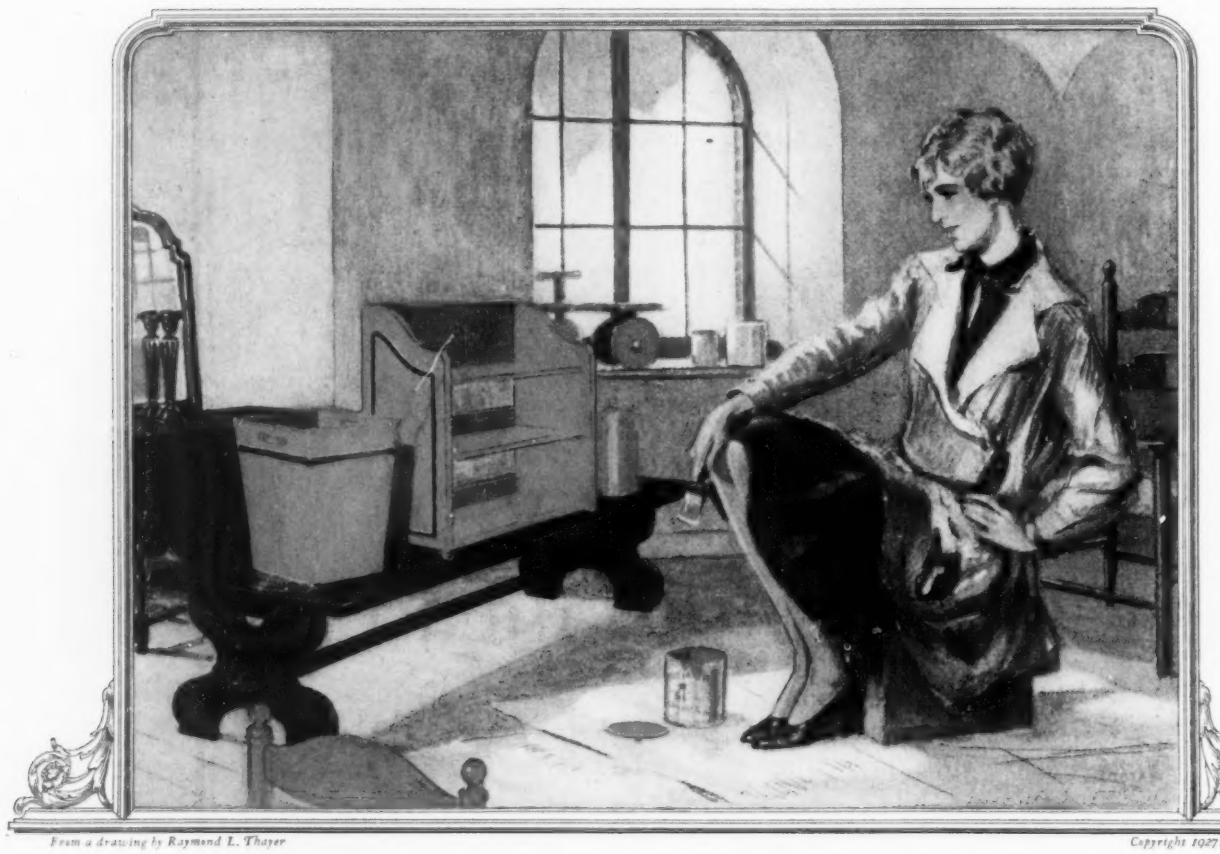
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(Continued from Page 114)

"Well, then," says Mr. Frank, "I want to say I am real interested in starting this independent company, and I am sure I can get my firm, back in New York, to take a big piece in it. A stock-selling campaign, underwritten by them, is the dope. Now what do you want out of this, Softer?"

"I want 51 per cent of the stock, and to be president of the company," I says.

"Good!" says he. "You'll make a ideal president for the sort of company I want to form. But you tell me you haven't got any money to put into it. So what do you intend to put up?"

"Why, Billy, of course!" I says.

"One minute, please!" says he. "That's the whole point. I can't go to my concern empty-handed. So I think the best way to do is for us to draw a contract in which you sign Billy up for the next three years, say, and I can use that contract in seeing bankers, and raising funds generally. Get me?"

"Sure I do," I come back. "But we ain't got no company yet. Who would I make the contract with?"

"Better make it with me, personally," says Mr. Frank. "Make it giving me full control of the child for the next three years. Then in return I will give you a contract agreeing that you are to be president of the company when formed, and to control 51 per cent of the stock, like you said. In addition to that, I will agree to personally take not less then 10 per cent of the stock. The rest we'll get rid of faster'n we can print it!"

"Well, that listens pretty sweet to me," I says. And we put in the rest of the afternoon figuring what the proposition ought to net us, and it certainly did look good, the way he pointed it out. When we come to part, it was agreed that he would have the papers drawn up by noon next day, and I was to meet him in his lawyer's office.

"Say, Softer, don't mention our deal to anyone until it's all set," he says as we shook hands on it. "But I don't have to tell you that! These things mustn't leak. And, by the way, I suppose you want to look me up a little more before you sign. Here is my card. If anything more is necessary, don't hesitate to ask me."

"Why, Mr. Frank," I says, "your concern is known all over the world. And I guess I know a real man when I see one. You can consider them papers signed."

Well, naturally, on my way out to the studio to call for Billy, I got to thinking over a lot of details concerning this producing company of which I was now practically president. The question of a studio was right with me. A studio all ready to be put in shape wasn't to be picked up every day, and I wasn't gonner commence by hiring space on some other lot, and far as I knew of there wasn't but one possible bet, which was to say, the old Art Comedy Studios out near my home in Golden Gables. And suddenly I realized that a person never knew in the picture game, but that some low crook might be planning to pull stuff they wasn't advertising, and grab off that place behind my back, so's it wouldn't be there when I wanted it. The idea give me a awful chill. Oh, I have lived!

Thinking of this, I turned my boat into a side street where I remembered the address on the For Sale or To Let sign was. The concern handling it was a wholesale typewriter store, and it didn't take me long to show the boys in there I meant business. I give 'em a check for a grand, as a binder on the purchase of the studio.

"What are you going to do with the lot, if I may ask?" says the typewriter mechanic. "Produce?"

"Oh, it's just a investment," I says. "But you never can tell," and I give him one of my Fairbanks smiles. I wouldn't say yes, on account of my promise, but I didn't say no, on account I always do like to be strictly truthful.

Well, naturally, the next day was a pretty busy one for me, what with dropping Billy at his job, and rushing right back to take over the new studio. I put a chair in the president's office and set down a while, to kind of work into the feel of it. Then I hadder rush down to Los Angeles to hitch up with my new side kick.

It was pretty near five P.M. before we was through at the lawyer's. By that time Mr. Frank had the contract for Billy, and I had parked away the slip where he had signed, as agreed, on the dotted line. Yet, tired as I was when it come time to go get Billy, I had that grand satisfaction which all we big business men feels at the end of a perfect deal.

But as the old sweet song says, "In times of peace, prepare for troubles, when you use the latchkey on the old front door." And the minute I got home that sister-in-law of mine commenced henning.

"Eddie Softer," she says, "will you please kindly tell me where you been all day?"

"Working!" I says.

"Who?" says she, scornful. "The studio has been in a regular hurrah since ten o'clock this morning, trying to reach you. Benny Silvermount even called me up at the office. Why on earth don't you get on the job oncet in a while?"

"Aw, go tie up a noodle!" I says. "I been busy on important things. The lot can wait."

"I ain't so sure about that!" says she. "Not when the skids are being put under!"

"Whatcha mean by that?" I says.

"Well," says she, "I mean Mr. Tyler coming out to look into the finances of the Silvermount, that's what. I hear the shake-up is going to be something fierce!"

"How can any Mr. Tyler do anything to Silvermount?" I says. "We got a contract not only with Big Benny, but with Old Man Leiberman, the chief of the Goldringer-Silvermount merger, don't forget."

"Yeh," says Mary, "and the whole shooting match is financed by Wall Street," she says. "Do you mean to tell me you ain't ever heard of Mr. Tyler?"

"Of course I have heard of him!" I says, perfectly truthful, for she had just mentioned him. "Who is he anyways?"

"Well, he's one of the most important financiers in the country, that's all," says Mary. "When a feller like that comes all the way out from New York to look into a company's books, Eddie Softer, take it from me, a earthquake is about to be staged. I'm surprised you wouldn't hear what was going on around your own lot!"

"Oh, I have heard," I says. "But do you really believe Tyler can break up the Silvermount? I'll run in on Benny first thing in the morning, and see is there anything I can do for him."

"Better send him a wire first, telling him who you are," says Mary. "Otherwise he might not recognize you; you ain't been to work for so long."

While Mary was saying this, it come over me for the first time that she was all dolled up like Vanderbilt's plush horse, or something, with a new permanent in her brown hair and a blue dress the same color as her eyes.

"Hey, Mary," I says, "let's forget business. How about stepping out tonight?"

"I am," she says, looking in the mirror and poking at her hair.

"More abundance!" I says. "Who's the sheik, if I can ask?"

"I'll even tell you that," she says. "It happens to be Mr. Fairweather, the owner of my plant. We are putting on the oat bag over to Riverside, I believe."

"You mustn't believe all that's told you, Mary," I says. "What do you want going out with that old duck for? Go on, let him travel by himself; I'm asking you!"

"Nix!" says Mary. "Mr. Fairweather ain't old, and lemme tell you I wouldn't break my date with him for you, Eddie Softer. I like to go out with a man!"

"Well, then, ankle along!" I says—"if you prefer him to a gentleman!" And I turned away, all set to leave her flat. Mary picked up her wrap and started for the door, where a car had stopped. She waited for one last shot.

"By the way," she says, "if I was you, I'd can that option you took on the old Art Comedy Studios. Mr. Fairweather and his brother have had them buildings on their hands for years, and they been a total loss; they are a hoodoo and never brought no luck to nobody. Mr. Fairweather's brother told us you was in last night, you big bluff! Oh, Eddie, if only I could tell you what I think of you!"

"What a cute way you have of bringing the sunshine with you!" I says. "Beat it! I don't wanner talk!" And she did, slamming the door after her. I always could get women to do pretty near anything I wanted them to.

After a while I went downtown and shot some pool. I didn't care to step out with her anyways. But I dunno why, I didn't shoot anywheres near my average string that evening.

Next day, the minute I woke up, I commenced figuring on this Mr. Tyler, the big financier Mary had been talking about, and like a flash I see where if he was really gonner reorganize the Silvermount, why he was my meat for Billy's independent company and would be in a position to finance the thing immediately. My main bet was to go right to him and get him interested in my personality.

Well, with me, action is my middle name, so just as soon's I had left Billy at his dressing room I went into my private office over to my unit, and put in a phone call for Mr. Tyler. The big blond dumb Dora who is at our gate answered.

"Tell him I wanner see him right away," I says. "It's Softer."

"Louder?" she says.

"Softer!" I says coldly. "Cut the rough stuff, kid; have you got any idea that you are talking to someone important?"

"Oh, no, certainly not!" she says apologetically. "But I am positive he won't see you. He ain't seen a soul today."

"Tell him it's important," I says. "I gotter see him."

"Say, make up a new one, can't you?" she filtered back through her gum. "About one hundred hams of various degrees of freshness have pulled that line on me so far. Mr. Tyler has give orders he won't interview nobody on this lot that he don't send for."

"Then give me Mr. Silvermount," I says. "I know he wants me."

"Mr. Silvermount left word you was to come to his office at ten o'clock," says she. "He knew you was alive, because he searched the morgue yesterday." Then she rung off, and I went out on the lot, where nobody wasn't working to amount to anything. Even our big people, like Carstairs, the famous director, and Estelle De Lux, and so forth, was standing around in little groups, talking in low tones when they wondered who would get the air, and in loud tones when they was telling where some other company had already offered them more money.

At ten past ten, just to show him where he got off, I walked into Benny Silvermount's office, and there was Big Benny all alone, pacing up and down, the sweat streaming off his face. When he seen me make my entrance the color scheme of his map took on a dash of lavender, and he shook a wicked forefinger at me.

"You," he shouted as soon's he was able—"you, Eddie Softer! How dare you show it your face here? Why ain't you been around before?"

"Well, Benny, old man, I been pretty busy," I says lightly, throwing my kelly and yellow cane down on his mahogany. "Is there something I can do for you?"

"Yes, go hang yourself!" he says, wild. "You come in here and ask me such a question! After all the questions Tyler has been asking me about you and your salary of three thousand a week, and what you done to earn it! *Oy, gevalt!*"

"Tyler, eh?" I says. "Now just calm down, Mr. Silvermount; I'll take care of Tyler. In fact, I sent in word I would see him any time this morning. Whatever trouble you are in with him, just leave it to the poppa, see? I got an idea me and Mr. Tyler is going to get along first-rate."

"Yeh, get along is correct!" says Benny, wiping his face and gasping like a fish. "It's the way you ain't managed Billy's unit is going to make you get along off the lot! Listen to me, Softer," he says. "Examining your unit was the last camel with Mr. Tyler! It broke his straws entirely! And he blames me!"

"Well, why didn't you explain our contract?" I says. "It's perfectly legal!"

"Didn't I told him already I had to sign you on in order to get the child?" yelled Benny. "And all he says is, that's the kind of foolishness which is ruining the picture business. What an answer! And now maybe there is the devil to pay and no cash in the till at this concern, and you are the straw the horse died on!"

"Now, Benny, don't you worry!" I says. "If he is letting you out, I will see you get something good."

"Letting me out?" says Benny, pointing at himself with both hands, so's there wouldn't be any mistake. "Me? He can't do it! I'm a part owner. But I sent for you to get the personal satisfaction of telling you that you and Billy both is through after this picture the boy is now making. Much as I love that dear little Billy, I can't stand it no more!"

Well, naturally, I wasn't gonner take any lip from Benny. So I picked up my accessories and went to the door.

"That's all right with me," I says. "We was leaving anyways. But if you do get the chuck, Benny, come and see me. My address will soon be on the billboards!"

And then I walked out and left him flat. Oncet I was outside, I hopped in my big special-body car, and turned her nose down towards Los, in a hurrah to see Mr. Frank, on account my executive ability told me where it was now very important for us to get the drop on any news which might leak from the Silvermount lot about me and Billy being let out. The picture business is a funny game, on account when a star is going strong all the other producers is trying to steal that star, see? But leave one studio give that star the air and it is all off with the herd. And good as that wonder boy of mine was, I fully realized where if the fact he was turned loose by Silvermount once got broadcasted, why, me and Mr. Frank had about as much chance selling stock in him as a crab has of growing wings.

I found Frank in the lobby of the Alexandria Hotel, which we had appointed as our temporary office, and while I ain't no butcher when it comes to killing news, I could see where my info was a body blow. He sat there kind of dumb, in a quiet little nook we had picked in the writing room, and he hung on every word real intent. When I mentioned Tyler, he got more then thoughtful.

"One moment, please!" he says. "Do you mean to say Tyler—James A. Tyler from New York—is actually here in Los Angeles? That he is the idiot that's making all this fuss?"

"You called his name then, buddie," I says. "Yes, he's the bird. He's staying in this hotel, I believe!"

Mr. Frank give a quick look over his shoulder at that, but nobody was in twenty feet of us except the house detective. Mr. Frank kinda frowned and then he cleared his throat.

"Well, that's peculiar," he says. "Last I heard, he was in Europe! You are right, Softer. We got to get some action on our business, and get it quick. I beg you to pardon me," he says, "but I must remark on how I appreciate the honest way in which you come right on down and tipped me off to the situation." He got to his feet, mopping his face. "And now, to work!" he says. "I must get busy at once. I'll meet you at Marcelles' for lunch at one sharp tomorrow, and by then I will have things pretty well lined up!"

Well, naturally, I was kind of upset over all this, the noble way he had acted and the fine man he had showed himself to be, and so forth, and I could hardly speak

(Continued on Page 122)

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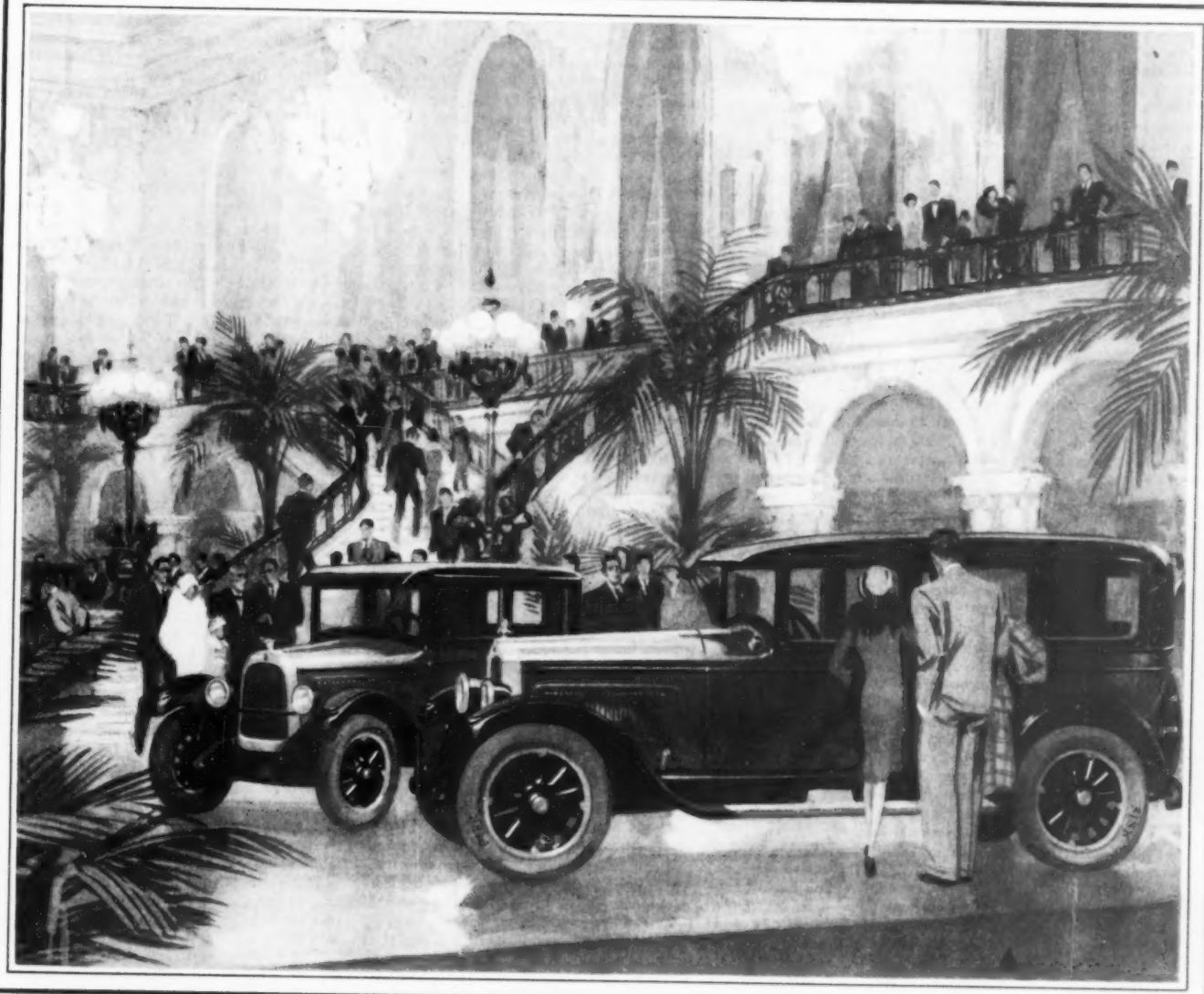
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AT THE AUTOMOBILE SHOW — SEE THESE WILLYS-KNIGHT AND WHIPPET FINE MOTOR CARS

ND *Fine Motor Cars*

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while we shook hands. It sure does break a guy all up to get properly appreciated like he had appreciated me. It was a big moment. Oh, I have lived!

As the sweet old song goes, "A mossy stone gathers no roll." In other words, if you stay put too long you get to be a moss-back. I told this to myself, driving out home, and it got me to feeling so good over the prospect of breaking away from Silvermount and setting Billy up for myself, that even Mary couldn't put no blight on me when she sprung her latest.

"Eddie," she says, "what in the world made you go telling around that you are going to form a independent company? You know you got about as much chance of doing that as I have of teaching my typewriter to write Chinese! Don't you realize where such a rumor is going to hurt Billy's chance at Silvermount, especially just now, when things is so critical over there? Suppose Mr. Tyler actually lets him out."

"You have the cutest way of bringing the sunshine with you, Mary!" I says. "Suppose he does; what of it? I guess I could handle Billy, all right."

"Eddie Softer, you ain't got the faintest idea of what it would cost," she says, wild. "Why, Mr. Fairweather told me you got to put up ten thousand cash to buy that rotten old studio to commence with, and where you're going to get the money, I don't know. Unless it is on Billy's name. And if you try to do that, I—I'll kidnap him, and leave you, that's all!"

"Which detective bureau got you all the info?" I says.

"If you go telling your secrets to garage men in places where my boy friends keep their car also," she says, "you might as well tell 'em to me in the first place, and save time."

"So Mr. Fairweather is your boy friend now, is he? No wonder he spills you a hot lot of advice about me!"

"Now, Eddie," she says, "don't be sillier then you can help. You know I'm crazy over Billy boy and that—well, I got a soft spot in my head for you. All I want is that the boy should make a continued success, and to do it he's got to stay in professional hands. Whatever new arrangement Silvermount suggests, you take it. Their money is real. And if they don't renew, you sign him with some other first-class company."

"Aw, go tie up a noodle!" I says, not wanting to continue that subject with her just then. "Forget it! How about going to a show tonight—or is your 'boy friend' taking you out?"

"He is," says Mary.

"You must be crazy, going around with that oil can!" I says. "Not that I am jealous or anything. But how about me? When do we step a little—hey, Mary? I and you might just as well be married, the way we do nothing only fight!"

"Listen to me!" says Mary. "You sure do entertain me, Eddie, often, but not intentionally. When you make a real success outa something, page me. But not before. Get your dogs on the earth, and maybe I'll listen when you call. I'm always waiting on the wire for good news, so give me a ring one day, will you?"

"I'll do it right now!" I says, thinking of a stone I'd seen downtown—a real buy. But before I could mention it Mary was gone out the room, and a minute later I could hear her driving off with Fairweather. It made me sick, kinda, on account it hadn't never come into my head until lately that Mary might get stuck on anybody outside the family, and this made me realize where I and Billy would both be outa luck if she did, on account who would look after him, and as for me—well, as the sweet old French song goes, "On y soit, who'll mend your pants?" Not that she actually did lately; but in the old days when we wasn't rich, and I was in business for myself, running a hot-dog stand, she had more then once. And I am not one to forget small favors so easy neither!

Well, naturally, thinking about them old times, and laying awake worrying over them, I was a little late next morning, and when I woke up, Billy was already gone to the studio. But just the same I felt like I had better stop in there on my way downtown and make sure he had landed all right; so I did, and the minute I walked out on Number Four, where he was working, all the temper I had been holding in so good since last night got started up again when I seen him with a blind feller, a shabby-looking old bum that he ought to of known better then to pick out; but you know the way kids are, they ain't got good sense about such things. The two of them was sitting on the edge of the set, and Billy was holding onto the blind feller's hand, telling him what was goin' on in the sequence they was making.

"See, Mabel is registering sorrow!" says Billy, as I come up behind, him not noticing me. "That's because her darling boy, which is me, has been stolen. Then somebody knocks—hear it? Well, that's Mr. Blake—he's my pop in this picture, see? The one that carried me through the snowstorm I was telling you about before, Mr. Blind. Aw, he made a bum entrance; they got to do it all over again. All Mr. Blake thinks about is his shiny hair. Wait! My mother is gonner take the poison again. That's three times she's died now! It gets less sad every time—doesn't it look that way to you?"

"It seems to," says this blind feller. "You make me see some things very clearly, Billy boy!"

This was about as much as I cared to hear. Of course Billy was too young to realize where him associating with all the cast-offs that come on the lot was bad for our important position in the world, and it was in this kinda thing that I was particularly valuable, looking after him and his future. I went quietly up to the poor old tramp, see, and spoke to him dignified but firm.

"Say, buddie," I says, "I don't know who let you in here, but I think you better move along. We don't like people on the set—only them that belong. And this boy is the great child actor, Billy Softer—he can't afford to be seen with any but the high lights. So toddle off, old boy. Just go quietly, and don't interfere again when the actors is working, see?"

"I think I do!" he says, getting up.

"Aw, pop," says Billy, "don't be so mean to my friend, pop! Gee, you'd ought to see pop's face, Mr. Blind. It would make you laugh! Do it again, pop!"

"I'm going to leave you for a while, Billy," says the funny old beggar. "Good-by until some other time!"

"Can you find your way, or will I take you?" says that darn kid of mine.

"Oh, I know it now—thanks, Billy!" says the feller, and off he went, tapping with his stick, while I turned on the boy, all set to give him a good call, when his director beat me to it, and so naturally I wouldn't interfere with his work. I watched him run out onto the set, and then I went into my big private office to see was there any gifts or interviews or such things for me to attend to, and hardly had I got inside and commenced to brush the dust off my mail when the phone rung, and it was that big blond dumb Dora at the gate.

"Mr. Softer, even if you are swamped with work," she says, "Mr. Tyler would like for you to leave your boots in the muck and step right over to his office in your socks."

"Mr. Tyler!" I says. "What does he want me for, d'you know?"

"I can't imagine!" she says. "Could it be grand larceny?"

"Aw, go tie up a noodle!" I says. "Tell him I'll be right over as soon as I finish my letters."

"Why, ain't you learned them yet?" she says. "I thought you was in the second grade by now."

"Say, you hang up, will you?" I says, and then I found she already had.

I always could get women to do anything I wanted.

Well, naturally, I didn't forget that Mr. Tyler could easy finance me if he was to like me, and so I thought, oh, well, if he didn't have the sense to see me before, why not let bygones be bargains. I will meet him halfway if he pays my fare. And so I slid over there all set to do business. His steno didn't keep me on the outside long enough to look in. She says, "Mr. Tyler is waiting for you," and give me the high sign to the inner shrine. Somebody's little brother opened the door, and I walked in the big head private office of the Silvermount, and there, behind the big heavily fortified desk where Benny usually parked, sat that blind beggar of Billy's, and Hot Bozo! if he didn't seem to be looking right at me!

"Sit down, Softer!" he says, the minute I put a hoof across the sill. "I want to talk to you."

Well, I will admit the chair felt good to me. Of course I had realized the first minute I seen him where there was something unusual about that blind feller. I always got the right instinct to know the real thing when I meet it. Sitting behind Mr. Tyler was another feller, his yes-man, from all appearances.

"Mr. Softer," says this Tyler, "I see that our contract with you expires very shortly. So it is one of the first things I am taking up in the matter of the reorganization which we are contemplating here. I understand from Mr. Silvermount that you are a very busy man, and so I will not detain you any longer than is necessary. I will come to the point at once. You have a very remarkable boy, Softer, and I am seriously considering the organization of a separate company to produce his pictures. Have you anything in particular to say?"

"Well, Mr. Tyler," I says, "I'd a whole lot rather you would talk. About all I got to say so far, is I hope you don't mind a little good-natured kidding. Of course I knew who you was all the time, but I didn't want to embarrass you by making you feel that wonder boy had done you any favors. I hope you see my point."

"Oh, yes, I see!" says Mr. Tyler, and I had a funny feeling like he really did. "However, that is not what we are here to discuss. I intend having Billy's company operate entirely separate from the old concern, and I have drawn up a tentative contract. As you will see, I am taking a heavy personal interest in the proposed new company, retaining for my firm 51 per cent of the stock. The arrangement for the boy is extremely liberal, however. At worst, he will double the money he is getting here. Properly handled, there is a large fortune in him. And I understand that as you control him we must come to you for an agreement."

More abundance! Mr. Gleason, Tyler's yes-man, handed me over the contract, and I read it pretty careful, all but for the whereases and that junk, and it was about as handsome as anybody could wish; just, in fact, what I was planning for in the first place, with one exception. I didn't find no mention of my name until way down towards the last, and here was a pair of claws to the effect I would be carried as personal manager at one thousand a week.

"Now see here, Mr. Tyler," I says, "that dope about me don't go! I'm getting three grand right now, and to talk of any less is all bull! Nothing doing. I couldn't possibly sign that contract." And what was more, I couldn't. I was already signed hard and fast with Mr. J. Lewis Frank, on a perfectly legal paper. And I do like to be strictly truthful.

"Well, what would you consider right?" says Mr. Tyler. It was wonderful the difference in him when he was sitting there behind the mahogany, and I couldn't get over the feeling he was looking right through to the back of my bean. So I was real careful what I thought, on account I didn't want to give myself away.

"I tell you what, Tyler, old man!" I says. "I haven't sunk my executive ability in that wonder boy of mine for nothing. The only contract I would sign would be where I was president of the concern, and it was called the Edward H. Softer Productions Company, see?"

"I do!" says he. "More clearly every minute. But do you realize that one of the reasons for the reorganization of this lot is the salary you drew? If we can't afford to carry you here, how do you expect your son's concern to bear the burden? I most certainly would not ask my firm to back any such proposition."

"And what, my dear feller," I says, "is the name of your firm?"

"J. M. P. Frankle and Company," says Tyler.

"Well," I says, "your Mr. J. Lewis Frank is perfectly willing to put the firm's money into my hands, as I got cause to know!"

There was a minute's quiet then, while I could positive feel them other two birds exchanging what had ought to of been a look. Then Mr. Tyler made a noise in his throat.

"We haven't any Mr. J. Lewis Frank in our concern," says he. "I happen to be a member of the firm, and I know. Unless he's a bond salesman, or something of that sort. How about it, Gleason?"

"Never heard of him," says the yes-man. A awful funny feeling come over me, in the most serious sense of the word, when he says that. On account there wasn't no doubt about Mr. Tyler; he was the all-wool goods. And my executive ability told me where I better be on time for my appointment with Mr. Frank without no failure, and get that contract back. But before I could think it out clear Mr. Tyler was talking again.

"I'll concede the point about the name of Softer," he says quiet. "Only of course, it will be 'Billy Softer, Incorporated.' But as for taking you on as president—why, man alive, you've got about as much chance of being president of that corporation as I have of getting back my sight!" He laughed that one off, kinda crooked.

"I certainly wish the chances was even!" I says kindly. "But in the meantime, Tyler, old boy, I guess we'll leave your contract cool off. I been seriously considering producing that wonder boy of mine myself. And unless you can make me a whole lot better proposition, I'll do it."

"You will, eh?" says Mr. Tyler. "All right! But how are you going to release your pictures? Who's going to distribute them? Nobody that I know of—I'll attend to that! You'd have to states-right that proposition, and you'd go flat broke the first year trying it."

"Fat chance!" I says, bluffing him, see? "I'll get the kale to swing the deal some place else then here!"

"And I'll wager no one will finance such a proposition," he come back at me. "When you cool off, Softer, turn up here and sign. I'll admit you probably haven't got sense enough to know when a thing is crooked, but you owe the Silvermount a debt of honor, and I'm going to hope you will pay it, for your boy's sake. And now don't let me detain you any longer."

Well, naturally, I had got plenty to do, and I was glad he realized it, for I was rearing to go, and so I walked out and left him flat.

The minute I got outside and into my big car, I done some quick but heavy thinking. If there wasn't no Mr. J. Lewis Frank in the firm of J. M. P. Frankle and Company, then Frank was a crook, and he would use that contract I had signed for Billy in some way I hadn't counted on. He would very likely sell it for cash, and maybe he had done that little thing already! It was up to me to kid him out of it if I could catch him in time. I sure stepped on the gas going down. Mad? And how? I got a pretty good temper, generally, but right then I felt Mr. Frank was one skin I'd love to touch.

Funny how I always kinda suspected that bum from the first, and felt where there was something wrong with him. But I know men—I have lived!

(Continued on Page 127)

MASON
BALLOONS



In 1926 Mason Tire sales were approximately 45% greater than 1925 and the number of Mason dealers more than doubled. Here is vivid evidence of Mason's growing reputation for *greater comfort, longer wear* and *finer appearance.* These Mason advantages are due to Hylastic Cord which gives to every Mason Tire a surpassingly sturdy carcass—tough, sinewy, and enduringly flexible.

MASON TIRE AND RUBBER CO.
KENT, OHIO.

*Hylastic Cord is made exclusively from a special, carefully selected, tough and sinewy cotton. It is spun exclusively in Mason's own mills under Mason's directions and to Mason's standards. It is this Hylastic Cord that makes every Mason balloon so flexible that it gives maximum comfort and yet is so tough and sinewy that it endures constant flexing for thousands and thousands of miles.

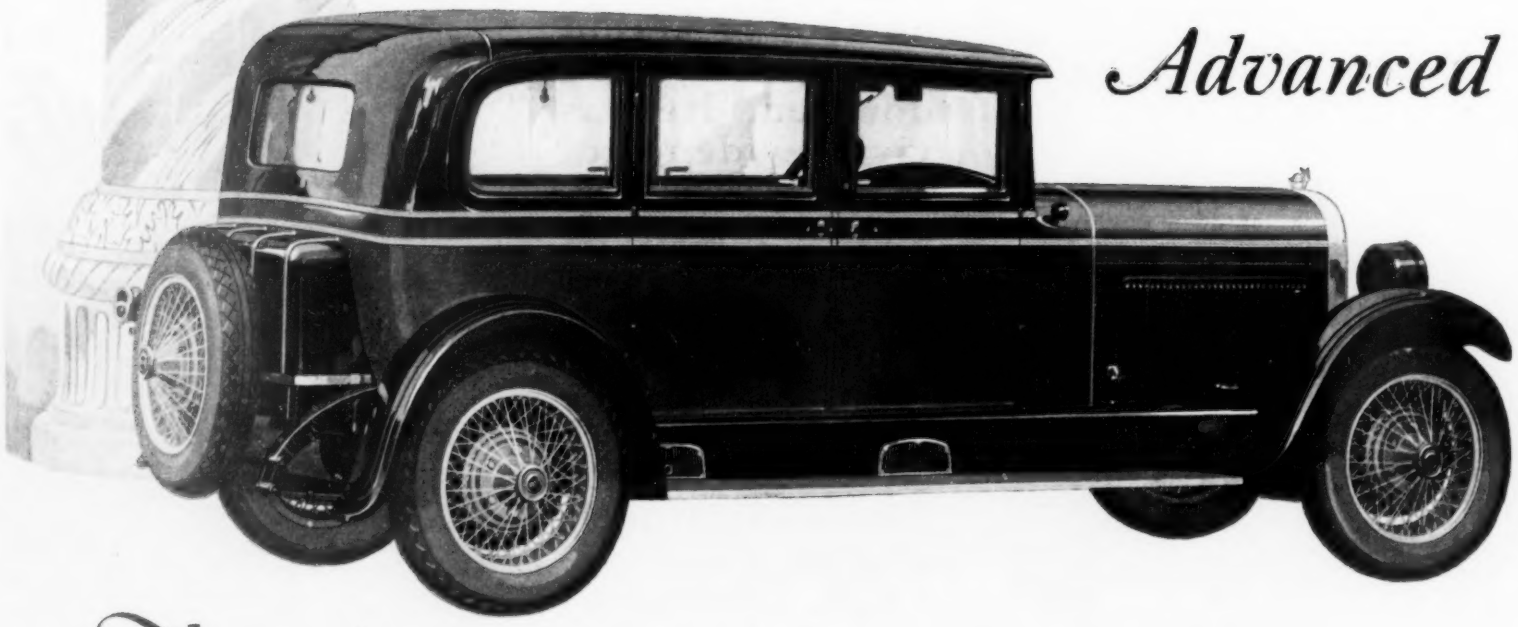
*Hylastic
CORD

NA

Leads the World

ANNOU

Advanced



The AMBASSADOR

At the New York Motor Show Nash will publicly unveil for the first time two entirely *new* motor car conceptions titled The *Ambassador* and The *Cavalier*.

Their arresting originality in body style and their classic artistry in design, definitely establish a precedent in craftsmanship toward which the finest custom builders both here and abroad will now aspire.

The exquisite grace of the rear contours and the beautifully rhythmic forward sweep of the body lines decisively anticipate the smartest trend in enclosed car vogue.

The *Ambassador*, portrayed above, is supplied on the full one hundred and twenty-seven inch wheelbase.

It is superbly finished in lustrous Plymouth Gray, enlivened with an undertone of blue, and sparkling contrast is afforded by the cream-colored wire wheels and black upper body, fenders, and running gear.

There's a handsome carpet for the front compartment and mounted at the rear

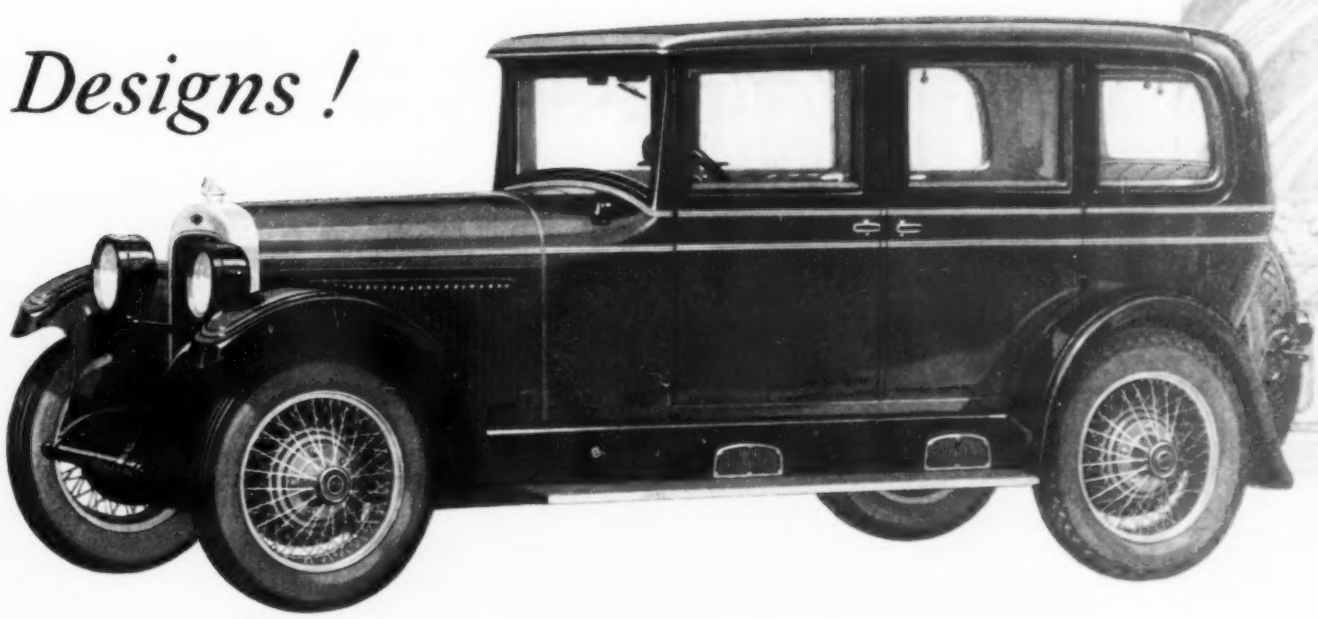
The reasonableness of the price will furnish a further surprise.

S H

in Motor Car Value

N C E S !

Designs !



The CAVALIER

of the body is a large trunk with the practical advantage of opening at the end.

The *Cavalier*, with not so long a wheelbase, is pictured above, done in a piquant Green-Gray finish. It is offered on the Special Six chassis, without a trunk.

Both The *Ambassador* and The *Cavalier* are upholstered in genuine Chase Velmo Mohair Velvet, deeply tufted. In The *Ambassador* the upholstery is in a fascinating shade of blue while an attractive taupe is the prevailing tone in The *Cavalier*.

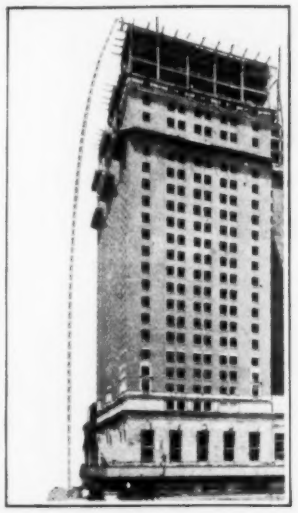
The door windows of both models are paneled with genuine Circassian Walnut inlaid in the Liberty Bell Design. This design is also pursued in the new-style leather-covered vanity case and smoking set which are included in the array of notable appointments featured by both Sedans.

Wire wheels are standard, with disc wheels optional. Both models are powered with the great Nash 7-bearing crankshaft motor—*world's smoothest type*—thus assuring a brilliancy in performance matching their ultra luxury in appearance. Nash 4-wheel brakes are included in the price.

The reasonableness of the price will furnish a further surprise.



1. *Dropped 3000 ft. from an Aeroplane*



2. *Tossed 25 Stories to Cement*

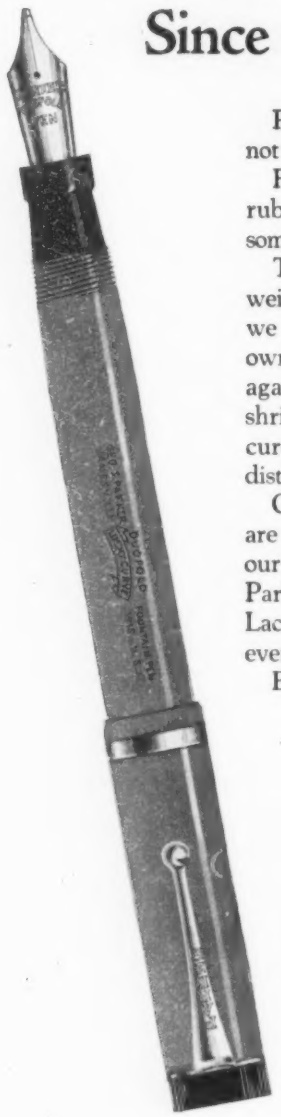


3. *Run over by 3 loaded passenger buses*

3 Dramatic Tests

Prove Parker Pen Barrels Non-Breakable

Since we changed from rubber to Permanite



Parker Pen and Pencil barrels are not made of rubber any longer.

For years we used the best grade rubber made. But in spite of that, some pens broke when dropped.

This led us to adopt a new, lightweight, non-breakable substance which we give a 6-weeks' second cure in our own kilns. Hence it's proof not only against breakage, but also against shrinkage. And we call this double-cured product Parker "Permanite" to distinguish it from inferior grades.

Color effects of captivating beauty are produced in Parker Permanite—our Black-tipped Jade, the fashionable Parker Pastels, and the Black-tipped Lacquer-red Duofold, which outsells every other.

Even before we gave the Parker Duofold this non-breakable barrel, it was the premier pen of the world—it had made the imprint "Geo. S. Parker" better known in 38 nations than the names of many large American cities. Look for that imprint on the barrel so imitations can't deceive you.

For in no pen but the Parker Duofold can you get this super-smooth point that's tempered to yield to any hand, yet ever resume its original shape. A point guaranteed 25 years not only for mechanical perfection but *for wear!*

Good pen counters wouldn't be without it. Stop at the nearest and try this classic today.

Parker Duofold Pencils to match the Pens: Lady Duofold, $3; Over-size Jr., $3.50; "Big Brother" Over-size, $4

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES: NEW YORK • CHICAGO • ATLANTA
DALLAS • SAN FRANCISCO • TORONTO, CANADA • LONDON, ENGLAND

1

June 15, 1926 Dropped 3000 ft. by an aeroplane pilot at Checkerboard Field, Ill. and picked up unharmed.

2

June 15, 1926 Hurled from the Stevens Hotel, Chicago and landed unharmed.

3

August 5, 1926 Defied breakage when run over by 3 loaded buses on Fifth Ave., New York.

Parker Duofold

OVER-SIZE $7

Lucky Curve Feed and 25 Year Point

Parker Duofold Jr. or Lady Duofold $5

Red and Black Color Combination Reg. Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Office

(Continued from Page 122)

There wasn't so signs of Mr. J. Lewis Frank at Marcelles'; and so after waiting half a hour I went around to the rooms he had on the next street, but he wasn't home neither.

"Mr. Frank left last night," says his landlady, "just before the cops come looking for him," she says. "Now, don't ask me nothing; I don't know nothing! You detectives give me a pain. I'm a honest workingwoman; I keep a lodging house, not a information bureau!" And with that she shut the door in my face.

"Cops!" I thought. "So the cops are after him! Well, well, I hope not too far after him!" And I wondered what to do. And how? And for the next coupla hours I paged him at all our usual hangouts, but no luck. I even went around to the jail, but he wasn't home there neither; and at police headquarters the feller at the desk didn't seem to realize who I was and wouldn't give out no information. So after a while I got sick and tired looking for him and decided to leave the whole thing flat. I felt the best thing for me to do was run out to my own studio, set down in my private office on the kitchen chair I had parked in it, and let my executive ability get busy figuring out what was the next move to make.

When I reached the Art Comedy lot, there wasn't nobody around. I had fired the watchman to cut down expenses, and when I got there I remembered I didn't have no key. But it seems I didn't need it, on account the gate had been left open, and I stepped in without no trouble at all.

Inside, the main building was all dust and gloom, but I didn't care. I was pretty well sunk, particularly when I thought of the basket of raspberries that darn sister-in-law of mine was gonner hand me when things come out. And if anybody had needed a little trouble right then I would of gladly split mine with them. While I was sitting there burning up a few fags and thinking heavy, I heard a funny, unhealthy noise over beyond the office door, where a old drawing-room set, furniture and all, was piled up pretty near to the ceiling. And at first I thought, well, I'll bet a dime that is Billy's tame mouse he's always talking about; I believe I'll go call it out. I wonder is it really tame.

So I got up awful cautious and quiet and headed for where the sound come from, without making any myself, wishing I had a hunk of cheese or something; and just as I was going to say, "Here, mousie, mousie," I seen a pair of eyes staring at me outa the gloom behind that junk pile, and they wasn't mouse eyes; they was more like rats, but growing in the face of a human of some kind.

"Hey, you!" I says. "Whatcha doing in there? Don't answer me back, but come out of it quick!"

The feller didn't say a word, but he at once moved, in the other direction. So I quickly realized there must be something phony about him being in there; and seeing it was my studio, or would be if I ever found some way to raise the ten grand I had to have to close, why, naturally I didn't want no tramps or firebugs or any such insects infesting the place.

"Say, you're taking the wrong turn!" I yelled. "This is the way out and I don't mean maybe! You got nice eyebrows, boy, but funny feet; they are turned the wrong way!"

But still the feller didn't answer. Instead, he begun moving further inside as fast as he could for the old Kliegs and screens that was piled up all over the place. And this got my goat good and plenty. I am no coward, and as soon as I seen where the feller was trying to run away from me, I was after him hot foot. The yeller dog, I could see he was in there for no good.

And the chase that bird led me would of done a director's heart good if he could of had a camera on it. We was through Billy's pirate cave and over his Indian wigwam, upstairs and down, knocking over scenery and lumber, dashing through a antique English castle and a Mexican street scene, and then finally the mystery boy ducked in through the false front of a frontier saloon which stood near a window, and for the first time I got a good look at his face. It was Mr. J. Lewis Frank, and in a flash my intelligence told me he was in there hiding out on the police. But I should worry at that moment over what the cops wanted him for. What I, on the other hand, wanted him for was nobody's business! It seemed like he recognized me at the same moment, for he give a funny little squeal, more like a rat than ever, and made a final bolt out of the window; but the bolt wasn't strong enough, on account I was after him with one leap, landing on his shoulders just as he landed out on the sidewalk.

"One moment, please!" I yelled, sitting on his chest.

"Let me up!" he hollered. "Beat it! The cops!"

"Gimme that contract!" I howled. "Come across, gimme it!"

"I'll have you pinched for assault!" he gasped. And at that minute a police whistle blew downstreet, and a cop's footsteps come running.

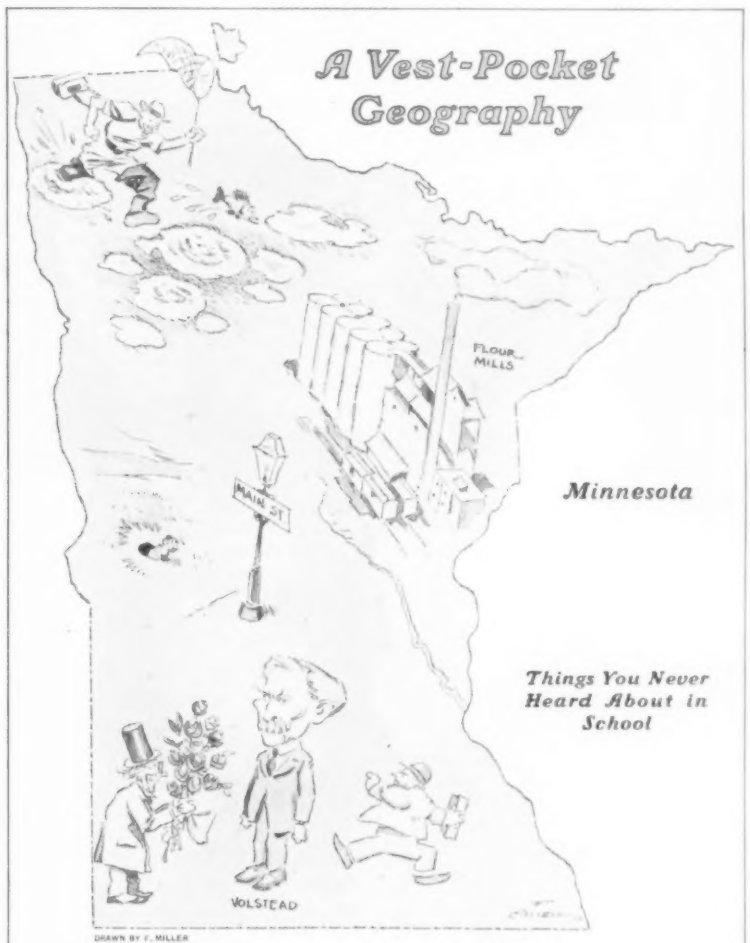
"Go to it; make a charge!" I says, not moving. "Gimme that contract, gimme it quick, you dirty crook, and I'll leave you go!"

"All right," he wheezed, slipping it to me, with the officer not twenty feet away. "Now let me go, like you said."

I give the paper one look to make sure he wasn't trying to double-cross me, still keeping my seat, and by that time the cop, which I knew him real well on account he was the usual one to pinch me for speeding, come up, and as he showed every sign of arresting the both of us, why, my executive ability told me to use a little business judgment and let him take care of my ex-partner.

"Say, O'Flarety," I says at once, "this bird is J. L. Frank; there is a charge against him down to headquarters, and I have been after him all day. But now I'm not after him any more—I'm ahead of him. So just keep him company as far as the jug, will you, and I'll be down later to see if there is any little thing I can do to help the captain."

And with that I walked off and left Mr. J. Lewis Frank flat; he not as yet having recovered sufficient wind to arise.



MINNESOTA is the Norse state. It is inhabited by some 2,500,000 persons who subscribe to the theory that it really was Leif Ericson who discovered America. The state is noted as the home of mighty-voiced congressmen, the Mayos and Andrew J. Volstead.

Mr. Volstead gave the nation a topic of conversation second only to the weather and caused a number of the young intellectuals to migrate to France. Who said prohibition was a failure?

Minneapolis is the largest city. St. Paul is the capital. The two are called the Twin Cities. Neither considers the term particularly happy. There is a marked jealousy between them. A Minneapolis attorney once objected to the reading of the Bible in the schools because it was full of references to Saint Paul and didn't have a word about Minneapolis.

The state is the happy fishing grounds of the Middle West. It has innumerable fine lakes and a wealth of water power. One of its attractions is Minnehaha Falls, famed in the Legend of Hiawatha. It is a great flour-millin' state and produces large quantities of iron ore. It has neither coal nor gas, but the former deficiency is made up for by its water power and the latter by its statesmen. A statesman is a politician who wears spats and knows how to pronounce Czecho-Slovakia.

WILLIAM P. ROWLEY.

The next morning I was over to the Silvermount lot bright and early, all set to sign the contract Mr. Tyler had showed me the day before. I had decided where, after all, I would agree to his terms out of pure friendship.

And besides, my business experience told me where it would be a good sound policy to tie up with him—for the present anyways.

The big blond dumb Dora at our gate was off for a minute when I come, so I ducked right into Mr. Tyler's office, and who would be there besides him but his yes-man and Big Benny Silvermount, the egg himself.

"Good morning, boys!" I says, tossing down my kelly and my yellow cane. "How's tricks today? I have been thinking over that contract, Tyler, old sock, and I'd like to give it the ephis once more, if you don't mind?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Tyler, and Mr. Gleason hauled it out, and the rest went on talking while I made out like I was reading the contract careful.

"I seen in the papers where the cops got Slippy Lewis," says Big Benny. "That confidence man they been offering a ten-thousand-dollar reward for; some boob accidentally caught him over at the old Art Comedy Studios last night."

And when he says this, all of a sudden I felt like there wasn't no stomach to me at all. You know, a feeling like something was gonner happen.

"Say," I says, "are you speaking of the feller that I turned over to the cops last night?"

"Was it you who caught him?" says Tyler in the midst of a kinda hush.

"Sure, it was me pinched him!" I says. "He had something of mine I needed. I got it, and handed him over!"

"You don't tell!" says Benny.

"Well, are you going to sign that contract, Softer?" says Mr. Tyler. "I congratulate you on your capture, but we have a heavy day ahead of us."

"I'm going to sign it," I says, "but not yet. There's just one thing I want. I wanner be president of this new company—in name, anyways—and I'd like to sell you the Art Comedy Studios. I own 'em, you know, and I may call to your notice them studios of mine are the only ones available for our purpose right now."

There was a little silence.

"You win!" says Tyler. "You will go in as president, Softer. But in order to safeguard the interest of that marvelous boy of yours, Benny, here, will go in as general manager with full power, and he will also be in control of the holding company. I don't want to take a chance of your straining your executive ability through overwork!"

Well, naturally, about a hour or two later I got that sister-in-law of mine, Mary McCree, on the wire at her office. I done so with a little doubt, though, because though of course I am that sheik type—why, as the sweet old song goes, "Never count your chickens until they have said 'yes.'"

"Say, Mary," I says over the phone, "how about stepping out a little tonight?" I says. "I just been made president of Billy's independent company, and I got a ten-thousand-dollar reward I made capturing a well-known crook. I am using it to close for the old Art Comedy Studios which I have just sold to Tyler at a handsome profit. Some of it has got to be spent on a celebration. How about it; whatter you say?"

There was a little slice of silence at her end of the wire for a minute, and then her voice come very faint.

"Aw, go tie up a noodle!" she says.

"All right!" I says. "There's a new spaghetti house over on Grand Avenue. I'll meet you there for dinner at seven sharp!"

"I'll be there!" she says. "If only to find out are you sane or not!" Then she hung up.

I always could get women to do anything I wanted.



Albert Russel Erskine

PRESIDENT OF

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION

The ERSKINE SIX
Studebaker's New 2⅓ Litre Car
An Announcement by the Directors of The Studebaker Corporation

THE Studebaker business was established in South Bend, Indiana, February 16, 1852 and this year Studebaker will complete its 75th anniversary. This auspicious event, the Diamond Jubilee of Studebaker, is celebrated by the introduction of a new type car which will prove a revelation in beauty, comfort and performance.

It became manifest several years ago that the foreign markets were demanding a smaller and lower priced car and the American market is now feeling the same need.

The corporation decided, therefore, about two years ago, that it was necessary to make preparation to meet these demands and consequently widespread investigations and experiments were undertaken by the executives and engineers of the corporation to determine exactly what kind of car would be most suitable for all purposes. These investigations involved a trip to Europe by Mr. Erskine in September and October, 1924, which included visits to automobile plants, interviews with manufacturers and engineers and a careful review of practically every car and body exhibited at the Paris and London shows of that year.

Where the Idea Was Born

The culmination of the investigation was a banquet given by Mr. Erskine in Paris which was attended by Studebaker dealers and representatives from every country in Europe and several from Asia. After dinner a series of questions drafted by Mr. Erskine were answered by every man present.

Using the information obtained at this meeting and the knowledge and experience of the corporation of the requirements of America and other countries, specifications were prepared for the building of fifteen experimental chassis and several bodies. Many improvements were developed in the building and testing of these jobs in the Research and Experimental Departments of the corporation during the past two years. A half dozen of the leading automotive engineers of America, men of long experience and wide knowledge, participated in this work. Upon completion the different chassis and bodies were given extreme road tests for endurance, performance, comfort, economy, etc., at the Studebaker Proving Ground under the direction of its engineers, including Ralph De Palma, the international racing star who is a member of the Studebaker engineering staff.

In this way the dependability and merit of the Erskine Six were proved and the car was made ready for production.

The corporation now presents the car to the motoring public of the world with its confident assurance that it will give satisfaction.

The Little Aristocrat

The Erskine Six, a car of characteristic Studebaker quality priced below $1,000, has an immediate widespread market. It will be produced in the Detroit plants of the corporation and will be furnished in four models as follows:

5-passenger Sedan, with four doors
5-passenger Tourer, with folding top
4-passenger Coupe, with rumble seat
2-passenger Business Coupe.

The Erskine Six was designed to meet American requirements of comfort, power, performance and the European demand for economy. A new car throughout, of the highest quality, it has been christened "The Little Aristocrat."

The Erskine Six is years ahead of the times. It is a revelation in beauty, comfort and performance and establishes new standards in these respects. Standards of quality also, which distinguish the Erskine Six from all other light-weight, smaller cars, are the very characteristics which heretofore have been sacrificed in small cars to save cost and reduce price. High quality features previously found only in larger cars are obtainable now for the first time in a small car, the Erskine Six. Where others have failed, Studebaker has succeeded and has set a rich precedent.

How Europe Welcomed The Erskine Six

The Erskine Six made its debut at the Paris Automobile Show held in the Grand Palais from October 7th to 17th, 1926. A Sedan and Tourer were exhibited, together with a Studebaker Big Six President and a Standard Six Victoria.

The launching of an American car in Europe was a departure from ordinary practice. The city of Paris was placarded with Erskine Six posters and magazines, newspapers and trade papers featured comments about it. The Studebaker stand was thronged with people continuously during the show and all reports unanimously agree that the Erskine Six was the sensation of the show.

The Paris Temps, in an editorial, pronounced the Erskine Six the "clou du salon" (the hit of the salon). The United Press cabled the following statement to American newspapers:

"For the first time in the history of European motor car development, an American-made car has been the sensation of the annual automobile show of Paris."

At the London Automobile Show held at Olympia from October 22nd to 30th, the same showing of cars was made and the same enthusiastic reception was received. The Erskine Six was the hit of the Olympia Show without any question of doubt.

Firm signed orders received at Paris and London indicate that during the first six months of 1927 the corporation will be faced with a production rather than a selling problem.

Why it is named Erskine

We, the board of directors of The Studebaker Corporation, chose the name Erskine for this new car because Albert Russel Erskine is primarily responsible for it—just as he has been responsible for the development of the business of this old institution between the sixty-first and seventy-fifth years of its history.

Chairman of Board


THE PRESIDENT
Combines Custom Luxury with Common Sense Economy
CREATED for captains of commerce, The President today enjoys the widespread recognition of big business executives.
It has become America's most popular seven-passenger sedan because it is the first car to embody both custom luxury and common sense economy.
It is a study in custom beauty—low-swung and agleam with lustrous lacquers—upholstered richly in broadcloth or Chase mohair with broadlace trim.
The President is equipped with disc wheels, four-wheel brakes, nickeled two-beam acorn headlights and the exclusive Studebaker no-draft ventilating windshield which admits fresh air but excludes drafts and rain.
It is powered with the Studebaker Big Six motor (of the quiet L-head type)—first to beat the fastest transcontinental schedules of the crack Limiteds—and equalled in rated horsepower by only seven other American cars, costing two to four times more.
You may duplicate its luxury and you can duplicate the price, but there is no car in which you can duplicate both.
Equipment: No-draft ventilating windshield, exclusively Studebaker; front and rear bumpers; Watson stabilators; engine thermometer, clock and hydrostatic gasoline gauge on the dash; coincidental lock; oil filter and air purifier; automatic windshield cleaner; double rear-vision mirror; vanity case; smoking set; arm rests; toggle grips; dome light, automatically turned on when right rear door is opened; traffic signal light; emergency lamp on extension; 4-wheel brakes; full-size balloon tires; and two-beam nickel-plated acorn headlights, controlled from steering wheel.
THE PRESIDENT
A Big Six Custom Sedan (for Seven)
$2245 f. o. b. factory, including disc wheels and 4-wheel brakes
STUDEBAKER

THE FUTURE OF THE AMERICAN DYNASTIES

(Continued from Page 46)

kneel before a queen; they may not have used good grammar and easy phraseology; but they did their share in the pioneering of an empire, in the construction of the most momentous financial heritage of a century.

Most of their descendants are still carving their names in the new order of things, but it is of the others that I write—the hundreds of scions of rich men who are coming to the fore. Will they, too, be imbued with that desire to do something with their lives which their parents had when they began to fill the family vault?

If they do they will be exceptions to the general rule. It is an old adage of American society that it is but three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves. Fifteen years ago, or thereabouts, while I was attending one of the numerous private schools to which I had been sent, the head master said to me, "No use your trying to do something in life, young man."

"Why?" I asked him.

"Oh, simply because no clever man ever has a son who amounts to anything. A family rebuilds itself every other time. One man makes a fortune, his son dissipates it; his grandson by necessity is forced to work, and if he has inherited anything worth while, as he surely must have, he duplicates the achievement of his grandparent in some other line of endeavor. Thus American finance repeats itself."

Those words made more impression on me than my former preceptor could possibly have imagined, and I think I vowed then and there—I was eleven or twelve at the time—that regardless of all else, I would not be the average son, but would do my best to make a name for myself in my own way. If we survey the reference books in any library, we shall find a number of other sons, born into America's financial dynasties, who have thought and have done likewise. That is why the great names of the past have continued to be respected and have stood for more than the social caste that was inevitably their lot; though there are other descendants of famous families sowing their wild oats and reaping reputations which have caused misgivings and misunderstandings in many a less meritorious sphere. But there is always chaff when the harvest is bountiful, and the presence of such people does not, in the end, unless repeated too often, change the general order of things in the public mind.

Business is Pleasure

In the days that have passed it was easier for a young man of wealth to carve his niche, when he earnestly desired to do so, than it is today, because for one thing, transportation and communication were undeveloped and the opportunity for competition decidedly limited. Doubtless, the sturdy founders of our best remembered dynasties would have thrown up their hands in despair had they been confronted with the problems which face the fathers and sons of even the moderately wealthy today.

At the time when our great-grandparents held sway, finance and society were two distinct propositions. Today they go hand in hand. More than half the big financial deals of present times are consummated because of their social significance. It is all very well to say that business and pleasure do not mix. Maybe not, in the minds of the gullible. But to every man who has had to battle with present-day conditions it is an acknowledged fact that society is playing a greater part in his business life than heretofore.

There are more golf courses, more means of personal transportation, more mixing of different social sets in their private lives in the world, and in America particularly, in the twentieth century, than there ever were in the seventeenth, eighteenth or nineteenth century. People are beginning to know not only the business faces men wear but their home faces as well. They are learning that in the essence of things, rich or poor, they are all alike, and that the exceptions to this rule are the geniuses and those who have been educated as individualists.

The rich man's son finds the stiffest kind of competition in every line of endeavor, from the sons not only of the moderately well-to-do but of the very poor as well. And many a rich young man has gone down before this kind of competition, with which he has never learned to cope.

The man who is coming to the top in every profession today is the man who bends every agency at his command to help him perform the task he is trying to achieve. Thus the really clever young man tirelessly climbs step by step to the position he most desires, while his financially more opulent adversary looks on in wonder and amazement.

Eeney-Meeney-Miney-Moe

Of course there are glowing exceptions—there have been more since the Great War than there were previous to it. Take Vincent Astor, for instance. He has within the past ten years built scores of apartment houses designed to afford comfortable accommodations at a reasonable rate. In seeking a practical solution for congestion, particularly in the tenement districts of New York, Vincent Astor has rubbed elbows with the city's masses; he has competed with virile young men with less well-to-do but better-equipped business lives; he has in no sense remembered constantly the social exclusiveness of the sphere in which he was brought up, and has again impressed upon the American public that the name of Astor is here to stay.

Representative Hamilton Fish, with the same thoroughness with which he shattered the Yale line while at Harvard during his college days, has shattered through his genealogical ranks and forged his way to a place of much importance in Congress. One of the few really coming younger men in Republican circles, Ham Fish has proved himself thoroughly in sympathy with the everyday problems which confront the average American.

The smashing of the caste of tradition is by no means confined solely to the male descendants of well-known families. Gloria Gould has successfully conducted a theater on the Gay White Way, where she specializes in presenting worth-while pictures at a price within the reach of all. And Sarah Potter Conover is successfully conducting an antique shop in Manhattan's most exclusive uptown district.

Young William Averell Harriman bears a tremendous responsibility as the son of the great consolidator of transportation systems. He found it compatible, upon his graduation from Yale, to be a steamship operator and a hard-working business man too.

And Junius Morgan lost no time, upon leaving Harvard, in entering the firm of international bankers of which his great-grandfather had been the founder.

And there are others, any number of them; but, too, there are many more a review of whose inactivities would not prove attractive here. The exceptions to any rule are invariably better known than the affirmations of the rule itself. That these young people mentioned above have emerged into the business world, and have taken the dictum laid down by their social sphere as well, is to their credit. Comparatively speaking, it is easy for them to be their masters after they have made the initial step, after they have fastened the eyes of the world upon them and have overcome the obstacles set for them by their more unscrupulous or better fitted adversaries, but it is something else again for the safely cloistered daughters and sisters of the first families to achieve their freedom. Many of these young women are heiresses in their own right. So carefully are they guarded and hedged about with chaperons and relatives, who look askance upon the motives of any man desiring to marry them, that the girls are sorely tried in achieving the matrimonial status. In most cases the field from which these young women may choose is exceedingly limited. They are told that they must marry primarily for position and for family prestige.

Hand Mirrors of Washington

Poor girls! A survey of the stag line at any smart, fashionable dance is discouraging. From this galaxy must the girl select a mate if she is bent upon complying with the requirements of the dynastic code. The results of many of these marriages are too well known to need comment here.

It happens frequently that these high-spirited, charming, talented girls rebel at the prospect of marrying some weakling who has nothing to recommend him but the background of a great name. The result is that the girls go from the frying pan into the fire and refute completely the ambitions of their parents and commit marriages which are nothing short of *mésalliances*. Of course, they do not work out, so that very frequently, no matter which way the girls turn, their hopes of a happy married career are blasted.

In casting about for an alliance for their daughter, the parents may view with appraising eye the current crop of foreign nobility which may be circulating in Washington or in the European capitals. It must be said, in all fairness, that the American girl—thanks, possibly, to the war—has few illusions left concerning titled-husband material.

But take Washington, for example. The embassies and legations are manned by some of the cleverest young men who survived the war. American girls, particularly those with substantial dowries, are their legitimate prey. It is well known that Washington's debutantes, postdebutantes, and those who would rather not recall just when they came out, divide themselves into two classes—wop girls and white girls. Let not the reader become unduly disturbed at these designations. A wop girl is a blasé young thing who professes to see little of interest in an American boy her own age. She is avowedly enamored with the foreigners who grace the social life of the nation's capital. Gradually, as the season progresses, she is included in all the parties sponsored by the foreigners, and where the attachés predominate, to the exclusion of any American competition. The white girls, on the other hand, confess that they feel a bit more at home when surrounded by the type of boys whom they have known for years.

Of course, the wop girls contend that it requires a great deal more finesse to be agreeable with the foreigners than the white girls possess. But that is another story. It must be admitted, however, that the glamour of a title still carries an entrée with Americans.

From Washington to the wilds of Quebec is a decided jump. Recently the public was intrigued at the announcement that young James Stillman intended to marry a natural unspoiled girl from the forest fastnesses of Canada. The boy's mother and father were frankly delighted with the match. Bud Stillman revels in the fact that his future bride is a good cook and an excellent housekeeper. Young Stillman has blazed a trail that can be emulated with profit by others.

The unusual feature of the match is the enthusiastic approval of his parents. Many another young man might fall in love with such a paragon of feminine virtues and hesitate to avow it before the social hierarchy.

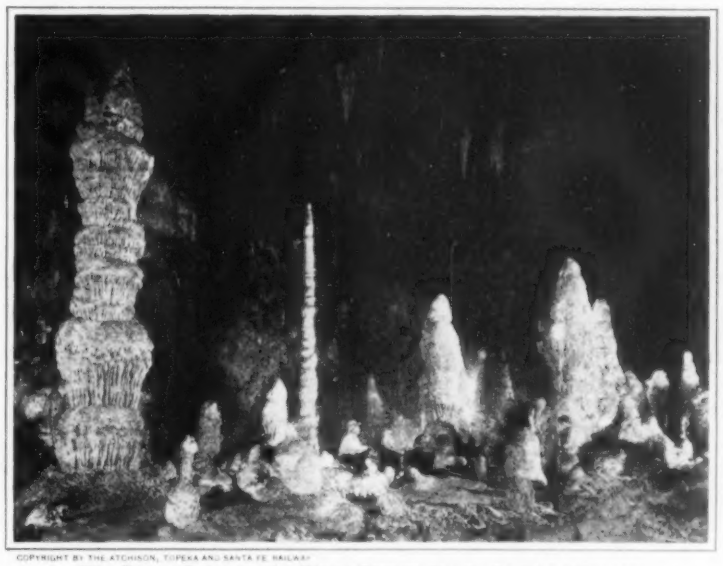
Gold has been the foundation of practically all American social succession. Possibly the most romantic trio to found their social eminence upon the yellow metal is the Bonanza trio of Mackay, Fair and O'Brien. It was a rich lode that these three forty-niners happened upon. It assured the financial dominance of their descendants, which they speedily converted into social eminence.

A Newer Dynasty

Clarence Mackay, head of the Postal Telegraph-Cable Company, is the father of two attractive daughters. The eldest, charming Katherine Mackay, married one Kenneth O'Brien. The younger—Ellin Mackay—shocked fashionable society by marrying Irving Berlin. Ellin, in a one-act drama, vaulted the prescribed barriers with a completeness which left the social world aghast. But only time will tell which branch of this dynasty will be the better perpetuated.

This brings us down to the present-day group of Rockefeller, Ford and Mellon, the most recent figures on the social firmament, whose dynasty, just beginning, will be watched with interest. John D. Rockefeller is to be congratulated upon the type of son he has fostered and educated to conduct his vast enterprises. Only one of John D., Jr.'s, children has accumulated enough

(Continued on Page 134)



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The Totem Poles in the Kings' Throne Room, Carlsbad Caverns

Pre-loading Conquered—

Pre-loading means tying down automobile springs in a manner that restrains their action during certain limits of movement, when they should be entirely free and unhampered. One of the chief causes of pre-loading is the excessive tension of a shock absorber. Pre-loading tends to defeat the purpose of soft springs and balloon tires. On smooth roads, at normal speeds, pre-loading forces the springs to transmit the unpleasant jiggle which the springs and tires are intended to absorb.

By GEORGE H. RALLS
President, The Gabriel Snubber Manufacturing Company

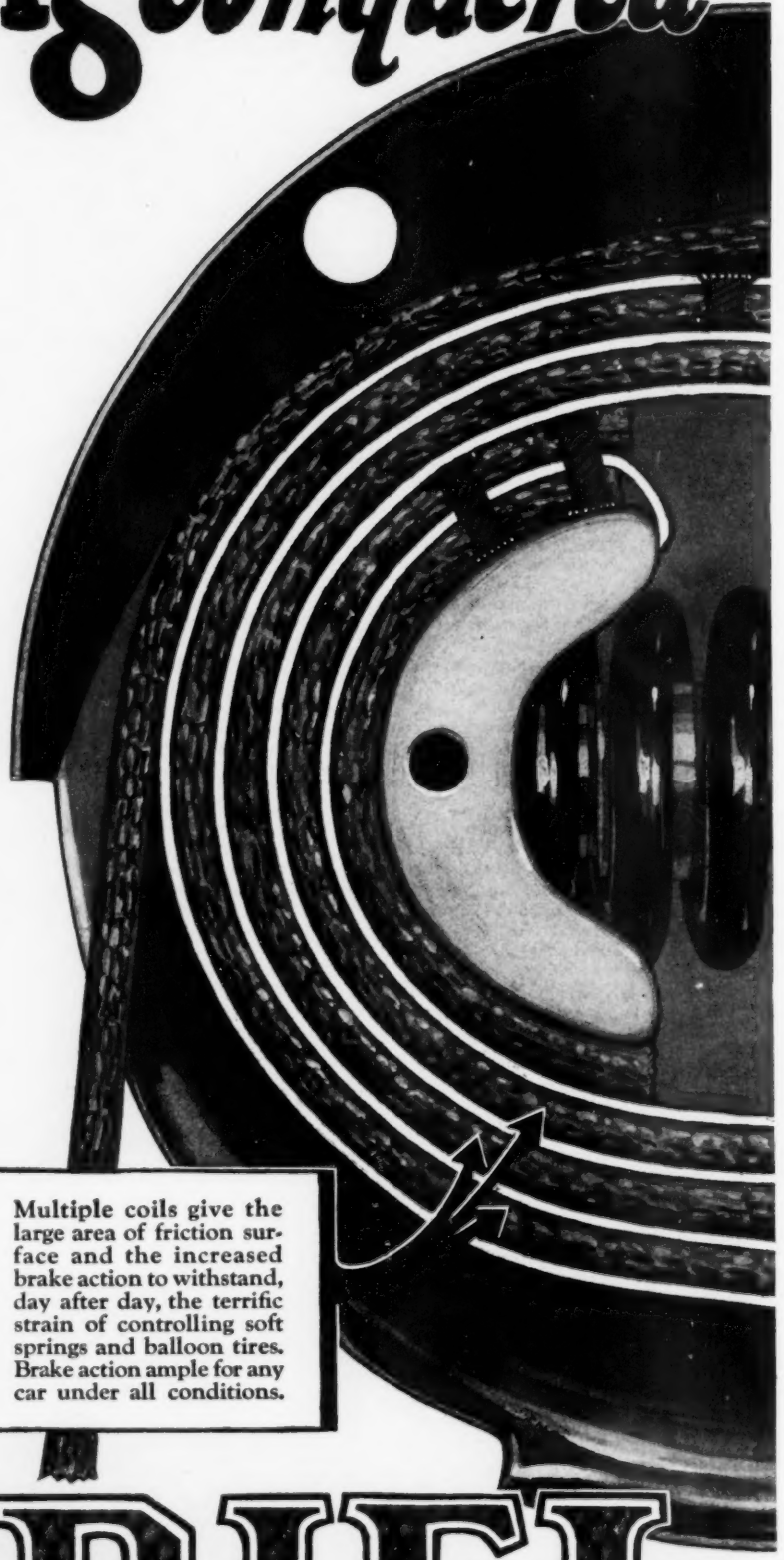
Now beginning its twentieth year of increasing the riding comfort of motor cars, Gabriel announces its New Gabriel Snubber—

A spring control device which prevents the pre-loading of motor car springs.

Pre-loading is today the greatest single obstacle to riding comfort.

The exclusive anti-pre-loading brake in the New Gabriel Snubber overcomes that obstacle once and for all.

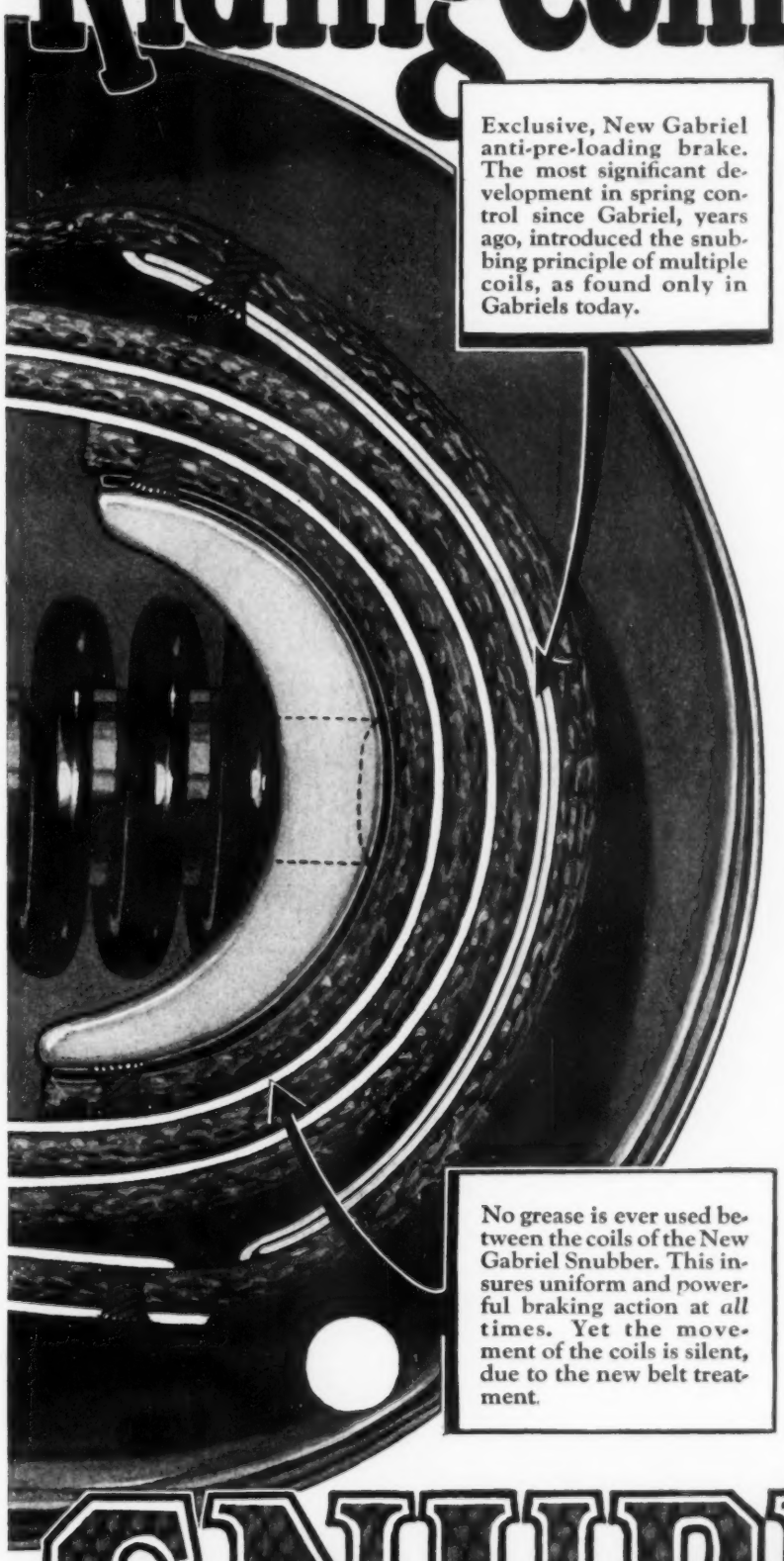
It assists the balloon tires and the soft springs of today's car to absorb all road shocks and thus give you the greater comfort you expect from them.



Multiple coils give the large area of friction surface and the increased brake action to withstand, day after day, the terrific strain of controlling soft springs and balloon tires. Brake action ample for any car under all conditions.

NEW GABRIEL

Riding Comfort Assured



Exclusive, New Gabriel anti-pre-loading brake. The most significant development in spring control since Gabriel, years ago, introduced the snubbing principle of multiple coils, as found only in Gabriels today.

No grease is ever used between the coils of the New Gabriel Snubber. This insures uniform and powerful braking action at *all* times. Yet the movement of the coils is silent, due to the new belt treatment.

From the early days of the automobile, Claude H. Foster, inventor of the Gabriel Snubber and founder of the Gabriel Company, has devoted his life to the problem of riding comfort.

Realizing the importance of this work, engineers and manufacturers of motor cars and springs have given their active and continuous coöperation.

When balloon tires were only in the experimental stage, he foresaw that spring control devices, car springs and seat cushion springs would have to be entirely re-designed.

While Mr. Foster has been perfecting the New Gabriel Snubber, motor car and spring engineers have been working closely with him.

For motor car engineers themselves recognize that, with soft springs and balloon tires, it is more necessary today than ever before that a car be equipped with spring control.

Also, this control must have a greatly increased brake action in order to damp the recoil of the softer springs and balloon tires, which rebound in unison.

The New Gabriel Snubbers, by reason of their multiple coils, exert ample brake action to control the spring rebound on rough roads at any speed.

And on smooth roads at normal speed, the Gabriel anti-pre-loading brake prevents the jiggle set up by irregularities too small to see.

Without question the New Gabriel Snubbers represent the most significant development of recent years in the entire field of spring control devices.

Not only are they the culmination of Mr. Foster's years of experience, study and scientific experiment.

They are engineered and built to meet present day conditions and the modern needs of balloon tires and soft springs.

THE GABRIEL SNUBBER MANUFACTURING CO.
Cleveland, Ohio Toronto, Canada

SNUBBERS



How to Make A Week's Pay in One Day

Make this test and find out whether you can earn $5,000 to $10,000 a year. To make sure of $400 to $600 a month may be far easier than you think. Many of our representatives are making $500 and more a month. Probably more men are making $5,000 a year—or more—with the Fyr-Fyter Company than with any other direct selling company in the world. And it is easier now than it has ever been before!

Fyr-Fyter is the most perfect fire prevention device ever invented. It bears the label of the Underwriters Laboratories. Fire Chiefs everywhere urge and endorse it. Hundreds of America's largest factories use it. After exhaustive tests, the U. S. Government purchased over 250,000 Fyr-Fyters. There is a size and type for every building in America.

Every month, by hundreds and by thousands, American factories and homes are turning to this new way to fight fire. The field is enormous. Only 5% of the possible market has been supplied. Practically every factory, home, store, garage, school, church, hotel, theatre and public building is in need of fire prevention equipment. That's why Fyr-Fyter men find it easy to earn $100 to $300 a week. That's why any number of men report earnings of

$50 In One Day

That's why you, too, can make this your lifetime opportunity.

T. S. Gill, of Louisiana, who made over $600 in one month and who has made as high as $122.50 in a day, says: "I am firmly convinced that any man joining the Fyr-Fyter force and working 8 hours a day will soon show a profit of $5,000 a year."

Send For This **FREE Book**



We give you an opportunity to join one of the highest-paid sales organizations in America. See how easy it is to start in almost any way that is convenient to you. Send for this free book, "Building a Permanent Income." See how W. E. Saal, Ohio, made $100 in six hours. How Hickey, Ont., made $148 in one day. How Payne, Iowa, made $159 his first 3 days. We do not ask you to do a day's work that will not pay you well. We give you a 90-page manual that covers every point. It tells you exactly what to say and what to do. Don't make the mistake of trying to judge how much you can make, before you read these full facts on this unparalleled opportunity. Mail the coupon now for the full plan.

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Without obligation, send me full particulars, and a copy of "Building a Permanent Income," free.

Name .....

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(Continued from Page 131)

years to warrant marriage, and she has shown her good sense by marrying a young lawyer who never boasted about his social connections, though he had good cause to had he desired. Henry Ford's son has been married for some time and is the father of several attractive children. Edsel, who will some day be the richest man in the world, cares little for the mandates of society and is content to spend most of his spare time in his family circle.

Returning to Washington again, we must take cognizance of the marriage last spring of the only daughter of the Secretary of the Treasury to a clean-cut, upstanding young American. It is no exaggeration to state that there was considerable disappointment on the part of numerous titled suitors when the stately Ailsa Mellon married an American diplomat of good old Maryland stock. Ailsa occupied a unique position at Washington. The daughter of one of the world's richest men, she presided, in the absence of her mother, as the chatelaine of her father's house. She greeted with aplomb and poise the ambassadors and officials, the politicians and financiers, who of necessity were known to her distinguished father.

A veritable array of foreign shock troops in the guise of suitors was directed against her. Washington was accustomed to the sight of any prince or any lord leading an expeditionary force designed to reduce the fair Ailsa to the married state. There need be no apprehension, however, concerning the fate of the Mellon family for the next generation.

In the earlier days the social end of our financial dynasties existed, in the main, to give outlet to the exchange of ideas and the broadening of views. But times have changed greatly since our memorable beginnings. Things which are commonplace today would have shocked the ancestors of many a prominent family, who, had they ever even thought such things might exist in the future, would certainly not have vouchsafed them. Many customs prevalent in the different social sets in American cities nowadays would surely not be countenanced for one moment in most of the older European capitals.

Spiking Their Lorgnettes

Thirty years ago saw the American social dynasty in full flower. Its reign was absolute. Social aspirants, leaders in the world of finance and the arts, trembled at the whim of Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish. That was the late Ward McAllister period, and woe betide any pretty girl and coming young man who violated in the slightest degree the precepts laid down for them by these doughty dowagers. Steamship and transcontinental travel, coeducational schools, the score of ways in which members of both sexes are brought together, have all but leveled the stoutest social barriers of present times. Today those purists who preside, in the persons of dowagers, over the social dynasties of America find themselves lying awake nights in an effort to devise means of keeping "the best people" free from contamination. The expression frequently heard before the war that one did not meet socially but met on a steamship, is rather shopworn today, and really does not apply. I dare say there remain in this country hardly two score of this deadly and awe-inspiring species. Their lorgnettes are not what they used to be. The freezing glances with which the dowagers razed the assemblies and cotillions do not now prove quite so effective. The younger generation is too busy going somewhere to be disturbed even temporarily by a chill glance which carries the message that something or other isn't being done.

"The old guard dies, but never surrenders," is applicable to these grand old ladies. I well remember while at a fashionable function in Albany, that stronghold of patrons and early settlers, a very well-known hostess, long since gone to her reward, who took me to task in this wise:

"Why aren't you content to remain a gentleman?" she demanded in the course of an acrid condemnation of my first efforts in journalism. "Don't you realize that you can never hope to enhance the fame which already accrues to the name you bear? Your place is in society, the sponsor of delightful entertainments, the dignified scion of a great ancestor. How can you ever expect to add to the luster of the old commodore's achievements? In the first place, it's not in you; and secondly, it is decidedly unbecoming. Your position is here, ready-made for you. It is very bad form for you to get mixed up with persons who work for a living. Now run along and dance with little So-and-So who is worthy of you, and forget this nonsense about work and doing things."

There you have it in a nutshell—the code and the creed of the perfect dynastic-dowager type. To my mind, it is a pity that the dowager school of thought prevails to the extent that it does, for how are our American dynasties to be perpetuated if we overlook the fact that they can continue before the public at large only through the actual putting into practice of those principles laid down by their founders?

I do not wish to give the impression that I do not appreciate to the fullest the legacy of a name famed for its achievements. Far from it. It is a splendid thing for the descendants of the old American families to indulge in ancestor worship, if not carried to extremes. I glory in the fact that the dynastic head of my family laid the foundation of his great fortune by operating a ferryboat between Staten Island and Manhattan.

It was the beginning of a career in transportation which has become a phase of American history. There were no dowagers in his day to tell him not to work. While in Holland last summer I encountered any number of Van Der Bilts who live there, unknown and obscure; a picturesque group of humble peasants, wearing their native sabots and pantaloons, tilling the fields and poling great boatloads of vegetables to the market places.

Britain's Saving Grace

"A far cry from Fifth Avenue," I reflected, "and the stately pile opposite the cathedral."

Van Der Bilt, in Holland, is a name, nothing more or less. In America it stands for accomplishment. Very good. But this does not mean that no other member of the family may presume to attempt carving his own way.

It is a question whether these great dynastic families can be perpetuated by pursuance of the dowager policy of inaction—this attitude of no more fields to conquer. It all depends upon the point of view.

Our British cousins have had to deal with this question for a considerably longer period. More and more they are marrying outside of the prescribed limits of their so-called social spheres, and more than one British dynasty has been saved from dry rot by this process. If it were permitted by the dowagers who rule the Social world, the children of those who have amassed fortunes would be in a better way toward helping the nation as a whole if they followed the system set by their less formal British cousins, and sought for themselves helpmates who have had to struggle for existence and who appreciate life when once they can really live it. In the older days our ancestors, of whom we are all justly proud, took unto themselves wives for whom they did their best throughout their lives to prove their worthiness. The twentieth-century method seems to be the reverse—the wealthy son must marry someone who is "worthy" of him; and his choice is decidedly limited, as is the choice of his sister, who may have amassed ideas of her own.

Wealth With Keeping Qualities

America was born of freedom. It has continued great because through the ages men of mettle have risen here and there and stood firm upon the convictions of the masses. We have had our Washingtons, our Lincolns, our Roosevelts. Liberality of thought, liberality of speech, liberality of action, each in its place, to urge us further forward. Socialism, while it exists, will never gain headway in this land of ours as long as the temperate qualities of great men make themselves felt when there is need of it.

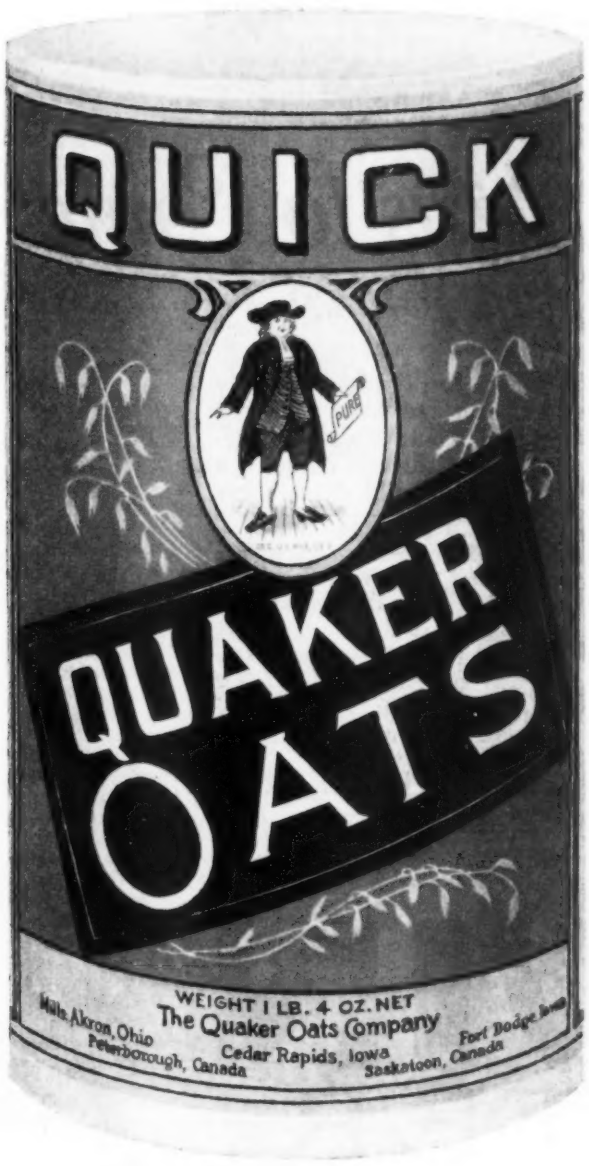
Our destiny—the destiny of our people and of our land—is certain to be more and more glowing. The sun will never sink upon the horizon of the proper proportion of people, events or situations with us. That is why our form of government is so much more flexible than the governments of other nations, and so much more sought after. That is why we have an immigration problem with which to deal.

If we had no social caste, no conjunction of business and pleasure, we could have no future for our financial dynasties; the problem would suffocate itself of its own accord. There would be no incentive to forge ahead. We would drift into lines of inactivity, and gradually we would stagnate.

It is possible, on the other hand, for us to be led too far in the other direction, but it is not probable; though there may be the usual conflicts of minds, the usual family misunderstandings, the usual differences of social and business opinion. But on the whole the big names of the past are still the big names of the present; chiefly because money and position that have been in the family for more than three generations generally know how to remain there—and will continue to remain there, unless we are very much mistaken.



The Vote on Deliciousness



Gives this rich food first place —Food that "stands by" you through precious morning hours

ON almost every count, Quaker Oats holds top place as supreme among breakfast cereals.

Being excellently balanced in protein, carbohydrates, minerals, the essential vitamine B, and in the all-important "bulk" that makes laxatives seldom needed, it meets, in every way, the world's dietetic urge for food that "stands by" you through the morning.

Being savory and delicious, flavory and appetite enticing, it is, aside from its dietary advantage, the breakfast choice of millions. No other compares in rich deliciousness.

Start every day that way! Start your children's days that way. Note how much better mornings are.

If you seek quick cooking, get Quick Quaker. It cooks in 3 to 5 minutes. If you seek the same Quaker Oats you have always known, get regular Quaker Oats. Your grocer has both kinds.

Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes— that's faster than plain toast!





Within 4 Morning Hours 70% of the world's important work falls

70% of the day's important work—in *the home*, schools, colleges, business institutions—is crowded into 4 morning hours, according to nation-wide commercial and scholastic investigations just completed.

That is why the world's dietetic urge now is to "Watch your breakfast"—to "Start days with food that 'stands by' you through the morning." And thus to protect your own and your children's most important working hours.

Quaker Cereal Products

Quick Quaker Quaker Oats
Quick Mother's Oats Mother's Oats Quaker Puffed Wheat
Quaker Puffed Rice Aunt Jemima Pancake and Buckwheat Flours
Quaker Farina Quaker Milk Macaroni Quaker Milk Spaghetti
Quaker Cornmeal Quaker Hominy Grits
New Pettijohn's Scotch Brand Pearled Barley
Quaker Flour Mother's Flour

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY



90 Cold Driving Days to Come

Arvin Heat Repays You in 1

ARVIN HEAT! For as little as $1.75 for Fords and only $7.50 for the most expensive cars, you can have this cold weather driving comfort in your car—busy, friendly waves of Arvin warmth breezing up around you as you drive. At such a trifling cost there's no reason why anyone should drive a car without an Arvin Heater.

Winter has just begun. There are plenty of cold days ahead—bitter days that will make you dread driving an unheated car. And the comfort that Arvin will give you on just one of these days will more than repay you. Get *your* Arvin today and you'll never have another cold drive.

There is an Arvin Heater for your car—for all cars. All accessory dealers sell Arvins—under a direct from factory to user guarantee. Your dealer will tell you which Arvin Heater is best for your car. You or your garage man can install it. It will be the best comfort investment you ever made.

INDIANAPOLIS PUMP & TUBE CO. General and Sales Offices INDIANAPOLIS

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ARVIN HEATER

KEEPS YOU WARM IN YOUR CAR



The Low Cost of

ARVIN HEAT

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ARVIN Heaters are made in several types. There is a model for your car—for all cars—priced as low as $1.75 for Fords and only $7.50 for the most expensive cars. All accessory dealers sell Arvins. Your dealer will tell you which Arvin Heater is best for your car. And once installed, Arvin Heat never costs another cent.

ARVIN HEATERS

They Sure Do Heat!

THE CHARM CITY

(Continued from Page 21)

of New Orleans. The remainder of the old city was laid out behind and around the arrowhead with military regularity; and the streets were duly named after the flakiest upper crust of French society, and a few of the saints.

This little checkerboard of streets that lies behind and on either side of Jackson Square bears about the same relationship to the city of New Orleans, so far as size goes, as a postage stamp bears to an envelope containing an invitation to a reception at the White House. In it, however, is concentrated 90 per cent of the elements to which the advertising booklets refer when they wax largiloquent and linguacious on the subject of New Orleans' beauty, charm and romance.

The bulk of the city of New Orleans, save for its bland and pleasing climate and the unusual width of many of its streets, bears a striking resemblance to a number of large American cities. It is more than likely that if a large chunk should be cut at random from any of the new sections of New Orleans and exchanged for a similarly sized chunk of Los Angeles, Omaha, Galveston, Chicago or Worcester, Massachusetts, nobody in New Orleans or any of the other affected cities would be conscious that anything had happened.

It has a system of docks and levees, it is true, that causes the New Orleans business man to quiver with joy and delight but that fails to stir the pulse of the average tourist to an ungovernable degree. It has factories and grain elevators that bear a marked resemblance to factories and grain elevators in various sections of the United States; and in the outlying districts it is rapidly equipping itself with bungalows and small houses whose styles range from Pullman-car Dutch to Jersey City Spanish.

Sour Spots in Sweet Romance

There is no reason, of course, why a satisfactory amount of beauty, charm and romance cannot be found in a nice, clean grain elevator or in a five-room bungalow built along the lines of a sublimated box car, especially when these things are located in a section that supports Creole cooking and all-year-round roses; but it is not the sort of beauty, charm and romance that is featured in the literature of the best banks, railroads and real-estate dealers.

The little checkerboarded section that was laid out by Bienville and Monsieur Le Blond de la Tour, however, is a bird of another feather—of several other feathers, to be accurate.

This section is known as the Vieux Carré—the Old Square; the name was given to it some twenty or twenty-five years ago by a person with a good eye for romantic names and a desire to further the romantic charm of New Orleans. Despite that fact, the Vieux Carré is stuffed as full of romantic tales as a United States senator is stuffed with hot air.

Some of the romantic tales reveal an occasional sour spot when subjected to a cold and hard-boiled scrutiny. The novel Manon Lescaut, for example, depicted the shipping of Manon from France to America; and as a result almost any helpful New Orleans guide is willing to point out the house in the Vieux Carré where Manon lived on her arrival, and can even lead one to a shop where one can purchase what is locally known as a tony brooch containing a small lock of Manon's hair.

Considering the fact that Prévost had difficulty making up his mind whether to name his heroine Manon or Suzanne, one can readily see that a true Orleanean will do anything within reason to further the city's charm.

Did You Ever Hear This One?

But even after all the romances with sour spots have been barred, there are enough romances left in the Vieux Carré to keep a stranger busy listening for three or four consecutive hours, provided the person who tells them is willing to tell them in a short and snappy manner. It should be added that the persons who know anything at all about the Vieux Carré—and there are a great many Orleaneans who do not—are well equipped with a working knowledge of most of the romances that cluster around it, and persist in telling them in spite of what is technically known as hell and high water.

If a newcomer to the city has been escorted through the Vieux Carré several times by amiable and intelligent Orleaneans, each one of whom has told him all the romances that are connected with the various points of interest, he may eventually be able to stop future guides from telling him the story of the house that was built to harbor Napoleon after the pirate Dominique You should have rescued him from St. Helena, and the story of Madame John's Legacy, and the story of the house in which the brother of the Sultan of Turkey and his six beautiful wives were murdered, and various other absorbing tales of the Vieux Carré; but he will probably never be able to stop them from telling him the story of the Haunted House, no matter how many times he tries to stop them.

There is something about this story that inflames the brains of nearly all New Orleans guides, both amateur and professional; and once they start on it, they plunge through to the bitter end.

"Here," the guide will say, laying hands on his victim and holding him firmly on a street corner in the center of the Vieux Carré—"here is the Haunted House, where Madame Lalaurie lived."

"Yes, yes," you say; "I have heard that one."

"A very fine woman," the guide persists, tightening his hold on his victim's sleeve. "Wealthy, refined, lots of slaves. Entertained Lafayette when he was here. A fine old family, the Lalauries. Lots of 'em around here now."

"I know! I know!" you say. "You can't tell me anything about Madame Lalaurie!"

"Well," continues the guide, "one night when the Lalauries were at the theater the house caught fire and the fire department came to put it out, and in the attic of the house they found seven starving slaves with great chains on them."

"Yes," you say, "and some of them were nailed to the wall by the ears."

"Yes, by the ears," says the guide; "and terribly mutilated."

"I know the rest," you say. "Don't go on."

"Well," persists the guide, "the woman was a veritable ghoul. She loved to torture slaves; and when the neighbors learned what had happened they tore the Lalaurie home to pieces."

"And hurried to the theater to hang Madame Lalaurie," you interject.

"Yes," says the guide, "but she was warned by the old family coachman ——"

"—— and escaped down the Mississippi in a barrel or something," you say.

Greater Appeal to the Traveler

"And the house is haunted," finishes the guide in a hoarse whisper, "by the ghost of a little black girl who jumped out of a courtyard window to escape Madame Lalaurie on the afternoon of the very day on which they discovered her wickedness."

"Haunted by a little black ghost?" you ask.

"Yes," says the guide, "by a little black ghost."

"But only at night?" you ask.

"That's right," says the guide.

"Well, how can you see a little black ghost in the dark?" you ask.

"Keep straight on along the street," says the guide reproachfully, "and in a minute we'll come to the House of the Two Sisters and I'll tell you about that."

"I have heard about that," you say.

"Well, keep on anyway," says the guide irritably, "and I'll show you another place where anyone can buy absinth if he knows the combination."

Romances are all very well in their way, but they seldom make the powerful impression on the traveler that is made by a restaurant that dispenses food that is both original and noble. In this the Vieux Carré is singularly fortunate; for within its confines are restaurants whose fame has traveled farther than the fame of Madame Lalaurie and her black ghosts—such restaurants as Antoine's and the Louisiane and Galatoire's and Madame Begué's and sundry others, concerning whose pleasing products



PHOTO. BY WHITESELL

A Street in the Vieux Carré. The Small House With Wooden Columns, Known as Madame John's Legacy, is One of the Oldest Houses in Old New Orleans

Quick, easy way of driving screws



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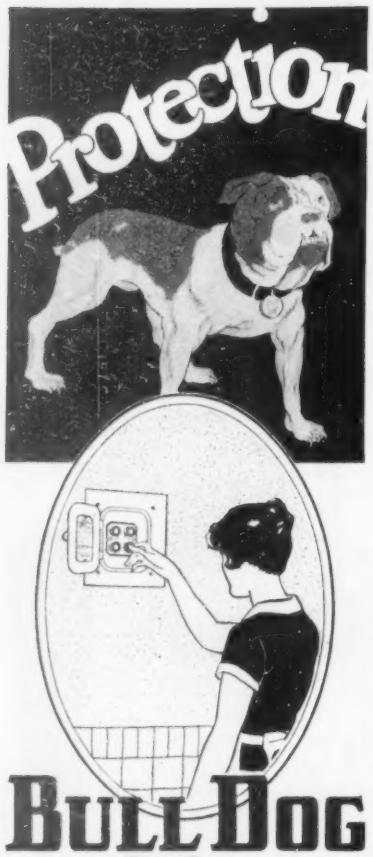


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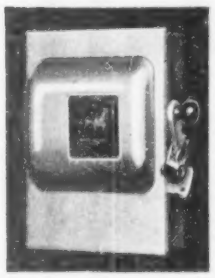
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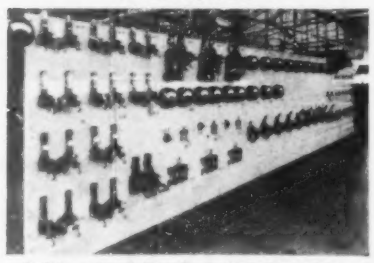


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Over and above the romantic tales and the soothing restaurants of the Vieux Carré, however, stands the peculiar architecture of the old French town. Architects of standing from all parts of the world indulge in noisy arguments over the source of the architecture of the Vieux Carré. Some of them have seen balconies and ironwork and galleries in the South of France that remind them of some of the things they see in New Orleans. Others have seen little fragments in the cities of Spain that have put them in mind of houses on Royal Street and St. Peter Street and others of the narrow old streets that parallel the Mississippi. Others have seen something in the Balearic Islands or in some of the ancient cities of the West Indies and Central America that cause them to think that they may have located the source from which the ancient builders of the old French town drew their inspiration.

The Old French Town

These arguments always simmer down to a few conclusions, and the conclusions are that the architecture of old New Orleans is beautiful; that its equal can be found in no other city of America and in very few cities of Europe; and that its present and future value to the city of New Orleans is so great that the adding machine on which anyone tried to figure it would be severely strained.

The houses of the Vieux Carré are low, mud-colored and irregular. Across their fronts stretch iron balconies—simple wrought-iron balconies that go back to the late 1700's and the early 1800's, or more involved cast-iron balconies of a later date. The best examples of the latter hang across the weather-worn fronts of the buildings like lacy veils across the faces of old ladies who still retain many traces of their once great beauty. Architects claim that nowhere in the world is there ironwork that approaches the ironwork of these New Orleans balconies for beauty of design.

In the walls of these houses, at intervals, are doorways and arches that open into courtyards of unusual grace and charm. Airy balconies stretch along the sides of these courts; be-balconied and be-staircased little brick buildings that once were slave quarters cover the rear of some of the courtyards like fanciful back drops for a play of the Middle Ages. High-hung wooden foot bridges connect the masters' quarters with the slaves' quarters. Mysterious archways provide access to the hidden recesses of the houses; and the irregular and time-softened brick walls of the surrounding houses rise against the sky line of the courtyards as they did in the days when swarthy men-at-arms swarmed out of them in breastplate and morion to dehostilize the adjacent Indians by peppering them with a few handfuls of assorted scrap iron from the muzzles of their trusty harquebuses.

With the growth of New Orleans the Vieux Carré rapidly slipped downhill. A few fine old Creole families clung to it; but for the most part the people of means and position moved out to newer parts of the city. Hordes of people from Southeastern Europe swarmed into the houses that once had sheltered the Creole aristocracy.

Many of the old landmarks of the Vieux Carré began to disappear with no word of protest from anyone. The old St. Louis Hotel, which was regarded as one of the remarkable architectural features of the United States, was torn down because its owners did not care to go to the expense of ratproofing it when New Orleans fought the bubonic plague. The British Government made an effort to have the dome of this hotel saved and transported to England, but in vain. Beautiful old houses were ruthlessly ripped down to make way for more modern wooden shacks with gingerbread trimmings; and house-wrecking companies sold the iron balconies from the wrecked houses for twenty-five and fifty cents a foot—balconies as solid and undamaged as on the day when they came from the hands of the negro ironworkers in the old town.

Houses in the Vieux Carré literally had no value. The person who bought a house there paid for the value of the land and the house was thrown in—a necessary evil, like dead cats, cockroaches and old tin cans, and one to be removed as quickly as possible with the assistance of a house-wrecking company.

Any moderately sized old house in the old French town—a fine old two-story house, say, with a lovely wrought-iron balcony across its front, a beautiful courtyard, galleries, slave quarters and all—could be bought for as little as $2500 or $3000. If the property was in a highly desirable location it might bring as much as $5000; but $5000 in 1916 and 1917 would come very close to buying the finest old single building in the Vieux Carré.

It is true that the building might be, and almost invariably was, in an advanced state of disrepair, not to say dilapidation; but the expenditure of another few thousand dollars would put it in such shape that the most captious tenants could live in it without complaint, while the mere sight of it would cause visiting artists and architects to claw at the air and froth at the mouth with enthusiastic delight.

Along about 1917 and 1918 there were strange and unfamiliar stirrings in the Vieux Carré. Opinions differ as to what caused the stirrings. Some people say they were due to the housing shortage that was felt all over the world toward the end of the war and immediately after it. Others think that they were caused by the purchase of property in the Vieux Carré by the Little Theater. Still others hold that it was due to a tardy appreciation, on the part of people of taste and means, of the neglected architectural beauties of the old French town.

Whatever the reason, a few people with an eye for the beautiful drifted down into the Vieux Carré, picked up a few houses here and there, cleaned the accumulated filth and débris out of them, repaired and restored them to their original state, and either lived in them or rented them to such informal, unaccountable and unconventional persons as architects, artists and authors—who are usually the first to recognize reclaimed beauty in any city.

Dividends From Beauty

The Little Theater was built, faithfully reproducing the best architectural lines of the Vieux Carré. Radcliffe Irby, the banker, working silently and practically alone to salvage a few of the best samples of Vieux Carré architecture from decay and destruction, purchased—in addition to saving the cathedral and buying one of the two Pontalba buildings—the celebrated old French Opera House, and bought and restored the beautiful home of the great chess player, Paul Morphy, as well as the Brulatour home.

The Morphy home, whose courtyard causes artists to burst into moans of pleasure, was once the Bank of Louisiana, and is now the Patio Royale Restaurant. The Brulatour home has become the headquarters of the Arts and Crafts Club. Irby has arranged that his purchases—with the exception of the French Opera House, which burned shortly after he bought it—shall be preserved for posterity, so far as is possible, by being ultimately owned by Tulane University.

It has been repeatedly demonstrated in many parts of the world, and especially during the past few years in California, where various individuals and communities have been wheedled, pulled, pushed and blackjacked into appreciation of the architectural heritage of the state, that beauty pays the best dividends of any investment known to man. This theory was also mildly proved in the Vieux Carré by the eagerness with which tenants applied for apartments in the renovated buildings of the old French town.

The tone of the place also began to climb haltingly upward, more persons came down and purchased buildings to renovate, and Vieux Carré property values promptly began to soar. In 1918 and 1919 one could buy buildings for $3000 and $4000 and $5000, but by 1925 the price of buildings that corresponded to them in size and location had risen to $10,000 and $12,000 and $15,000, and even more.

Along with the rise in property values, moreover, came a large amount of grief and woe for the persons who had invested in Vieux Carré property, had helped to lift up the whole section and wished to preserve the advantages that had been gained. This point can be made clear only by explaining that business men of a city or town, and cities and towns themselves, are often blind to the tremendous financial value of fine architecture, and especially to the value of fine architecture with historical associations. California was years in awaking to the fact that her old Spanish missions, if properly restored and preserved, would alone be responsible for bringing untold millions of tourists to the state, and untold millions of dollars.

A Great Heritage

It took years of patient educational work to make the business men of Santa Barbara understand that if the main street of Santa Barbara were built up with ordinary bank buildings and office buildings and gloss-brick restaurants and fuss-fronted department stores, like every other American city of the same size, nobody—unless he was forced to do so—would bother to go near the street; whereas if the main street of Santa Barbara were built up in the purest type of Spanish-mission architecture, such as was used in the days when the Spaniards built the town, millions of tourists in the years to come would visit Santa Barbara for the sole purpose of looking at the buildings on her main street.

In order to impress this idea on Santa Barbara business men, the Community Arts Association of Santa Barbara dinned it into their heads for two years, and had the assistance of Santa Barbara newspapers and all the best architects of the community, and finally of an earthquake which providentially shook down a large part of the bad architecture.

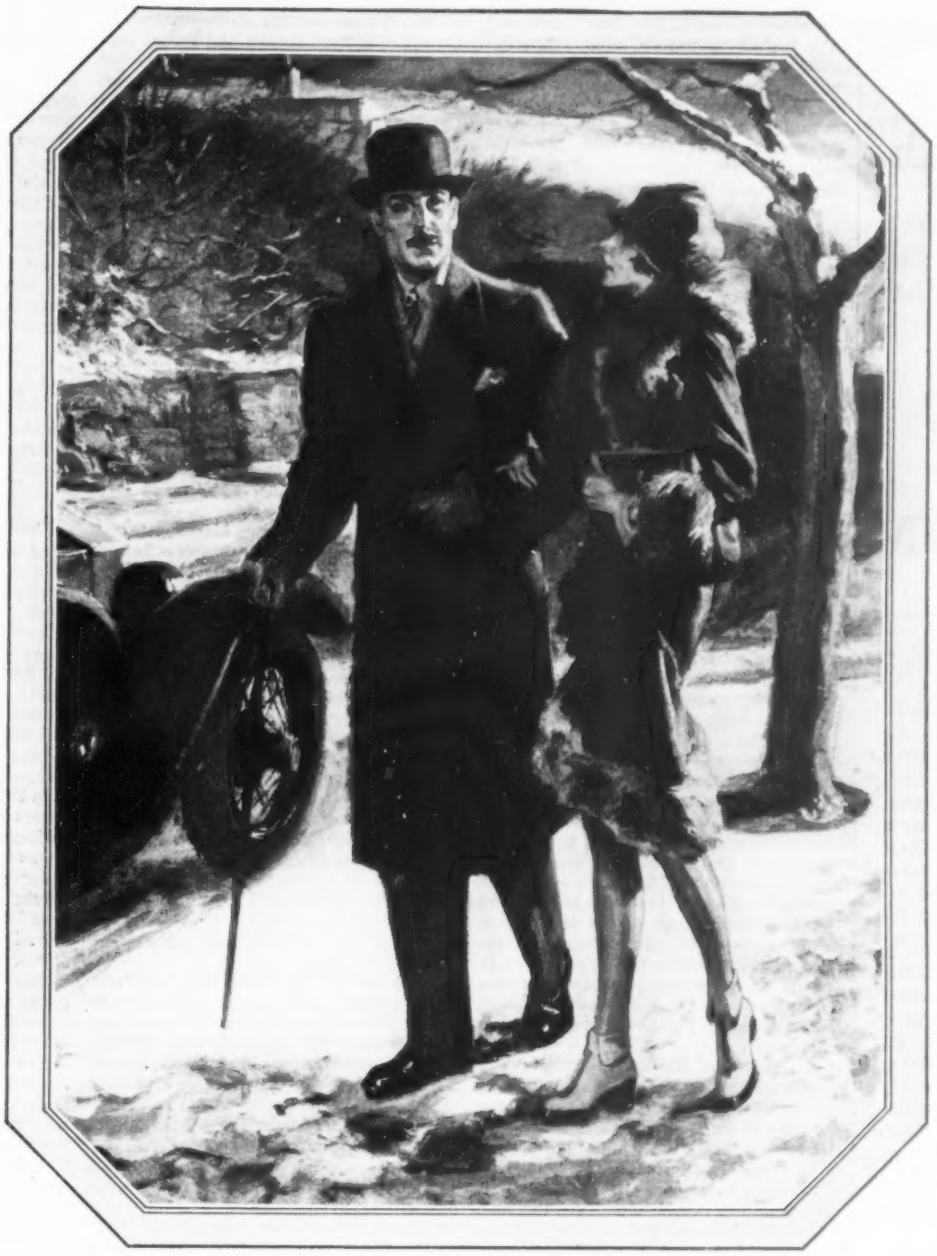
Finally, however, the business men got it into their heads; and with the help of an Architectural Advisory Committee furnished by the Community Arts Association they rebuilt their main street as the early Spaniards might have done it if they had possessed the requisite amount of brains. It is one of the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful, business streets in America; and in its first year of existence—if looked at from a purely mercenary viewpoint—it brought Santa Barbara thousands of delighted tourists and millions of dollars' worth of free and highly favorable advertising.

New Orleans and the business men of New Orleans—in spite of the fact that they are blessed with a fine architectural heritage—appear to be as little awake to the value of their architectural heritage as were the cities of the Pacific Coast and the business men that inhabited them.

New Orleans city fathers are addicted to making speeches in which they refer mellifluously to the charm of New Orleans—and, as has been explained, the charm of New Orleans about which they are talking is the architectural charm of the Vieux Carré. Yet it was only a short time ago that the city of New Orleans ripped one solid block out of the Vieux Carré, destroying a number of beautiful and historical buildings in the ripping, and replaced them with a white marble courthouse—a $2,000,000 courthouse, to be explicit—that looks out of place surrounded by the time-worn buildings of the old French town.

This brings us back to the grief and woe suffered by the persons who restored houses

(Continued on Page 140)



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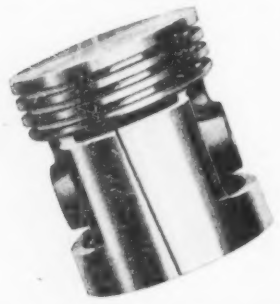
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(Continued from Page 138)

and raised values in the Vieux Carré, and then wished to protect their properties against avoidable depreciation. Seeing the rapidly rising prices, the business men of the Vieux Carré promptly began to long for still higher prices, after the fashion of business men all over the world. It seemed obvious to them that the only way in which they could get higher prices was to persuade larger enterprises to come down into the Vieux Carré; so they quietly began to agitate for an influx of factories and hotels and big business of other sorts.

Surrounded by Charm

The newcomers, on the other hand, argued that the Vieux Carré was rotting to pieces before they came down and started to repair the old houses; that prices had risen because they had made it a desirable place in which to live; and that if factories and big modern buildings were introduced into the Vieux Carré, it would no longer be a desirable place in which to live, and people wouldn't want to live there any more, and property values would consequently go back to where they were in the old days.

The people who love the old architecture and want it preserved forever to the greater glory of New Orleans have asked the city to set the Vieux Carré aside as a separate zone in which it shall be unlawful to establish or operate any manufacturing plant, public garage, oil-filling station, public warehouse, bottling plant, distillery, blacksmith shop, automobile-repair shop, steam-power plant, electric-generation plant, dance hall, all-night place of entertainment, cabaret, pool or billiard hall, or any other establishment that might disturb the peace, quiet, comfort, health and general welfare of occupants or residents. They have asked that nobody be allowed to erect buildings more than five stories high or out of architectural harmony with surrounding buildings; but they are willing that there should be, in the old town, any number of decently conducted restaurants, small repair shops or factories employing not more than five artisans.

If Orleaneans of tact, good taste and good judgment were to organize themselves into an active and aggressive body along the lines of the Community Arts Association of Santa Barbara, and devote their most energetic efforts to impressing the commercial value of a protected, restored and unspoiled Vieux Carré on the city fathers and business men of New Orleans, it is more than probable that the widely advertised and justly advertised charm of New Orleans would be preserved forever, or at least until that far-off day when New Orleans loses its desire to be known as the most interesting city in America.

The bulk of the architectural charm of New Orleans is found in the old French quarter, but by no means all of it. As the gloomy cypress swamps on the outskirts of the old city were cleared and turned into plantations, the plantation owners erected plantation houses whose architectural peculiarities are as much a part of New Orleans as a rising inflection is a part of an Englishman's talk.

Where the plantation owners got the ideas for these houses is a question that has given rise to many a heated argument among architects who are popularly supposed to know all that there is to know about architecture. Some think that they may be conventionalized adaptations of farmhouses in Spain and the south of France. Others think that they are adaptations of plantation houses that the early planters of Haiti and of San Domingo adapted from private sources of their own. Others think that they are elaborations of some of the small houses that were erected in the old town of New Orleans by the early settlers, and destroyed in the fires that swept the town late in 1788 and 1794.

One of the oldest houses in the Vieux Carré is the one known as Madame John's Legacy, because of the similarly named story that was woven around it by George W. Cable. This house is one of the few that escaped both of the early fires, and some architects regard it as a prototype of a certain form of plantation house.

Plantation Architecture

To the casual observer, one of the most remarkable features of plantation architecture is the ignorance concerning it that is displayed by Orleaneans in general. This peculiar state of affairs is not without precedent, however; for an even greater ignorance existed among the residents and architects of California, prior to the year 1918, on the subject of the Spanish Colonial architecture that had been used by the Spaniards who first explored and settled the Pacific Coast.

Prior to 1918 the California architects had toyed with Iowa Queen Anne, Kansas Tudor, Nebraska Gothic, box-car Georgian, peppermint-candy Spanish and various other scenery-marring forms of architecture. Then George Washington Smith, a distinguished American architect, migrated to Santa Barbara from Paris, and built a house that conformed in every way to the beautiful simplicity of the early dobe houses erected by the Spanish monks with Indian labor. By so doing he aroused the architects of California to design and build California-Spanish dwellings that make much of the preceding California architecture look as though it had eaten something that disagreed with it.

Most Orleaneans seem to have a fixed idea that anybody who speaks of a plantation house is referring to the large, square house surrounded on all four sides with an upstairs and downstairs gallery supported by enormous white columns. This idea is as erroneous as the belief that a pig can't swim without cutting his own throat with his front feet; and it is because of this idea that residents of New Orleans sheer off in horror from the architect who tentatively suggests to a client that he build a new home along the lines of one of the old plantation houses.

There were, it is true, a number of very large, very beautiful and very expensive plantation houses built, with the heavy columns and galleries on all four sides of the house. They were built with slave labor out of material that could not be duplicated today at any price; and in general they would be both impractical and far too expensive to reproduce today, especially on a piece of land that is in any way restricted in size, as are most of the pieces of land that the average householder is able to buy in any large city.

A New Development

Plantation houses, however, come in great numbers of sizes and shapes. Many beautiful ones are small and compact, with small galleries across the front. Many have small central portions with small wings balanced on each side. Sometimes the wings are pushed well away from the central portion; sometimes they are drawn in close to it.

Sometimes there is a gallery on the central portion but not on the wings; and sometimes the galleries are on the wings and not on the central portion.

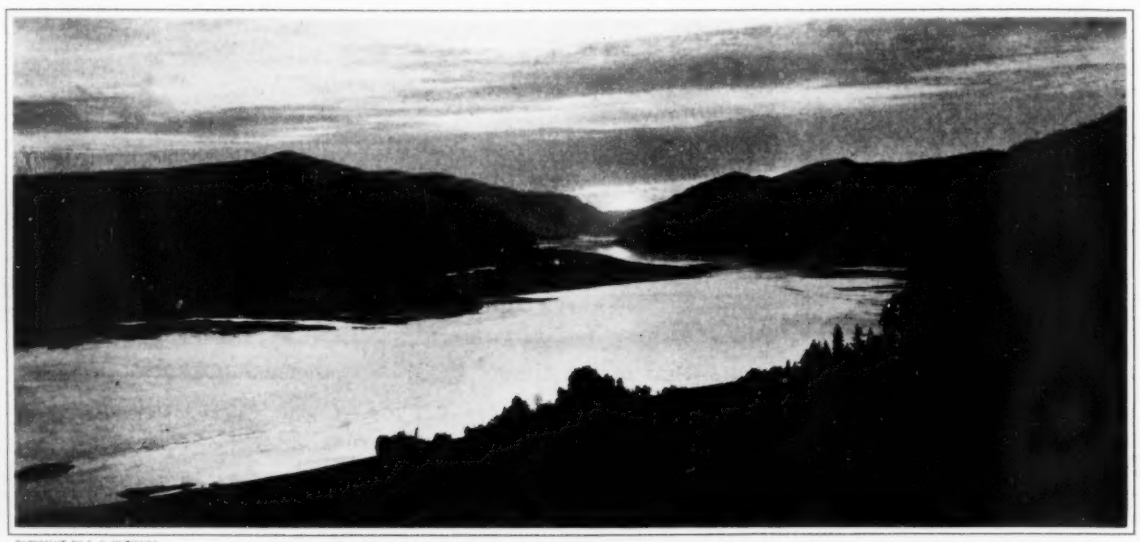
In the vicinity of most of the plantation houses are ancient overseers' cottages of various sizes and shapes, and these cottages are as charming and as peculiar to the vicinity of New Orleans as are the plantation houses themselves.

So far as can be discovered, Orleaneans do not follow a modification or elaboration of any of the old plantation houses in constructing new homes, nor are any small cottages ever built along the lines of the more attractive overseers' cottages. The larger houses that are built in various parts of the city follow the lines of houses that are daily being built in Omaha, in Sioux Falls, in Jersey City, in Little Rock; and the small houses are patterned after the bungalows that are being rushed to completion in Dubuque, Peoria, Galveston, St. Louis and South Boston.

The architects of New Orleans—and New Orleans has some excellent architects—deplore this state of affairs. The people, they agree, are not living up to their heritage of architectural charm.

The architects themselves are a trifle ill at ease and inclined to blame themselves for the architectural shortcomings of Orleaneans.

(Continued on Page 142)



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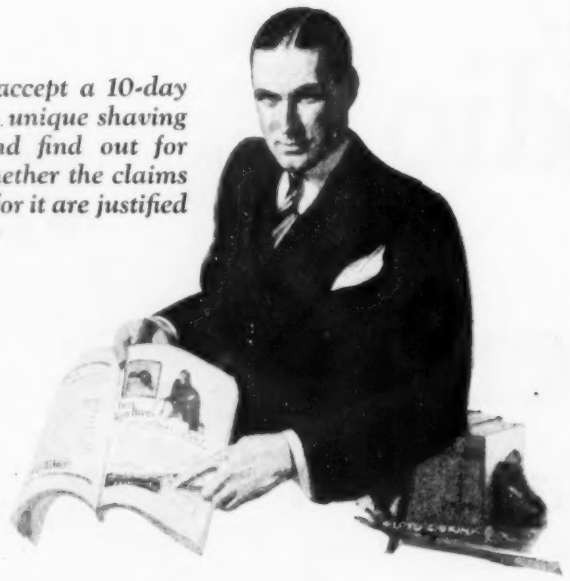
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and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

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Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee Wis.

.....

.....

Print Name and Address Clearly

(Continued from Page 140)

"It seems to me," said one of the leading architects of the city somewhat despondently, "that we've got to educate the public before we can expect it to follow the old forms of architecture that are peculiar to New Orleans. They naturally lean toward anything that's modern and designed for no particular purpose, in spite of the fact that our fine and beautiful old plantation and city houses were designed to meet definite local conditions. We've got to educate the public, but there's no concerted action toward doing it. We ought to do it, but we can't, because we actually don't know how rich we are architecturally. We can't show the people because we haven't gone out and got pictures and drawings of the infinite variety of ancient homes, both large and small, that go to make up our New Orleans architecture."

It is generally agreed that one of the best ways to educate the public is through a newspaper. One New Orleans newspaper could enlist the architects of the city in a campaign to uncover the concealed architectural charm of the city and the surrounding countryside, and to supply the people with house plans based on the plantation architecture of the old days. With such a beginning, charm, unlike a prophet, would not be without honor in its own land.

THE GALLOPING TINTYPES

(Continued from Page 62)

Somewhere toward the middle of the second reel the trained eyes of those in the darkness began to notice a recurring manifestation, a constantly repeated gesture having nothing whatever to do with telling the tale in hand. O'Day stopped smiling. A whiskered extra man, passing in the background, yawned. At the moment he was behind Gilfillan, who was playing a country yokel. The yawn was quite obvious.

"What did you let that man yawn for?" O'Day demanded.

"How did I know he yawned?" Gil asked. "Can't you see my back was to him?"

O'Day subsided and another hundred feet of film rushed from reel to reel. Shorty Hamp entered a scene, bearing a pail of milk intended for later comedy, and as the fat one headed for the camera, his mouth opened. He, too, yawned.

"There it goes again," muttered O'Day. "What'd you do that for, Shorty?"

"I don't remember yawning," Shorty replied. "I know I was pretty dang tired, but I don't recall yawning."

After that the yawns came along in a regular parade. Characters in close or medium shots directly before the camera apparently stifled whatever drowsiness they may have suffered, but those in the background gave way freely, and might have been seen to gape, gap and gawp. Pretty extra girls betrayed their weariness daintily with stretched fingers defending the open space.

Gentleman actors did it nonchalantly, with the calm freedom of those who live in the open; and instead of trying to follow the story, Grogan and O'Day now sat side by side and hunted for yawns. The third reel ended with a milkmaid behaving as if she had not slumbered for weeks.

"Dripping carcasses of death!" remarked O'Day, shuddering beside his partner. "This picture is ruined!"

Mr. Gilfillan, who, like the rest of those present, had not seen a foot of the film before, now sat bolt upright. The sulky frown that had wrinkled his classic brow melted away and he grinned in the protecting murk. Shorty Hamp edged over to him and poked him vigorously in the ribs, asking Gil in a hoarse whisper what he knew about that. Van Hoven shook hands with Horace Rascoe.

"Exit a guy named Harold Judd," said Rascoe. "This isn't working out bad at all."

"Wait a moment!" John O'Day commanded in a loud voice, as the operator clattered about in his cage above them, preparing to project further yawns. "Will some sensible person kindly explain to me the meaning of all this? Why the yawns? What ailed everybody?"

"I'll tell you, Mr. O'Day," responded Gil cheerily. "Your representative, now present, wanted a forty-thousand-dollar comedy and got it, and in order to hurry the job along he worked us nights. He kept us plugging when the boys and girls should have been in bed getting the sleep Nature meant them to have, and that's the answer. They're exhausted."

"Mr. Judd," said O'Day, "this picture cannot be released. I suppose you know that."

"Why can't it be released?" asked Mr. Judd, speaking for the first time.

"Because you cannot show people yawning in a comedy. If you do, the audience sees and begins to yawn itself, for yawning is infectious. An audience yawning during a comedy means a dead comedy."

"Oh," said Harold.

"Yeah, oh," added Gilfillan coldly. "I said you'd know more about the movies than you did, and now you do."

"What is to be done about it?" the young man asked.

"Nothing can be done about it," replied the president. "This picture will have to be shot over again, for the yawns are everywhere. Likewise, our agreement is canceled, because it called for suitable photoplays from you, under your system, and this is not suitable."

"Haw-haw-haw!" said Shorty, before anyone could stop him.

"This comedy ain't anything," added Gil. "It ain't even funny. And oh, how we worked!"

"I shall see my lawyer about the matter," Judd remarked, rising, while his friends surrounded him.

"Yeah," said Gil. "Tell him one of those cute little lies of yours. It might hurry things." Mr. Judd moved toward the door.

"We need not look at any more of this truck," remarked the big boss of the studio. "The story is still all right. Go back to Loon River, Gil, and do it over your own way."

"Yes, sir," said Gil, rising with cheerful alacrity.

"You'd better stop at the Lakeside Hotel this time."

"Leave it to me."

Once outside, the studio crowd broke into groups, and Gil's staff surrounded him, shook hands and indulged in a mild war dance. Again art had triumphed.

"I didn't know those yawns were there," Gil said honestly, chuckling. "But lucky for us. This Mr. Judd just about yawned himself out through the front gate."

"Thanks to me," added Shorty Hamp, who has never remained silent in the shadows when it is possible to reach the calcium's glare. "Thanks to yours truly."

Gil glanced down at his chubby associate. "You mean you yawned on purpose?" he exclaimed.

"Sure!" said Shorty unblushingly.

"Liar!" said Gil.

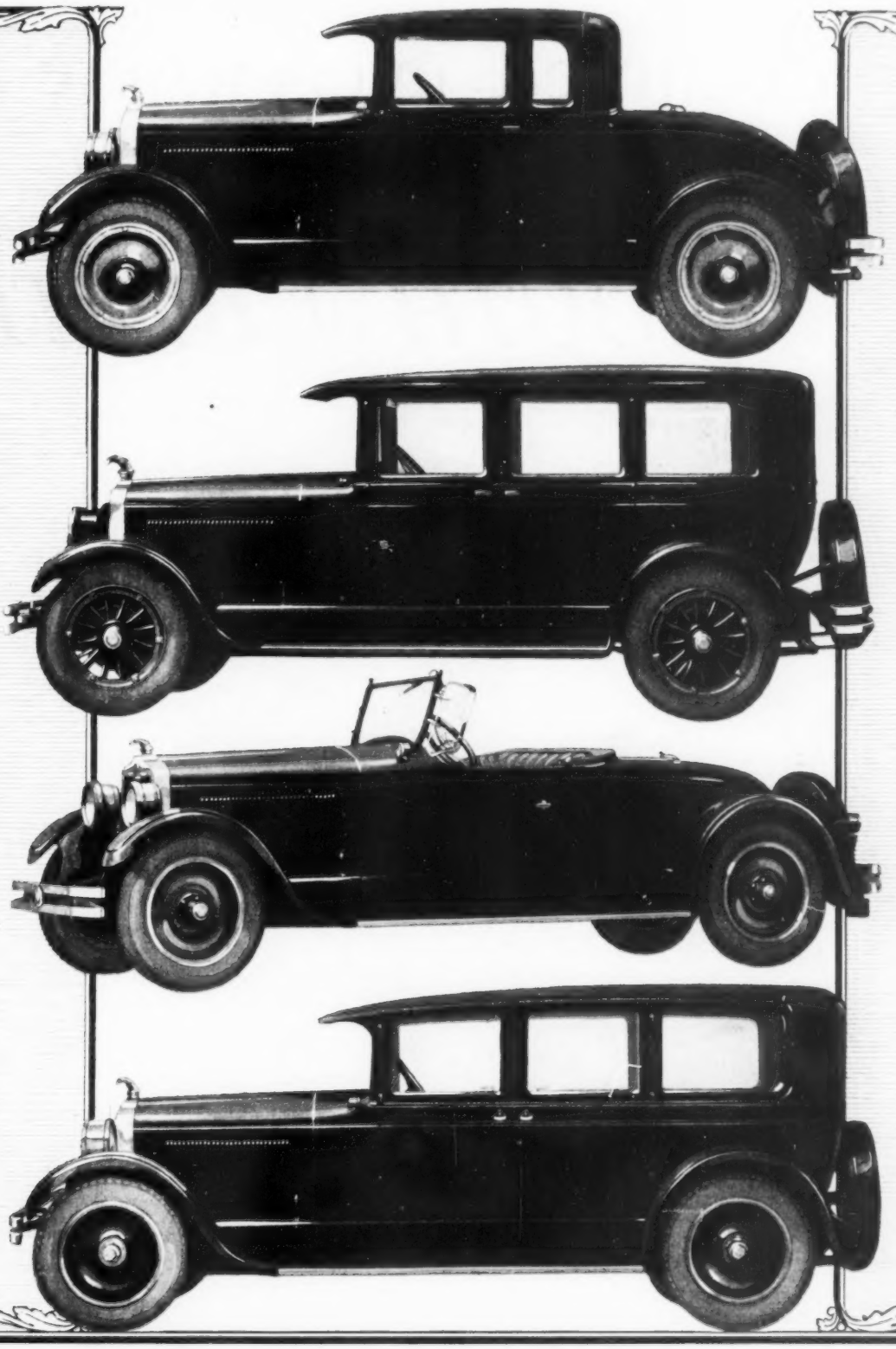
"When do we go back to Loon River?" inquired Rascoe. "You know, I rather like that country. It's beautiful."

"Immediately," said the star. "We'll go up there and do a good comedy."

"For forty thousand?" someone asked, laughing.

"Maybe, but if you want to win a small bet, figure this one around sixty, which still gives O'Day & Grogan more than they ought to make off my unit, seeing what they pay me and Shorty every week. Am I right, Shorty?"

"Absolutely," replied Mr. Hamp.



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You can taste its important ingredient

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PEBECO
keeps the Mouth Glands Young

WEALTH IN THE OUTDOOR WEST

(Continued from Page 35)

least expected. Just now Western Texas and Eastern New Mexico are feeling its opulence. Then, too, even the most sinister of desert regions are storehouses of varied mineral deposits, veritable drug stores and metallurgical grab bags. Such is Death Valley along the California-Nevada border.

But many of the mineral deposits in the Far West are potential and latent resources, and not to be counted in the column of likely immediate wealth. Distances from market are too great and consequently freight charges are prohibitive. The whole modern tendency is to develop the industrial minerals of the nonmetallic variety, and these are most useful near large centers of population and the markets that supply them.

The value of a year's production of clay, which is one of the commonest of earth substances next to sand, is about eight times that of gold. We make our own china now, and we use vast quantities of clay for bathtubs, sinks and similar articles. It is likewise used in paper and rubber.

Steadily Forward

Now there may be clay in Wyoming and Nevada, but there are not many chinaware, rubber or paper factories hanging around loose in those states. So the centers of the clay industries are in Ohio and New Jersey. One does not pay fifteen dollars a ton to bring material across the continent which can be had in the next county for two dollars. It is the same with sand, gravel, crushed stone, cement and other bulky earth products which play such a large part in modern industrial life. The nonmetallic mineral products now so much used in industry are practically all found in abundance in the Eastern states near the centers of population and the great markets. A few special or rare nonmetallic minerals, as well as several of the metals, are found only in the West, but comparatively speaking, their total production and value are small.

The mining of iron ore and the making of iron and steel play an incomparably larger part in modern industry than the extraction, smelting and refining of any other metal. In the world today power and dominion center around iron making. Industry and finance are necessarily found where iron reigns. This is true in the restricted area of England, Belgium and Germany in Europe, and it is true in the restricted area east of the Mississippi, in the states associated with the Great Lakes and the Ohio River, and with Chicago and New York. In this comparatively small region the materials for iron making are easily assembled, and the related industries—coal mining, steel making, automobile manufacture, and the like—all require immense populations. Industrial and financial power are supreme in such places.

There is iron ore in a number of Western states and coal in Colorado, New Mexico, Utah, Wyoming and perhaps elsewhere. But until there is a pronounced westward shift of population or the eastern supplies give out, the great distances and costs of intermountain transportation mean that these resources cannot produce such centers as Pittsburgh, Gary and Birmingham.

Here and there, gradually, it becomes possible to exploit this or that mineral. This state or that has a mining revival from time to time. More efficient methods are used in handling ore such as would have been overlooked or scorned in the old wasteful bonanza days. But on the whole, mining in the West has not been sufficient, except in the case of the oil of California and Oklahoma, materially to alter in recent years the relative position of that section in the matter of national wealth.

It is true that a steadily increasing portion of the arid West is being reclaimed and irrigated for agriculture. There is a valley in New Mexico that did not have an acre in cotton ten years ago, and last year produced $7,500,000 worth of that staple. In numbers of these mountain and desert states irrigation, even today, is in the infancy of what it will eventually become. One desert waste after another is brought in.

The first wave of settlers may fail and this or that project may fail, but the general process of conquering the arid lands goes forward. When rivers like the Colorado and Columbia are fully harnessed, there will be a change in the face of many a desert.

Reclamation and irrigation are pushing poverty back on more than one front, but it is a gradual process, a more-than-thirty-years' war. In a sense, too, it is only replacing the easily and wastefully won bonanza wealth of high-grade gold and silver mines and free forage for cattle and sheep.

The exhaustion of resources is not peculiar to the West alone, but it has a more serious, a more pointed effect in an arid country. Erosion starts much more easily and goes much farther on the cattle and sheep ranges of the Southwest than in the humid East.

The miracle wrought by irrigation is probably a necessary part of the winning of the West. But it is a tedious, costly, piecemeal process, and works out quite differently from the rosy dreams of promoters and land salesmen. It is a protracted and technical method of building up a country, with many temporary setbacks, market gluts and other disappointments.

Who dares say that irrigated agriculture, with its artificial collection of moisture, may not in time equal in importance the great farming production of the humid regions, and of the Mississippi Valley with its normal rainfall? Any prophecy may come true in time. But though the effort and energy spent in reclaiming the arid West is a typical expression of an admirable pioneer spirit, the struggle to create an agriculture dependent upon artificial application of moisture must necessarily be hard and long protracted.

Then, too, most of the Eastern states started with agriculture and industry. There are Western states, of which Nevada is the most pronounced but far from only example, which started with mining only. With bonanza mining gone, a new start had to be made, and irrigated agriculture is the only one possible. Naturally the sledding is not always easy.

All Kinds of Deserts

The West is, after all, a country of mountains and deserts, of lofty altitudes and yawning canyons. There are whole states at the apex of the continent, and though plenty of water falls upon their mountain ranges, it flows down to render fertile lands in other states. In several of the Western states there is ample water to be had where it cannot be used and none to be had where the land is broad and flat.

Wyoming complains that in two years' time it has contributed $26,000,000, out of royalties from oil on public lands, to the Federal reclamation fund, while, because of the iron law of topography, most of the water that originates in Wyoming has dropped down to irrigate Idaho farms.

That water storage and conservation will account for even greater victories in the future than in the past is likely enough. But many an area must depend on the better use of what water there is, rather than upon the possibility of any new supply. All of which is irksome and costly. The desert has been eaten into in many places, but it still covers an impressively large part of the West, in a sort of triangle whose base, 800 miles long, rests upon the Mexican border and whose apex is in North Central Oregon. The warm winds from the Pacific carry landward enough moisture to water a third of the continent, but the Sierras and Cascades shut it off from the country to the east. So it concentrates upon the mountain slopes and makes possible the redwoods and other big trees as well as the great and populous civilization in the valleys on the Pacific slope.

Of course everything depends on what one means by the desert. It is all a matter of emphasis, like the old story of the little boy at the circus who was rebuked by his mother for exclaiming, when he saw a hippopotamus for the first time: "Ain't that a hell of an animal!"

"How often have I told you not to say ain't?" was the admonition.

"Our deserts range from the lifeless, shifting sands of the Gypsum Hills, through the infinite variety of the Great Basin, to its central lake, tubbed in block salt, through the picturesque, flowering deserts of the Southwest, through the inimitably tinted shales and limestones of Glacier, through the glowing, sculptured wonders of the Utah plateaus, climaxing in Bryce and Zion, through the wild Navaho country of Arizona, with its still-occupied prehistoric pueblos and majestic Rainbow Bridge, to that master creation of the Master Architect, the Grand Canyon," is the way Robert S. Yard of the National Parks Association expresses it.

The Land Nobody Knows

But one may live in the desert country and see something besides the desert. A real-estate promoter may see in it only reclaimable area; and even the artist may take more interest in the little, secreted, fertile valleys of New Mexico, with their ancient and colorful human life, or in the serene and seemingly boundless pine forests of Arizona, than in the larger enveloping desert entity.

"People come to me," said a famous landscape painter of one of the New Mexico art colonies, "and ask me for desert pictures. I tell them I paint only trees. They go away disappointed, saying they want something typical of the country. But the trees are what appeal to me."

There is no idea so absurd as that the desert is always a barren and desolate waste. Often it teems with plant and animal life. At times it looks like a nursery. It has a thousand forms and may be rough or tame, wild or effete.

"People carry extra supplies of fuel and water as far west as the Truckee River in California, without using them," a Nevada highway official said to me, "and then ask where the Great American Desert begins."

Certainly we can find no true measure of the desert's poverty or wealth in the ignorant attitude of so many Easterners toward these spaces. It is the common impression that states like New Mexico, Arizona and Nevada are always at boiling temperature. Parties of tourists crossing the central states in midsummer suffer from thoughts of the still greater heat when they will reach New Mexico and Arizona. But when the train has climbed up into the great high-mesa country the air is clear and bracing. One railroad town in Northern Arizona presses San Francisco closely year after year, according to government weather reports, as having the coldest summer climate in the country. In fact, enormous areas in the Southwestern states have a summer climate which is distinctly cool.

Not only in the West, but wherever new population is desired, one encounters the firm conviction that if only more people knew about the locality, they would come there to live, or at least would like it better. And there is profound truth in such a belief. We usually like people better when we know them better. It is the same with states and communities.

"Why is it, then, with all the land we have, to be obtained at very low cost, that Nevada's population remains stationary?" asked a senator from that state at a Southwestern economic conference. "I think, my friends, it is because of lack of education among the people at large: they do not know us."

"This country has never been written up properly," writes a resident of another Far Western state. "So I thought perhaps you might conveniently give it an article, which I know would be interesting to the readers as well as profitable to this section."

An official booklet issued by the state of New Mexico speaks of itself in the first line of the text, altogether too modestly, as The State Nobody Knows.

There is a pathetic side to this local desire for population, for greatness, for recognition. A little desert city not far from the proposed site for one of the Colorado River dams, advertises itself as "the center of millions of acres of undeveloped territory." I should say so! There can be no disagreement with such an undisputed statement of fact.

There is not a desert valley in the whole Far West whose scattered inhabitants cannot speak feelingly of how it is capable of supporting hundreds of thousands of people, or a dead mining camp whose few bewhiskered old residents, as they sit and whittle, do not murmur, "The old town's coming back."

After a year in Arizona and a brief visit to Nevada, a refrain fairly ran through my sleep for months: "Come and see my mine." There is not a place in the West which does not have a cave or a hot spring or a miniature canyon modestly put forth to rival the Grand Canyon.

But speaking more seriously it is true that the West is not seen to advantage from the railroads for the most part. The air in the steel sleeping cars is dead—hot in the day and cold at night. Much of the country looks as desolate as the surface of an extinct planet; to many people the view is tiresome.

"I think I might say, without risking any charge of conceit, that nothing would attract people to Wyoming so much as a little better acquaintance with the state," remarks Sen. John B. Kendrick. "We have not had that acquaintance in the past, due almost entirely to the way our railway lines were built. It would have been utterly impossible, no matter how fine and wonderful a railway it is, to have laid the line of the Union Pacific so as more completely to give the people generally a wrong impression of the state."

On the Edge of Infinity

One may not agree at all with this statement, although we know that the transcontinental railroads were laid to get through in the quickest and cheapest possible manner. Indeed, Wyoming was a child of the rails, carved into its artificial and rectangular unit of being out of the void of public lands to serve the administrative convenience of the Overland.

There is a limit, however, to the argument that the West lacks people merely because it is not better known. After all, a country cannot avoid being relatively poor in numbers of people and resources when it is so incredibly rich in space. People talk glibly about the West without ever fixing in their minds the sheer fact of its size. The Santa Fé painter may prefer the lovely greens of his little valley to desert colors. But the old placetas of the irrigated stretches and the black-shawled native women are, when placed beside the sweep of mesa and mountain, as large, proportionately, as prairie-dog mounds. Even the more ambitious towns in much of this country are little more, as one writer has expressed it, "than a raw street or two on the edge of infinity."

There is one little village in the Colorado Desert of California that sends three children to school each day by motor, 108 miles the round trip. There are scores of Indian

(Continued on Page 149)

"Now that motor



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(Continued from Page 145)

reservations in the West, but the Navaho Reservation alone is nearly twice as large as Massachusetts; and San Bernardino County in California nearly equals the combined areas of the old Bay State, Connecticut and New Jersey, having been much larger before Riverside County split off. A deputy coroner had to make a round trip of 400 miles, all within the county, to see a case. At a meeting of the county bankers' association I was told it was quite an event for a member from the easternmost town in the county to attend.

To the newcomer an automobile trip in some of the desert regions seems like starting out into nothingness. On one such trip I saw what I thought to be a cluster of ranch buildings a mile or so off the road, the first sign of human habitation for fifteen or twenty miles after we had left the railroad.

"There's a ranch over there," I exclaimed in my innocence.

"That's a whole town," replied one of the local men in the car, torn between indignation and mirth. "There used to be a state normal school there. Your remark ought to go in the paper."

An Appointment With the Doctor

There is more than mere Eastern superciliousness in the very musical tale of the two famous pianists, one traveling east, the other west, who met at the railroad station of a tiny hamlet in the desert. "Giving a recital here?" asked X, with a deep show of interest.

"No, I got off to attend yours," answered Z earnestly.

There is an Eastern fear of the desert in general, and of whole states, that is childishly ridiculous. But as regards specific times and places the desert must always command a wholesome respect. Not only the deserts but large mountainous areas in the West are rugged, hard and insolent. The desert is beautiful beyond compare, but it is also sinister, cruel, and capable of horrors. Whole parties of pioneers no longer perish from thirst in crossing, but individual prospectors, or even once in a while a small, ill-equipped family, off the main highway, finds death in that way. Even where man does not lack water he finds the desert full of barbs and fangs and claws.

Somehow death on the desert has a strange fascination; would-be suicides seek it out. Even the grave of "Mohave Tim, a Good Dog," gives one pause. A party of highway boosters, hilarious and gay, stopped for lunch at Twenty-Nine Palms in the Morongo wilds. But oh, how silent they became when an old desert teamster who accompanied the party pointed to a pile of stones underneath the palm trees.

"A young girl. She came out on a freighter for her health. Lungs. Her mother had found a job in a mine. She died the night we got here, in the old adobe over there. I see the board as well as the stakes and wire around the place are gone, and, of course, the flowers we put there are all dried up."

Feeble and pathetic indeed are many of the homestead efforts in these strange and silent places. Road building is easy in the desert, and a few homesteaders, or even a single one, will scrape out a couple of tracks a mile or two off the road, putting up an amateurish sign reading, "Shortest Route," in a weak attempt to divert a few cars their or his way.

Riding through Coachella Valley with two ex-service men I asked one who knew the country well and was an authoritative student of the desert, if he had ever been up in the jagged, horrid-looking mountains a few miles away. It may be said that in the cultivated portion of the valley the government observers have reported an evaporation from a pan of water of 200.39 inches in one year.

"Yes," was the reply. "E ——, one of our ex-service men, lives up there. He was gassed, and claims he can't live anywhere else. He had some cotton, but the wind blew twenty-two days and covered it with sand. He is absolutely poverty-stricken, but our post has helped him out a little. The country is full of sidewinders, and his wife is crazy for fear the little children will be bitten. There is no way for them to go to school, although the state highway and railroad are only six or seven miles away.

"There are lots of coyotes, bobcats and lions up there. Not far away is an old robber's retreat, where, in the early days of the railroad, a bandit buried a sack of mail. No one ever goes up there now except an occasional prospector or bootlegger."

But perhaps it is just as well that there are large areas of country which are hard, sun-baked and rough. An old engineer, visiting Nevada for the first time, was asked what he thought of it. "Less mud than any other state in the Union," was his succinct reply.

It is not in vain that water evaporates 200 inches a year in the Southwestern deserts. A great London physician remarked in a speech that the sun is the best physician in the world. "In England," comments one of London's humorous papers, "the trouble is to get an appointment." There are larger parts of the United States which experience the same difficulty, but fortunately there are other parts where it is more than a silly joke for a hotel to offer free meals any day when the sun fails to shine. On October 29, 1926, Yuma, Arizona, reported the first heavy fog in fifty-seven years.

A few years ago it was stated in a newspaper write-up of a little railroad town in the Mohave Valley of California that the subject of the sketch enjoyed what seemed to at least one reader the dubious distinction of being the entrance point to Death Valley. But now a great railroad system announces that a winter-resort hotel will shortly be opened there.

In both Arizona and California a number of desert resorts, in several instances of a highly luxurious and fashionable nature, have sprung up in recent years, and attract thousands of winter visitors as places "to get over a cold," torrid though they may be in midsummer.

Climate is not exhausted, like a mine, and unlike the cattle and sheep industry, it flourishes best in dry weather. It is unfailing, year after year. It does not use up the country and in turn is never itself used up. Though there are hotels which take no sick people and sanitariums which take no well people, in the main, health seeking because of climate and the tourist or vacation business shade imperceptibly into one another. What the Western states most need, economically speaking, is outside money and outside population. Tourist money is from the outside; it goes straight into circulation and immediately benefits the locality visited. Last June one of the transcontinental railroads started a motor side trip to points of interest among the Indian pueblos of New Mexico. In less than two months a number of new residents in the capital of the state had already been traced to these brief trips.

Blossoming With Cars

One reason for the large increase in population in California in recent years is the fact that visitors to parks like Yellowstone, Glacier, Grand Canyon and Yosemite have gone on into the California valleys. It is a literal fact that the great economic development of California is quite largely the result of the tourist staying on.

The supposedly hard-boiled, two-fisted remark that you can't live on climate and scenery is not hard-boiled or two-fisted at all. It simply happens to be untrue. Instead of Western states crying because they haven't the diversified resources of New York or Pennsylvania, let them develop what they have.

Fortunately the roughest sections of our country, those most remote from the money-making industrial centers, are often the ones with the greatest assets to offer the health seeker, tourist and vacationist. The growing popularity of the new parks in Southern Utah and the increased interest in the Kaibab Forest area mean real money for a section that did not have any too much.

"We can't make that particular desert out there blossom like the rose," remarked a truthful California real-estate dealer, "but we can shoot an awful lot of cars across it."

It will take a very great number of years, at the present rate of settlement, to turn the 15,000,000 acres of cut-over lands in Northern Michigan into farms. But it is not taking that long for the teeming population of the lower Lake States to discover what the pines and lakes of the north country mean to them in summer and vacation time. Colorado was first built from exhaustible natural resources, mainly from silver. Later Colorado found that in the front range of the Rockies it had a resource that could never be exhausted.

Rivaling Egypt

Even at the merely nominal rates charged, the rents paid by cottage permittees on the Eldorado National Forest in California exceed the revenues from grazing stock, although only a little more than 1000 acres out of nearly 1,000,000 have been withdrawn from grazing. In addition the improvements made by the cottagers exceed the assessed value of all sheep and is two-thirds that of all cattle.

Those who favored national parks were once regarded as long-hairs, but now the steel manufacturers of Tennessee would like to have a park in that part of the country. Among the proponents of new national parks or additions to parks are usually to be found the chambers of commerce and other business interests.

The secretary of Montana's sportsmen's association has estimated that tourists left $6,000,000 in the state in 1924. The Arizona Highway Department places the figure at $10,000,000 for that state, and, of course, it is far larger for California.

It may sound like a commonplace, bromidic statement, but nevertheless it is literally true that the attractions of the West for tourist and vacationist have only been scratched. This is so because nothing like a full development of these possibilities, such as Europe has, can come about until there are good roads and good hotel accommodations. That is an old story in Europe, but very new—surprisingly new—in the West.

Railroads cannot conduct motor side trips to cliff dwellings, Indian pueblos, and in the winter, to desert oases, until highways are built. These, however, are being constructed with great rapidity. The improvement in hotel accommodations, even in the past two or three years, in important centers of tourist movement in states like New Mexico and Arizona is very great.

It must be remembered that only twenty or thirty years ago these centers were rough frontier towns, with scores of saloons and gambling hells. One such place with which the writer is now personally familiar had thirteen or fourteen saloons thirty years ago, no paving, execrable hotels, no trails into the surrounding Indian country, and drinking water cost a dollar a barrel. Now it has one of the finest and largest per-capita water supplies in the country, pavements, a fine hotel, no open saloons at least, and with hundreds of miles of good roads radiating from the town.

One of the practically unknown and untouched resources of the West, especially the Southwest, is its archæology. All the way from Central Chihuahua in Mexico to Salt Lake City are hundreds of unexcavated, untouched ruins of cities and civilizations of a distant past. In portions of Nevada and Utah, and more especially in Arizona and New Mexico, these ruins cover large areas, providing research work for the student and interesting sights for the tourist for hundreds of years to come.

During the past summer a representative of the Smithsonian Institution uncovered



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and restored a large pueblo within a few feet of the main transcontinental highway across Northern Arizona, and only a few miles from an important town. Although a few students had known of the existence of this and many other uncovered ruins in the vicinity, the average citizen was uninformed and uninterested. But since the work has been under way several hundred people, even in that sparsely settled country, have visited the ruin every week-end. In other words there is a new point of interest, and indirectly, a new resource.

Many inhabited pueblos of the ancient race, or races, still survive, the least modified being the seven villages of the Hopi in Arizona. There are, in addition, eighteen such inhabited cities in New Mexico. One of the transcontinental railways passes close to several of the inhabited and one of the largest and most remarkable of the ruined cities, whose age no scholar definitely knows, but which goes far back into the dim beginnings of things.

Great Natural Museums

It is necessary, however, to break the railroad journey to see these peoples in their primitive surroundings and still living their primitive lives. A trip among the cliff dwellings and ruined cities and the inhabited pueblos has more than scenic or even historical interest; it has human interest. But as yet only the merest fraction of the tourists who cross the continent have made any such trip.

The development of pageantry, of fiestas and other historical celebrations and entertainments has been very marked in the West in recent years not only in the national parks but in many other localities. In this way not only the tourist but the permanent settler as well has had his mind fixed on the historical background of his locality, and the flavor and atmosphere of the country have been made very real to him. Old customs, dances, songs, games and ceremonials not only of the Indians but of the earlier white settlers, which would otherwise have been lost, have been retained. Many of these pageants and fiestas are given in natural settings, without theater or auditorium.

Even the dead mining camps seem capable, in the opinion of the writer, of a mild degree of tourist capitalization. If there is a more picturesque spot anywhere than Virginia City, Nevada, which produced in a few years' time some $700,000,000 of gold and silver, I have yet to see it. Virginia City is accessible to countless thousands who have probably never heard of it.

The West has no monopoly of romance. Perhaps, indeed, there is more in the East. But somehow the vacationist or visitor in the West is in a more receptive frame of mind for what is thrilling or romantic in its background than if he were in Virginia or Massachusetts. Western fiction and pictures are a real asset, even though the booster would prefer to have visitors interest themselves in irrigated valleys and local industries.

But human nature is hard to change, and the motorist will leave the main highway much sooner to see where the Covered Wagon or the Iron Horse was filmed than to visit an alfalfa field.

Even the half-natural, half-theatrical characters who are so often found in desert settlements help make a tourist-attracting atmosphere. Men develop their innate characteristics rather easily in desert surroundings, and it is not wholly pose when they draw pictures or spout verse as they serve oasis punch, or gasoline.

In a deeper sense the West is rich, indeed, in that it is the greatest of all our universities. I asked one of the foremost of living scientists what could ever be done with the deserts of a particularly dry Western state.

"The greatest work in the world today," he replied, "is to teach people to appreciate what they have. We might as well face the future and take people's attention away from the dust and show them the glories of the desert. We must show this country through the eyes of great men, painters and writers. They can tell us where and when and how to look. An artist who saw the gold on the redwood trees of Bull Creek taught me to see it.

"Future generations will never run out of intellectual work in the West. In Southwestern Nevada alone man may learn enough more about geology to change all we now know of the history of life."

"This"—Northern New Mexico and Arizona—"is a land of wonderful views, rocks and people," says the rarely discriminating text that accompanies an automobile map. "If you will first study up on this country so that you can understand what you see, you will find this one of the most fascinating trips in America."

It is significant that more and more emphasis is being laid upon the educational possibilities of the national parks, nearly all of which are in the Far West. There are nearly 1000 museums in this country, each one small and unimportant as compared with parks like Yellowstone, Glacier, Grand Canyon and Yosemite. The old idea was to break off a specimen of rock or pick up a rare fossil or saw off a tree chunk and transfer them with great labor to a building where a few score people might see them. But millions now go into the national parks, which are far greater museums. Each one is a chapter in the history of the world. There are lessons in erosion, sedimentation and other processes by which the world was made.

Behind the depth, height, weight, mass and superficial beauty is the handiwork of the Creator, presented in such a way that all may comprehend. We cannot worship Nature as earlier men did, but as one great scientist has said, the altars are to be found there, and one may be under the religious influence, as well as benefit physically and expand intellectually.

Of course there are those who having eyes never see. All over the world there are travelers who, no matter how many countries they visit, never leave home. Tourists rush through or by and behold nothing. A young couple in a fancy roadster, from an Eastern state, tore at a high rate of speed past the marvelous Painted Desert of Northern Arizona at a point where the main road goes close to the strange paint pot.

I cannot imagine even the most hardened old-timer passing the place without giving it at least a glance. A few hours later the same couple were playing golf west of Winslow.

Opportunity for Young Men

An archæologist has been spending eleven summers working on a great ruin in New Mexico which, because of its nearness to a transcontinental highway, attracts many visitors. He classes most of them as either interested and eager to learn or as just plain ignorant. But there is a third class which he describes as contemptuous.

One of these latter, looking down upon the archæologist engaged in sorting bones and shards in a trench, will now and then remark, "Why is a big husky man like you doing such silly little work?"

"I can't afford not to do it," replies the sarcastic scientist. "You see the salary is so large. I get $50,000 a year and a commission on all I find."

"Oh, I didn't know such work was so well paid!" exclaims the no-longer-contemptuous tourist in what are now polite and friendly accents. "I have a son who doesn't know what to do with himself. I wonder how he would like this kind of work."

But the problem of education, of appreciation and understanding is world wide; it is not confined to the West. There may be danger that if too many tourists visit the ancient pueblos of New Mexico that state will lose a little of its distinction. There may be danger of the national parks developing too much along the line of campers' concrete fireplaces and garbage cans. But the West is a very large country.

One can only smile indulgently at the clever but inaccurate remark of a newspaper paragrapher:

"Now every desert road is crawling with the flivvers of immigrants, and the flivvers are crawling with babies, tin cans and folding phonographs."

But the American Museum of Natural History and other similar organizations still send summer expeditions into that vast country where four Southwestern states meet, just as it would send parties up the Amazon or into Africa. One can still leave the railroad in Northern Arizona and go north 200 miles in one county without seeing a settlement. A party of United States Geological Survey engineers recently completed a three months' survey of the Little Colorado, naming many canyons hitherto unknown to white men.

Undiscovered Country

There are students in the state university who still ride 100 miles by stage after leaving the railroad to reach their homes. In Idaho it has been necessary, because of intervening mountain ranges, for students in one part of the state to go through two other states to reach their own university. Even in California a motion-picture company, seeking a novel location, visited a desert region which, as far as known, had never been visited before by white men since a mining boom in the 80's.

Nevada is full of unknown regions never surveyed by government investigators and visited by no white man except occasional prospectors, whose accounts of what they see are none too reliable. Unknown mountain forests full of game extinct elsewhere, strange volcanic formations, petrified forests and remarkable mineral showings—rumors of these fill the state, but scientists have not yet got around to the enormous task of covering the country.

I asked a railroad representative who made an exhaustive investigation last summer of the Navaho and other little known country in Northern Arizona and Southern Utah, if his concern would not spoil the country with its tours and tourists. He replied:

"I last made the trip about three years ago, and since that time I find in all the trading posts great preparations to take care of the dude tourist.

"But in spite of these changes the country cannot be spoiled, for obvious reasons. There are no great centers of population, and cannot be, because of the relatively limited agricultural and industrial possibilities. Then there are physical barriers like the Grand Canyon, and so much of the country is government land whose status cannot be changed, like the Indian reservations. Finally if you stray off the roads you have got to rustle for food and water or die. When you get away from the railroad or a few highways there is no habitation.

"As long as you cling to the few roads, with their trading posts and electric lights, you feel subconsciously that you are in civilization. But a few miles away it's still the old West. No feature is better known than the Grand Canyon; 100,000 people visit it every year. But few ever stray more than a few feet from two or three dude trails.

"Here are two states as big as Germany before the war, with only about 783,000 people. One thing that gives the false idea that this whole country is being opened up is that the names of a few places have been played up a lot, advertised and written up in magazines devoted to exploration, travel and the like.

The Rainbow Bridge is one such place—dozens of articles have been written about it, but only 600 people have ever visited it, including all guides.

"Besides, the man in the nearest white settlement doesn't know whether he is in Utah or Arizona, or whether he is on the reservation or not. Every time a cowpuncher goes out in that country he finds a new canyon or a new cliff dwelling. Suppose 5000 people should visit that bridge in the next few years. Will they spoil the country?"

One does not need to be mystical, or even sentimental or poetical, to feel deeply the truth that the West is for the future. Said one of the most successful, experienced and respected bankers in New Mexico:

"Perhaps it is an old man's point of view, but I can't see the rush to develop this Western country, although I admit that those of us who own property here would like to see a quick development. There is a storehouse of resources here. We have enough coal for the world. But it will be here when population is large enough to demand it. At present freight rates are too high. After all, Nature pretty well protects and guards the resources of the West from being used too soon."

There are Westerners who indulge in considerable self-pity. They say their states are like the little boy who went to school for the first time, and walking up to the teacher, announced, "I am here."

Not greatly impressed the teacher said, "Sit there for the present."

"I sat there all day," he later told his mother, "but I didn't get the present."

Prof. Frederick J. Turner, historian of the frontier, has said that the West hasn't yet played the powerful part in the Union that it will come to play. Naturally so.

Mountains, high altitudes, canyons, deserts, subnormal rainfall, quick run-off, erosion, distance, space—these were not invented by, are not figments of the imagination of the Eastern theorist, poet, artist, æsthete and conservationist, trying to hold back the West. They are hard physical facts, and it is fortunate for the West as well as the East that they exist. It is fortunate for a country to have some reserve for the future, some wealth that may be developed later on.

Doctor Hornaday has said that every traveler in the desert becomes perforce a botanist. The Carnegie Institution, the William Boyce Thompson Institute for Plant Research, and other agencies, are devoting years to the study of desert flora. The Indians, coyotes and foxes found food and medicine in the mesquite bean. The desert contains a whole commissariat. Who knows that the future supply of rubber may not come from the plentiful greasewood shrub?

All Out-of-Doors

In time a practicable method may be found for utilizing solar energy directly, and the desert, under a perpetual sun, would be the best place to develop such a project. Nations may fight for deserts instead of coal fields. A fantastic idea! I am not enough of a scientist to know. But all scientists agree that the desert contains resources of which we as yet know little, just as historians agree that it has played a mighty part in the past.

"What is your state like?" I once asked a resident of Nevada before I had ever been there.

"Well, it's all out-of-doors," he replied.

I have not the gift to rhapsodize over the mountains and deserts like the late Emerson Hough or Struthers Burt or Mary Austin, or most feelingly of all, John C. Van Dyke, the art critic. A poet has called the desert "God's crucible," but I can see that He made it for man.

There are two thrills which no one should miss. The first is going East and beginning to sense the might and power of the East's financial and industrial supremacy, which feeling one first perceives around Kansas City and from there on. The other thrill is going West, and it comes from the space and beauty and majesty of the open.

Who can say which is the greater resource? To deny that the stimulus, the buoyancy and the spirit of hope which the Far West inspires are part of the nation's riches is to turn the back upon reality.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Atwood. The third will appear in an early issue.

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THOUSANDS of women have been amazed and delighted at seeing the New Easy Washer. One and all they have marveled at the silent efficient way it speeds the clothes from basket to line, so gently, with not a button taken off, not a single deep wrinkle put in. You, too, may watch the New Easy wash and dry your own clothes in your own home, without a penny of cost or a bit of trouble.

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Edward Jewett

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THE GIRL FROM RECTOR'S

(Continued from Page 29)

six years we paid him an average of $100,000 a year instead of the $45,000 he asked originally. But none of us realized what a tremendous thing it was going to be. We got the lease on our own terms, closed the place for alterations and opened up in six months under the name of Rector's.

My name was again on Broadway in electric lights on a sign seventy feet high. I strutted around as proud as a wasp with two stingers. We had a magnificent opening night and New York scrambled for a chance to jam their elbows into the first New York restaurant to open as a deliberate cabaret. Our jubilation was very sweet and short. The builders who had foreclosed on the Hotel Rector procured an injunction restraining me from using the name of Rector in the theatrical district.

We went into court and got a stay, pending the appeal. We continued to use the name of Rector, even though the builders claimed it was a breach of the goodwill which they had displayed when they foreclosed on my father. I called on the opposition's lawyer and he told me that he was empowered to dicker with me for the purpose of getting me to withdraw my name from the new restaurant.

More Noise Than Nourishment

Provided that I pulled out of the triple partnership and never used the name of Rector in New York, he had full authority to offer me the sparkling sum of $5000 a year. I told him that wouldn't keep me in snuff money and that I never used snuff. He then informed me that he would procure a court order stopping me from using the name of Rector. I told him to go ahead.

Meanwhile our restaurant had picked up speed and was grossing sums we had never dreamed of. The case went to court and the judge appointed a referee. His decision was against us. We immediately appealed the case to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court and got another stay, pending appeal. We were jumping from stay to appeal like a goat leaping from crag to crag. The name of Rector's continued to burn up the current in electric lights and we were turning away big crowds every night. When the decision was finally handed down, it was in our favor! The testimony proved that I was a legitimate one-third partner and that there was no attempt to delude the public by trading on a name made famous in another establishment. There was nothing to do but to grant me the use of my own name. Esau was entitled to his birthright and his pottage also.

The legal entanglements had no direct effect on our place, as we were open all the time and busy piling up a momentum that was difficult to handle. But Rector's was entering on its final phase, as prohibition also was gathering plenty of speed and was just around the corner.

I speak of the last years of Rector's with regret. Not that it was closed, but because it was ever opened. Some 1500 people paid a cover charge of one dollar a head for the privilege of parking themselves on our hard chairs. They jammed, fought and tore to get inside. When they got inside, they sat there and wished they were home. For their $1500 cover charge they got noise. That trumpet of brass-bound racket, the saxophone, had just begun to get popular.

Our first orchestra was famous for its endurance and volume. The laughing trombone struggled for honors with the muttering tuba, while the clattering cymbals beat time for the trap drummers and the snares. The sputtering cornets violated all traffic rules when they opened up their exhausts in the city limits. We topped this cake off with a nice icing of robust sopranos and tortured tenors. The craze for dancing with meals was just sweeping the nation, and in Rector's we had an institution that was a new broom. We cleaned up to such a startling extent that our first year's profits paid off our initial investment of $200,000 and left us another $100,000 to divide.

The class of people who patronized the last Rector's was absolutely different from anything I had ever met. All they wanted to do was dance, and we accommodated them with a dance floor that measured thirty feet by twenty. The entire 1500 all tried to dance on this postage stamp at the same time. The diners would drop their knives and napkins the minute the orchestra broke loose and stampede for the dancing area. It looked like an elephant dancing on a butcher's block. The couples were jammed back to back, elbow to elbow and cheek to neck. They resembled the famous drove of horses at the country fair. When the farmer pulled one horse out of the middle, all the rest fell down. They had been leaning on the one in the middle.

There was no space for the old-fashioned waltzers and two-steppers to fling the light fantastic brogan or whirl the nimble rubber heel. The dancers just pulled and tugged, with the result that dancing became obsolete and substitutions were the vogue. Hence the turkey trot, the bunny hug, the fish walk, the Teddy bear and the Texas tommy.

We had four orchestras playing in relays. It was the start of the jazz age, which seems to have aged everybody. The world was not yet safe for democracy and democracy was never safe for the world.

Epicures are complaining that jazz has ruined the art of dining. No man can eat a quiet luncheon in a boiler factory and it is impossible to carry on a conversation on the Tower of Babel. There was a time when the old patrons of Rector's had dined to the digestive lubrication of soft string music, but in the new Rector's we had no soothing and digesting strains from the strings of the harp and the cello.

We never had any singing waiters, but we had other songsters just as bad. Owing to the terrific noise of 1500 diners, we had no use for mezzo-sopranos trained on birdseed. Our soloists were picked out for their ability to run the hay scales and register on seismographs. But the mob kept growing bigger and thicker, until we finally were complimented by the city, which presented us with a city fireman who had orders to whistle for help during the minor panics.

A peculiar feature about the dance hound is that he wants to hop until exhausted and then watch others dance. This led to the professional cabaret entertainers who specialized in eccentric contortions. A good single performer could always build up a tremendous following. So could a double team consisting of a lady and gentleman. The younger generation will remember the Marvelous Millers, man and wife, who delighted them with whirlwind dancing.

We were always on the outlook for teams, and one night my scouts reported there was a fine couple gyrating daily at the Café Martin—pronounced Mar-tan. I investigated and discovered that Martin was paying them $300 a week, which I considered too much money. A month later I offered them $500 a week and they refused. A year later my two partners tried to get them for $2000 a week and were turned down.

Terpsichorean Teams

This team, reading from left to right, was Vernon Castle and his wife, Irene, who I consider had more individual influence on any one nation than any woman with the exception of Joan of Arc. Even at that, Irene was the Joan of Scissors, for she popularized the boyish bob worn by every young girl and the girlish bob affected by every old girl.

Maurice and Florence Walton were another pair of dancers who had a tremendous vogue about this time. Mae Murray, the movie star, was dancing in Murray's cabaret, which boasted of a revolving floor upon which dancers skidded and wabbled.

The Marvelous Millers were with us a year and then left on a vaudeville tour. We were anxious to engage some team to fill the terpsichorean gap, but could find no one with a big enough name. One night a peculiar individual shuffled into Rector's, smoking a big cigar that was ablaze from stem to stern. It was the most amazing cigar I have ever seen. It spouted sparks like a Roman candle and seemed to have an all-rubber wrapper with a blended soft-coal filler.

This exotic person wore a derby hat that looked like the hood of the first motor car, and his green and red sweater was illuminated by a big horseshoe pin studded with precious bits of glass. His trousers were tight and displayed the muscular grapefruit development of his bulging knees. He aimed his cigar at me, and must have pulled the trigger, for I was soon gasping for breath in the finest cloud of smoke I have ever seen outside of the B. & O. tunnel under Baltimore.

He said, "D-do you run this j-j-joint? Or don't y-you w-want your j-joint c-called a j-joint?" I told him I was one of the three proprietors, and he replied, "I'm a d-dancer when I don't t-talk. I w-want to show you my st-st-st-stuff."

To the Stage via Rector's

He was a dancer when he didn't talk and make no mistake about that. His name was Frisco, which name he had appropriated from a west-bound box car. His home was in Dubuque, Iowa, and he had arrived in New York via Chicago, where he had danced in the Loop j-j-joints. He showed us his st-stuff that same night, walking out on the dance floor without any other make-up than his street costume, which proved to be just right.

New York had never seen any dancing like Frisco showed it that evening. We were so delighted with his instantaneous success that we gave him what he asked—exactly f-fifty dollars a week. He was with us five months and then jumped to $1500 a week in vaudeville.

His most famous stunt happened in front of Rector's one morning about three. He came out of a coffee-and-waffle armory with a bag of crullers and started to feed the soggy quoits to a scraggy horse attached to an ice wagon. A copper strolled up and asked Frisco what he was doing, whereupon Frisco replied, "I w-want to see how many c-crullers he can eat be-before he hollers for a c-cup of c-c-c-c-coffee."

Rector's was the proving ground for ambitious performers. As fast as we trained them, the stage grabbed them. Frisco was responsible for the advent of another favorite—Ted Lewis, who makes the clarinet sit up and whimper. He wasn't satisfied with the tempo furnished by our hit-and-run orchestras and we finally selected Ted Lewis to swing the baton. Ted made good from the jump. Inside of a week he was a separate attraction. Rector's also developed the Mosconi Brothers, who have danced in every theater in the country; but our biggest card was a Metropolitan Opera contralto who started in Rector's. She is right on top now with a name culled from the gardens of Bulgaria. I will not pronounce it, Frisco cannot, so her secret is safe.

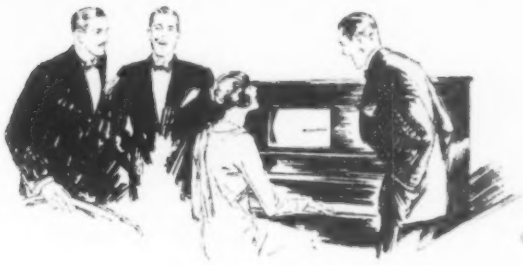
Cabaret entertainment was the direct result of the dwindling ability of people to amuse themselves. It marked the ending of the old-time restaurants with their quiet atmosphere and subdued lighting. We whispered across the candle lamps in the old days. But now a conversation must be pitched one octave higher than a bellowing, howling saxophone in order to be heard. When the music is thumping along its rough roadbed, it is possible to whisper sweet nothings—provided you have a megaphone big enough. Every person at the table is now a cheer leader. The most

(Continued on Page 157)

SUWANNEE RIVER



You never really *feel* the beauty of the fine old songs until you play them for yourself · · · and now you can



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YOU CAN play them with all the naturalness, all the beauty and all the creative enjoyment of hand playing . . .

You can accompany singing perfectly. You can play *real* music for dancing.

You can bring into your home the life and fun, the lasting, satisfying joy that only *self-played* music can give.

And you need not know a note! The Gulbransen Registering Piano has now made that unnecessary. Its patented *Registering* feature enables you to play by roll and foot-pedal with your individual touch, just as in hand playing. It has brought to music lovers everywhere the deep enjoyment that only a few have had before—the joy of self-expression in the wonderful language of music.

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There is a complete line of Gulbransen Pianos, including every type of piano for the home—both Registering models and models playable by hand only. Each represents superlative value in tonal quality, responsive action and beautiful appearance.

Prices range from $295 to $1275. For your protection the price of each instrument is plainly stamped on the back at the factory.

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Follansbee Forge
STEEL SHEETS

THE INSTINCT FOR QUALITY IS A PRICELESS INHERITANCE

(Continued from Page 154)

important article of evening clothing is the ear muff. The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table has been succeeded by the Maniac of the Cover Charge.

The first year of Rector's was the noisiest I ever experienced. But I hadn't heard anything yet. A man by the name of Von Kluck started on a detour to Paris and the war broke out. Or, if you prefer it in your daily movie-title style, came the war. New York was flooded with European agents buying battle confetti. There wasn't a single room to be had in any hotel, and the theaters and cabarets were jammed nightly. Wages jumped high, tastes leaped higher and prices looped over the moon. We stepped our cover charge up to two dollars a plate and it was paid cheerfully. Everybody made plenty of money and spent it as if the magic pocket would never grow empty. It was the golden era for the workingman who had always longed to mingle on Broadway, and he proceeded to take full advantage of it. His wife wasn't satisfied with dancing in the evenings, but also desired the afternoon dance. This is where the *thé dansant* made its appearance along with the flapper and the lounge lizard.

Rector's hired another crew of waiters and laid in a fresh stock of orchestras equipped with soundproof trombones, and thoroughly qualified to scramble the seven notes of music into a fine omelet. This *thé-dansant* business was a laugh for cabaret owners, but it was a terrible thing for the American home. As the majority of ladies were unescorted, their lawful breadwinners being engaged in the pursuit of earning a living, it was up to Rector's and the other afternoon resorts to supply dancing partners. In the absence of breadwinners, we furnished cake eaters, and that's how that word started.

Cake Eaters and Lounge Lizards

These cake eaters were the original lounge lizards, who toiled not, but did spin on the dance floor. We supplied them with their meals and gave them a wage of about fifteen dollars a week. It was a legitimate industry for good dancing men, and many actors worked in the *thé dansant* as male hostesses.

These old-timers loved their "tea," but had reached that age where dancing partners are difficult to get. Most of them were fat and ponderous, but insisted on dressing like flappers, with short skirts, painted faces and bobbed hair. One especially was a work of art, and if perfection is youthful beauty she had it, for she didn't have a wrinkle in her rouge or a gray hair in her toupee. She can be best described as mutton done up as lamb.

Incidentally, the *thés dansants* were responsible also for the sudden growth of beauty parlors in the big cities and the fine decorative work now being done on faces. This was the period when it was impossible to tell whether a man was escorting a new wife or an old one painted over. The *thés dansants* were very lucrative for cabarets, Rector's alone averaging $1000 an afternoon and more at Saturday matinées.

These incredible conditions lasted through 1914, 1915, 1916, and just when reformers thought they must get better they got worse. America entered the war and old manners and customs were contraband. Rector's acquired some of its old-time brilliance. Strange uniforms were seen on the dance floor, mingling with the overseas khaki of the American soldier and the overseeing blue of the American home guards. The bright breeches of the French aviator, the comfortable kilts of the Black Watch, the Sam Browne belt of the English officer and the dusty brown of the Anzac crusader bobbed and weaved in the new dances on Rector's floor.

The cake eater and the lounge lizard went into the Army and came back to Broadway for one last fling with the orchestra, tanned and lean from the summer and fall in the first training camps. There was a weird aroma of patriotic hope and fear in the atmosphere. Hilarity led its ace to dull care only to have it trumped by hysteria. In all my career as a restaurateur I have never seen such Marathon dancing.

The incident which sticks out clearest in my memory is seeing our door man refuse admission to a Scotch kiltie because the short-skirted Scot didn't have an escort with him. Only a basso roar from the Gordon Highlander convinced the door man that the Scotchman was no lady.

Ling Rector Foo's Place

No American sailors or soldiers were ever served drinks after we got our orders, but the boys circumvented the rules by going down to Coney Island. Investigation by secret-service men as to how soldiers were served drinks when in uniform revealed that the boys went to Coney Island, hired bathing suits and proceeded to get plastered in the Boardwalk saloons. Then they would doff the nonreg bathing outfits and roll home happily in the G. I. uniforms. After that, every bathing suit issued to an enlisted man had a big U. S. on it, front and back.

Then wartime prohibition came along, and after a consultation with my partners, I sold out to them for a considerable sum and the stipulation that the name Rector should come down from the front door and the roof. I walked out of the restaurant game in June, 1918, and on January 1, 1919, the Rector griffin came down forever, after exactly twenty years on Broadway and almost a century in Lewiston, Lockport, Chicago and New York. Although there is—or was—a Rector's in London, it was no branch office of ours. I understand there is also a Rector's in Paris and one in each of the main cities in this country. Neither my father nor myself ever gave them permission to use the name, but you cannot stop a man from calling his dog Rover.

The percussion cap that exploded the old flintlock happened in Maryland. I was driving through that hospitable state one day and saw a big green-and-red electric sign sparkling over a Chinese chop-suey foundry. Wiggly yellow snakes chased one another around the borders of the sign and in the center was the biggest "Rector" in lights I had ever seen. I went in to see the celestial proprietor and asked him how he got the license to use the name.

He said, "In Chinese my middle name is Rector. I got plenty right to use name. Nobody can stop me. That's my middle name."

This made my middle name in Chinese something like mud. I guess that the middle name Rector is still using his Chinese translation. We never tried to stop him after his legal explanation. The name figured so largely in theatricals that it was carried all over the country and grew familiar to thousands who never came down out of the hills. Every musical show had some reference to our place. Probably the best known was the one used in Weber and Fields' reviews.

In a conversation between a woman and a man, the fellow said, "I found a very valuable pearl in an oyster."

The girl retorted, "That's nothing. I got a diamond from a lobster over in Rector's last night."

The biggest single bit of free advertising we ever got was from a young playwright named Gene Walter. Gene had written his first play and carried it from producer to producer. They all turned it down, and in desperation Gene took it to David Belasco, who had already refused it twice. This time Belasco was in a receptive mood and consented to give the play a trial performance. The name of the piece was Paid in Full and it was one of showdom's greatest successes. The final scene was between the heroine, Frances Starr, and the hero. As the last curtain fell on the break-up between the two, she sat on her steamer trunk and said, "You can go to the devil. I am going to Rector's."

A Popular Road House

They not only wrote, spoke and sang about the old-time restaurants but they also composed poetry in their honor. One of the best—in fact the best—was written to a rival restaurant by Langdon Smith, then sports editor on the old New York Herald. One verse of the poem, which is on love through the ages, reads:

And that was a million years ago,
In the time that no man knows;
Yet here tonight, in the mellow light,
We sit in Delmonico's.

Delmonico had the poem printed on the backs of all his menus in spite of the last lines, which ran:

And as we linger at luncheon here,
Over many a dainty dish,
Let us drink anew to the time when you
Were a tadpole and I was a fish.

We would hardly call Delmonico's customers fish, especially in the present meaning of the word, which classifies a fish as one who is entitled to have his name inscribed on that famous roll of honor, the Sucker List.

Rector's also had its place in poetry, even though we must stretch the word a bit and include the rimes which are made when the doggerel is barking. Clarence Harvey sat down one evening in Rector's and wrote a poem to his lady love; of the numerous verses I recall only the last:

And we motored down to Rector's,
Where all was gay and bright;
And by the way, dear empress,
Who took you home that night?

If you will pardon the eccentricities of an old-timer who is reaching a rheumatic arm down into the grouch bag of the past, I want to say that nobody sings about the restaurants of the present, and if they do, they do all their singing on complaint blanks. The art of dining has truly degenerated, and all that people seem to remember of the rules of health is that an apple a day keeps the doctor away while an onion a day will keep everybody away.

When I cleaned up at the end of five years there was $250,000 clinging to my mud guards. I thought I was fixed for life, retired to the suburbs, bought a home, a flivver and a cow, and proceeded to live quietly. I had a cellar stocked with legitimate prewar combustibles and my Jersey cow supplied me with butter and milk. The first three days in the country were serene and beautiful. But when Saturday night came a horn tooted outside the door and I opened it to find an old friend there. I welcomed him heartily, wined and dined him and gave him godspeed, with instructions to come back soon. He did—and brought another friend.

Before the month was out I discovered that I was in the restaurant business again, but this time without profit. My friends literally ate me out of house and home, and three years later everything was gone except the cow—and she was dry. So was the cellar. Home entertainment is a serious matter these days, and I advise all young couples to place good brake linings on their household budgets.

To Insure Poor Service

The quickest way to the poorhouse is to travel too fast away from it. By this I mean trying to live beyond your means in an effort to convince neighbors of your success. It is all right to entertain, as a guest at the supper table puts everybody on their good behavior and forestalls the usual small bickerings which feature the average home supper. We cannot deny that most of our quarrels are over the dinner table. This is because the husband has been at his office all day, the wife has been busy with her own household affairs, and the evening meal is the only chance for her to unburden herself of the woes of the afternoon. I advise all couples to dine out at least twice a week. Pick out some good sensible restaurant which doesn't boast of its home cooking. That's exactly what you are trying to get away from.

Laughter is the best aid to digestion. Don't criticize the food or argue with the waiters. If the meal is bad, you only make it worse by fighting. Retire gracefully and never go back to the same place. One chronic grumbler at the table can spoil everybody's evening. It is possible to have a lot of fun in a bad restaurant if you can get into the mood. I remember Smith and Dale, of the Avon Comedy Four, playing their restaurant scene. It has been greeted by typhoons of laughter by audiences for more than twenty-five years and is still running in its original form without a line being altered. Smith is a very bad waiter with his finger in everything. Dale watches him bring in the well-thumbed soup and various dishes and finally orders: "Bring me a whole coconut and try to get your thumb in that."

When Smith brings in the whole coconut, the audience sees that he is carrying it like a bowling ball. He has bored two holes in it. Dale orders sweet milk. Smith shouts back to the chef, "A glass of milk—and it shouldn't smell from herring." Dale's request for hash results in Smith's yelling into the tube, "Sweep up the kitchen!"

And when Dale protests against the size of the bill, Smith assures him that the place

(Continued on Page 160)



DRAWN BY GEORGE SHELLHASE

Johnny, What on Earth are You Doing?
We're Playing Permanent Wave and Sister Decided She Didn't Want it Done

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Infinitely More Pleasing

It is entirely new in body and chassis design. There's new animation in every line of it. *The speed* is there! *The power* is there! *The trigger-quick acceleration* is there!

But beyond that there is a new delight—a new fascination—in rounding sharp corners or even "S" curves at a speed that would ordinarily turn over an old-type car. You do it in safety with America's first European-type *Eight-in-line!* Without the slightest rolling, slipping or sideway!

This safety—this physical and mental ease—this incomparable comfort and true relaxation—is the result of the remarkable roadability of this new-type *Eight-in-line* with its scientifically tilted seats . . . double-drop frame . . . tubular cross-members . . . low center of gravity.

Other Amazing Developments

And on top of these are other revolutionary departures developed by the advanced engineering practice which, combining the best of American and European accomplishments, perfected this sensational new-type car. With one wheel elevated ten inches higher than the others, all doors open and close easily, due to its rigid, new-type chassis. Parks in space old-type cars must pass by. Turns in a few feet. Steers with marvelous ease—scoots in and around traffic and danger with astonishing flexibility. Stops—well, on a dime—almost!

$1395 to $1795

High lights of this amazing new-type car

Advanced Eight-in-line motor with Swan manifold!

Thermostatic heat control. Vibration dampener. Air cleaner ' ' ' Oil filter ' ' ' Gasoline strainer!

New-type safety chassis ' ' ' double-drop frame ' ' ' strong and rugged! ' ' ' Tubular cross-members!

Height of car less than 70 inches. Low-hung European design ' ' ' Ample head room ' ' ' Normal road clearance!

Automatic centralized system of chassis lubrication!

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4-wheel brakes, fully enclosed, perfectly equalized!

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Luxurious interior. Chase-Velmo upholstery. Form-fitting seats ' ' ' Tasteful appointments!

Fedco theft-proof system with loss-of-use insurance!

Beauty That Fairly Sparkles

This new-type *Eight-in-line* is as beautifully appointed as the most costly cars. The Sedan, for example, is upholstered in genuine Chase-Velmo—and the color of this rich upholstery harmonizes perfectly with the outside body finish. Additional charm and elegance are added by the Butler silver-finished hardware, the walnut panels on the instrument board and window ledges, a dome light, silk window curtains, arm rests and other luxuries you would never expect to find in any car selling for less than $2,000.

Yet the price of this revolutionary new Eight-in-line is no higher than that asked for an average Six!

Both the New Gardner *Eight-in-line 80* (122-inch wheelbase) and the New Gardner *Eight-in-line 90* (130-inch wheelbase) will be exhibited at the New York Automobile Show next week. At the same time, both these new-type *Eights-in-line* will be featured in special salon displays by Gardner dealers in all principal cities.

Every present and prospective automobile owner owes it to himself to see and drive these amazing new-type *Eights-in-line* which have been developed and perfected after nearly three years of constant experiment and extensive road tests.

Prices of the New Gardner *Eight-in-line Series 80* (122-inch wheelbase) range from $1,395 to $1,795. The New Gardner *Eight-in-line Series 90* (130-inch wheelbase) ranges in price from $1,995 to $2,495. *Prices f. o. b. St. Louis.*

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HANDIEST package ever invented for paste or mucilage. No cap to unscrew or lose. No brush. No water to supply. No drying up—seals itself when not in use. Clean to handle—no spreading with fingers—never leaks. Operates with one hand. Handier than jar, screw-cap tube, ordinary spreader tube or water-well of stiff paste, liquid paste or mucilage.

Patented* NEW *Spreader Makes Pasting Easy

JUST squeeze the rubber tip between thumb and forefinger to open the patented slit in the rubber tip. Then, holding the tube vertically, as you would a paint brush, place the tip on the paper to be pasted, and spread, bearing down a little as you spread. The flexible rubber tip is an ideal spreader—works better than a brush. To make paste flow out faster, squeeze tube slightly as you spread. When you stop spreading, the slit closes. The tip will work perfectly as long as there is any paste left in the tube, even though you are months using it up.

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I enclose $1.00 for which please send me a trial dozen regular-size tubes of the NEW LePage's Spreader Paste. (Note: For single tube, send 10 cents.)

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is run just like Rector's. I have seen that act many times and it always rolls me over into the aisle. If I ever get back into the catering game, I assure you that Smith will be one of my waiters. He would keep all my diners in good humor, and that is the most important feature of a meal. Irritation and spleen are the keystones of stomach trouble and modern after-dinner speakers are cashing in on their ability to make banqueters laugh.

Smith would make a fortune as a waiter, because Luke Barnett has been doing the same thing for years. He is an invaluable addition to any feast as he arrives dressed as a foreign waiter and then proceeds to wreck the evening. He works out of Pittsburgh and has traveled all over the world in his specialty.

Alexander Moore, former Ambassador to Spain, was the first to realize Barnett's possibilities at a home dinner. Mr. Moore introduced Barnett into his home as the new butler and he proceeded to buttle. Mrs. Moore, who was Lillian Russell, was entertaining some very distinguished guests that night and was horrified when she saw the new butler serving the soup out of a coffeepot. However, thinking that none of the guests had noticed it, she kept silent, but arose in indignation when he got into an argument with a guest whom he accused of throwing olive pits on the floor.

Food and Fist Fights

Mr. Moore smoothed that difficulty out, but no sooner had the guests sampled the fish than Barnett snatched the dishes away and served another course. A lady about to harpoon a salad with her fork never stabbed anything but the cloth, for Barnett had everything timed and grabbed the dish before anything could be eaten. He kept the table in a well-modulated uproar and the night culminated in a fist fight between Mr. Moore and his new butler, who was floored three times, much to everybody's delight. An aged diplomat, who was so feeble that he couldn't spoon his mashed potatoes, stood on his chair and shouted, "Good, Mr. Moore! I was just going to do the same thing myself."

A big laugh followed when Barnett was fired by Lillian on the spot, and he left, only to come back and shout through the door, "I resign." It was only then that Lillian realized that she had been hoaxed, and she immediately hired Barnett for a dinner the following week. He has worked banquets in New York, Newport, Southampton and all the Florida hotels.

The newspaper publishers will remember him when he impersonated a Polish editor at one of their national dinners in New York. He actually spoke in imitation Polish for thirty minutes in defense of President Wilson's Fourteen Points, and gained the sympathy of the audience when he broke into tears at the finish.

Bad News for Business Men

Jim Corbett brought Barnett on for a dinner at the Friars Club, and he arrived with full credentials as a captain of waiters. Some 800 banqueters were having a solemn, peaceful time when Barnett got into his inevitable argument with Frank McGlynn about throwing olive pits on the floor. Mr. McGlynn is the very fine actor who created the rôle of Abraham Lincoln in John Drinkwater's play of the same name. No more quiet man than Mr. McGlynn ever lived, but he remonstrated when Barnett asked, "What kind of sloppy business is diss? Vere you think you are—home?"

Other guests rallied to the famous actor's support and testified that he had never thrown an olive pit on the floor. Barnett spouted another long speech in artificial German and wound up by blowing a whistle and calling fifty waiters off the floor. The trouble wound up in a fist fight between Corbett and Barnett, and the fake waiter was again floored, much to the enjoyment of the diners, who thought he was getting what he deserved. The evening continued with Barnett enthroned on the dais between Corbett and William Collier.

Of course, Smith and Barnett are outside of my general talk about Rector's, but I cite them to indicate the importance of jollity with meals. This idea was carried too far in the New York restaurant, for the professional entertainment soon outdistanced the cuisine. The man who wanted music with his meals was fortunate if he got any food with his music.

If you are really looking for good food find a restaurant proprietor who eats in his own place. It will be safe for you to eat there too. The medicine must be pretty good if the physician takes it himself. As I said once before, the main trouble with American dining is that we wolf our food. Nature gives you thirty-two busy little ivory anvils in your mouth and you should use them all.

The great French chef, August Escoffier, who has just finished a visit to America, says that we should spend at least two hours on the big meal of the day and an hour for breakfast. That will be news to the commuter who grabs his breakfast on the run like a coyote raiding a henhouse. I am a gulper myself, with the result that I am as bloated as a little blimp. I know it is wrong, but I have acquired the national habit of snapping at my food in the mistaken idea that if I don't hurry I will miss the news reel at the movies.

It has been a real pleasure for me to have the privilege of writing this haphazard review of the life of The Girl From Rector's, because it has resulted in renewed friendships with many of the old patrons of our Forty-fourth Street establishment and brought back memories of what we fondly call the good old days, when a pedestrian was considered every bit as important as a citizen, when lovers eloped on bicycles and a well-dressed woman looked like a boarding-house hatrack with all the boarders home.

They may have been good old days for some people, but I prefer the electric light to the sulphur match; I would rather have the radio than the squeaky melodeon; and when I travel I shall take the fast express and wave out of the window as I rush by you behind faithful old Dobbin. The good old days are a deception invented by ancient fogies who want to exaggerate without running the danger of being checked up on their statistics. If they want to add six inches of snow to the big blizzard of 1888, let them do it, so long as they allow us to grab a shovel with them.

Pleasant Memories

Rector's was an institution while it lasted, but it outlived its vogue. Delmonico's and the others are also hull down on the horizon and the watcher in the crow's nest of memory looks in vain for their return. When they departed they left a gap that closed up like a pinhole in rubber. A little air of reminiscence escapes from the puncture as it has done in these articles, but the tire rolls on just the same.

I have enjoyed writing these articles, because it has helped to renew old acquaintances and revive fond memories. This has been my first adventure with a recipe that called for facts and anecdotes instead of parsley and garlic. I have enjoyed it; for, after all, we live in the past, and no doubt the bullfrog, with his powerful back legs, often thinks with regret of the fine flipper he used for a propeller when he was a tadpole.

And now I am something like the old actor who made the best of his first and only opportunity. After a lifetime spent in trying to get a star part on the stage, he finally engaged passage on a liner and jumped overboard in midocean. The crew managed to turn the spotlight on him, and, like him, I will take my first and last bow and go down for the third time.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Rector.



DRAWN BY CHESTER L. GARDE

The Rum Runners, Broken Down and Adrift, are Compelled to Drink Their Own Stuff



"Yes, we RENT you this Johnson *Electric* Floor Polisher by the day—"

THE rental charge is only $2.00 a day which is very little when you consider how much it will save you in work and time and how greatly it will add to the beauty of your home.

"In a surprisingly short time you can wax-polish *all* your floors to gleaming loveliness. I took it home one evening and we were amazed at the wonderful improvement it made in our floors.

"It's so easy *anyone* can do it. You don't have to push this Polisher—or bear down on it. It runs itself—all you do is walk along and guide it. There is no fatigue—no stooping—no messy rags or pails—no upset household.

"Just spread on a thin film of Johnson's Liquid Wax with a Lamb's-wool Mop. Then run this Electric Polisher over the surface. Instantly—like magic—your floors will take on a beautiful, deep-toned lustre that enhances the charm and decorative value of every object in the room.

"And afterwards your floors will glow with bright reflections—they will gleam with sunshine and warmth, suggesting real comfort and true hospitality. Their immaculacy will give that air of delightful cleanliness so dear to the heart of every home-loving woman.

"This Johnson Wax polish is practical, too—long-wearing and easy to keep in beautiful condition. Use it on *every* floor whether of wood, linoleum, tile or composition. Use it on *any* finish—varnish, shellac, wax or paint.

"Use it on those annoying 'traffic spots' so apt to show in doorways—and on dull 'edges' around the rugs. The instantaneous transformation will delight you—and it will be permanent.

"I know if you rent this Electric Floor Polisher from us for one day and use it with Johnson's Liquid Wax, that you will become one of our many enthusiastic customers who rent this machine regularly."

Thousands of progressive merchants, neighborhood stores and painters all over the world are furnishing their customers Rental Service on Johnson Electric Floor Polishers at $2.00 a day. Take advantage of this new, easy, modern way to wax-polish ALL *your floors in the same time it formerly took to do a* SINGLE *room by the old-fashioned hand method.*

Telephone your nearest dealer now and make an appointment to RENT this wonderful machine for any day you wish. If you should have any difficulty getting this Rental Service in your neighborhood please let us know.

Or, you can buy a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher outright for your own exclusive use. The investment is small for so great a convenience. It will save you many hours of work, a lot of money for floor refinishing and its use will increase and protect your home investment.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wis.
"The Floor Finishing Authorities"
(Canadian Factory: Brantford)

JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

A POEM LOVELY AS A BLAST FURNACE

(Continued from Page 19)

little stream, they failed properly to provide for its subterranean flow, so that to this day it makes half the houses in Hunkytown unhealthy with damp cellars.

After the fill was made and the streets laid out, the company hacked the willows down, except, of course, where one by chance stood not in street or on house site, but close inside a curb line, in which case it was cheaper to let it stand. And such trees the little subterranean brooklet watered, keeping them green and beautiful in the midst of man-made ugliness after Hunkytown was built.

Such a tree is the one that stands in Conemaugh Coke and Iron Works to this day. Charlie Simms' tree. The only spot of loveliness and soothing color in the five-mile stretch of soot and grime and hulking rectilinear drabness and menacing hell-fire that make the plant at Ovenville. There it still flourishes in a steelworks atmosphere of high carbonic richness, in a surface soil of baked aridity. Its roots are in the little subterranean brook.

When Conemaugh decided to put up two new blast stacks, it bought a couple blocks of Hunkytown and razed the houses on it. And one of the first things we did on the new site for the furnaces was to build a high reënforced concrete fence inclosing the new purchase. The new property line ran along the south curb line of Furnace Street, and when Charlie Simms' survey boys located it, the transit's cross hairs hit the trunk of this broad, noble willow. So Charlie made a special trip over to my office to see what he should do about it.

"Do?" I said. "Has the storehouse run out of crosscut saws and axes? What's the problem?"

"It's fifty feet high," stated Charlie, "and it takes two men to reach around it."

"That's fine," I said. "And the Bessemer paying six dollars a cord for wood to dry out new converter linings. You measure it when you load it on a car, and put through a credit slip. I'll see that the Bessemer comes through with the price. It'll help keep down your excavation costs for the fence footings."

Simms gave me a look that spoke plainer than any words. And I got the impression, somehow, that he had expected better things from me. But I had no idea where I had come short of his expectations until he said, "For a couple hundred dollars I could move it just inside the fence."

I looked at him a moment, and again I found myself wondering how far that lad would ever get in steel. Two hundred dollars of regular construction money, for every one of which they would be expecting us to get a dollar and thirty-eight cents' worth of construction done!

I said, "Well, it might be well to preserve the tree somehow. It might come handy. The Concrete Pile people will be in by Monday a week, and if you don't have the old Brick Row down and Number 6 Furnace excavation ready for them by that time, I'll be looking about for something convenient to hang you on. But don't you let me catch you moving it—or A. B. X. Myself, I'd take the price of that nonsense out of your pay envelope; and A. B. X. would have, at last, just cause to fire you. Are we sweating here to get more tonnage out, or in the interest of the true, the beautiful and the good? You and your tree both get out of here and let me do some work."

They got, the both of them. But Charlie and his tree stopped at the door, and Charlie said, "O. K., chief. You'll never catch me. And, chief, about those change-in-rate cards for the survey boys ——"

But I was deep in a pile of blowing-engine bids by then and couldn't hear very clearly the rest of what he said.

The Concrete Pile people had their towering driver set up in the plant on schedule and Charlie was ready for them. They could cut loose with their old steam socker just as soon as they pleased. The old Brick Row in the part of Hunkytown we'd bought was flat as a cake, its bricks all cleaned and piled up neatly off to one side, and the big round excavation for Number 6 Blast Furnace foundation was all finished and pumped dry. And by old Count Vrag himself, who is the ruddy bucko with the spiked tail and the hoofs to Slavic millmen—by old Count Vrag himself, there, already to hang Charlie Simms upon had he not come through with his part of the work on time, was that fine old willow tree, all flourishing and green, inside, by gosh!—inside a newly completed section of our reënforced concrete fence.

I rubbed my eyes and looked, and rubbed again. But no amount of rubbing would erase that gorgeous big tree off my retina. I couldn't have been wrong. Less than a week ago I had sighted along some fence posts that had been erected, hoping myself that the surveyors might have been in error—hoping that the fine old tree might be just outside the line. But it stood there, rooted in our boundary. I blinked again; but it stayed right where it was; and then I noticed, for the first, guy wires running from its main branches to the ground. He had put one over on me sure as rails are steel. I hadn't forbidden it. I had only said he shouldn't let me catch him at it. I hadn't. With an inward chuckling, I walked over toward the tree, and as I did, I thought that I saw the seat of Charlie's faded khaki breeches go scooting back of a high pile of cleaned house bricks. But it might have been imagination.

George Illic, who was one of Charlie's right-hand men, a little Dalmatian, Adriatic sailor, pusher of a small gang of rigger countrymen of his, just then came by. His men, with a stout A-frame, up ahead, were setting up more of the steel fence posts on their foundations.

"Good morning, George," I said. "Seen Simms?"

"G'morning, Mr. Chif," George answered. "Sure I see. Little while go, go'n down dot way." And George made a vague gesture southward, taking in the entire stretch of plant.

"George"—and I caught his eye and held it—"I didn't think that A-frame you got ahead there putting up those posts would be high enough to let you swing that tree."

George never blinked. But as he looked me in the eye he shrugged. A Slavic shrug may mean a lot of different things. This one meant that he didn't know one single dog-gone thing about that tree. It might also be interpreted to mean that if he did, thumbscrews wouldn't get a peep out of him about it. I gave little George a knowing grin, envying meanwhile the absolute unswerving loyalty which Simms can always inspire in his men.

Then I said, "Well, George, when you see Charlie, you tell him for me that ——"

But a voice interrupted—a suave, sarcastic voice. It said, from back of me: "The open-hearth job ran a hundred thousand over the estimates, if you remember. Are you sure that moving trees and any similar æsthetic gestures the construction force may have in mind have been included in the figures for the blast-furnace work?" It was A. B. X.

Mr. A. B. X. Ledeaux, as we have said, should have been a corporation lawyer. Talents such as his, of suavity and shrewdness, of polish, of the indirect tongue wallop, are more or less a waste in steel, though indispensable, no doubt, in other lines of work. Suavity is too perishable a commodity for the mills. Before a frozen tap hole, suavity flees, yielding place to totally unsuave profanity and muscle on a sledge, and shrewdness steps to one side, making place for sweat. Polish, also, is not so good. A couple blisterings and clawings and it is gone; while steelworks skins are, on the other hand, too thick to feel the shafts of subtle irony. The direct smack in the eye has been found much more effective with millmen in the long run.

"Estimates for the open hearth were daylight figures," I reminded A. B. X. "But halfway through the job came news from your office that open-hearth rails had jumped in price, and that you wanted speed first on our job, and efficiency be damned. Night work on construction always plays the devil with the costs. It's altogether different from night work in the repeated routine of production. But we beat our schedule two months and a half, and if that quarter mile of open-hearth furnaces can't make a lot more than a hundred thousand in the extra quarter year we gave you, that's the fault of operation, not production." Which was a pretty good comeback, considering that I had to think it up right on the spur of the moment.

"As to this tree," I added, "it only seemed too beautiful to destroy, so I let Simms move it."

"At a cost to the company for this altruism," appended Mr. A. B. X. bitingly, "of several hundred dollars."

"Not much," a new voice said. "At a cost of a hundred and sixteen dollars and sixty-seven cents—which includes overhead at 25 per cent. Pretty good, considering the water we ran into and the size box it took to hold the roots. And the chief didn't authorize it, Mr. Ledeaux. I did that on my own."

Leave it to Charlie Simms. He builds up loyalty by being loyal. He had been hiding out from me, all right; dodging behind brick piles to keep away from me, afraid I'd ride him ragged for that fool thing he did. But when he saw the plant manager holding me up beside that willow, he had rightly judged what was afoot; and suspecting that I would stand back of him as I generally stood back of any square hard-working man of mine, even in error, he had come up to take the gaff himself.

"In fact," added Charlie, "I was advised that the Bessemer needed it for cordwood."

"Well?" asked A. B. X. coldly.

"Well," answered Charlie, "the chief only told me that to get rid of me. I bothered him about this trifle when he was too busy. He didn't mean it. He has better judgment. The tree is worth a thousand times as much to the company as a tree than as cordwood."

"Prove that," said A. B. X., his voice now frigid.

"One and one are two," answered Charlie. "But I can't prove it. Neither could our calculus prof at Valley Tech. But he didn't have to. Everybody knows it—axiom."

But A. B. X. simply smiled an Arctic disregard.

"Solution graded zero," said Charlie Simms, as solemn as three quarts of casket varnish. But I couldn't keep my face straight for the life of me. I was fifteen years ahead of Simms at Valley Tech, but that frostbitten dry comment shot at your blackboard demonstration from across dear old Pop Meaker's desk was just as fresh in my mind as in Charlie's. "Solution graded zero—not so good." "Well, you can't hate a guy for trying. Here's another, Mr. Ledeaux: Have you ever read Joyce Kilmer's poem, Trees?"

Icicles dropped crinkling off A. B. X.'s "To be sure."

"Fine!" said Charlie Simms, and raised his hand in the triumphant gesture that was to close the incident. "That proves it."

But though young Fenston's skill recounting yellow silk kimono incidents caused A. B. X. to glow with geniality, Charlie's reference to the warm loveliness of Trees thawed him no more than that same poem would have thawed a glacier.

"Not in a steel plant," A. B. X. answered gelidly. "You don't prove things by poetry in a steel plant. Listen, Simms ——"

I knew it. I knew A. B. X. Ledeaux. The day that Charlie came and told me how he had spoken his piece to A. B. X., I knew that Charlie was that day marked up to go. He was a good kid, too, that Simms.

Why, hang the luck, I had unloaded half the open-hearth job, just completed, onto his husky shoulders, and his backbone hadn't even creaked! He ate work up. And now I was figuring on letting him carry about 75 per cent of the blast furnace job, leaving me free to show the Conemaugh big fellows how the whole rolling mill layout could be rearranged and expanded for a couple million, to effect economies that would pay for the reconstruction in a year.

"Listen, Simms ——" Ledeaux had begun; and I knew that at the end of that sentence Charlie Simms would be walking up the track talking to himself.

So I broke in. I tell an inefficient world I wasn't going to lose a man that let you forget all about the work that you turned over to him for the price of any dad-whacked willow tree.

"Charlie," I interrupted, "I'm afraid the boss has got us. Blast furnaces are made by fools like me—and you—and Mr. Ledeaux, but only God can make a tree. Kilmer was absolutely right about that, as far as it goes. But it doesn't go very far in steel. You can't put a dollar mark in front of the finish of that lovely poem and make it mean anything to the accounting department. And the real value of a tree cannot be shown in figures. That's not strange. Ten or twenty centuries from now figures will have been discarded as the most absurd, inaccurate device that the race ever used to step to higher things. But this is today, and we've got to use the tools at hand. So we know this—that Conemaugh Coke's got a hundred and sixteen dollars and sixty-seven cents' worth of æsthetics tied up in this willow that Mr. Ledeaux seems to think we never will get out. So it's up to us. The construction department is responsible for moving it, so we'll leave it stand; and you and I, Simms, will split the cost. I'll deduct it out of our next pay envelopes, pro rata. How's that for a proposition, Mr. Ledeaux?"

Some song and dance! But I wanted to sidetrack A. B. X.'s brain. I was half in earnest too. If Ledeaux had taken me up, I'd have paid as sure as you are thirteen inches high.

Charlie Simms, as a receptacle in which to dump my excess work, was worth the finest hundred-and-sixteen-dollar bill I ever expect to earn.

But what I really hoped for that fool proposition was that it would show A. B. X. that I could see through his actuations; that it would tell him plainly that I knew no fair man would fire as good a lad as Charlie Simms for a very doubtful hundred-and-sixteen-dollar error on a five-million-dollar job; that I knew, in fact, that if he fired Charlie, it would be because Charlie, after failing to consult the Social Register in selecting his eight great-grandparents, had had the temerity to tell A. B. X. Ledeaux that his protégé, young Brander Fenston, wasn't good enough man to work for him.

But A. B. X. always was too smooth an article for me. I have no doubt he saw at once the inference and purpose of that nutty proposition. But he slid out from under that as easy as you please, and came back with an argument so plausible that it made that lovely willow tree, and nothing else, the cause of Charlie's sure demise at Conemaugh.

"What has been spent to move the tree is nothing," said he, smiling bland superiority now—the ice all melted from his manner, for he knew he had us. "No one is quicker to condone a hard-working man's mistakes than I, but ——"

(Continued on Page 164)

How We Quench the Thirst of Dry America!

Yet make no drinks ourselves



Red Diamond Carbonic Gas



Liquid Bottle Cooler



Liquid Mechanicold Soda Fountain



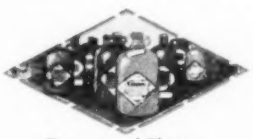
Bottle Sterilizers and Washers



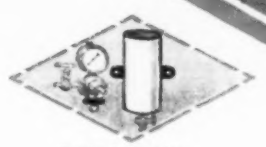
Drink Carbonators



Bottle Fillers and Crowners



Extracts and Flavors



Bottlers' Supplies

Never in the history of any nation have carbonated Soft Drinks been so pure, healthful, delicious and invigorating—and never so relished as in America today. Here in nearly every street and highway, the thirsty find relaxation and refreshment for a few cents.

This new-time, nation-wide service is provided by the soft drink industry. And the greatest single factor among those who neither bottle nor dispense, is the Liquid Carbonic Corporation.

We originated in 1888 the idea of distributing liquid carbonic gas, imprisoned in cylinders, to bottling plants and soda fountains. Today we operate gas plants and depots in 31 service zones. Our Red Diamond Gas now charges about one-half of all drinks carbonated.

We were first to make the machine that saturates the drink with the gas—the Carbonator. We created a Bottle Filling system which led to large scale bottling. It is estimated that ten billion Bottled Drinks were sold last year alone.

We prepare many Flavors and Extracts that bottlers use. And this corporation is also the world's largest maker of Soda Fountains. When electric refrigeration was perfected, we applied it to Soda Fountains, greatly to the improvement of both the fountains and the sodas.

Among the large users of our products are thousands of bottling plants,—including Coca-Cola, Orange Crush, Nu Grape, Canada Dry, Clicquot Club, Anheuser-Busch, White Rock, E. & J. Burke, and Moxie. Also thousands of soda fountain operators such as Huylers, L. K. Liggett Co., Page & Shaw, Owl Drug Co., S. S. Kresge Co., The Nunnally Co., Interstate Co., Loth, Inc., Union News Co., Fred Harvey, United Cigar Stores Co. and McCrory Stores.

We make no drinks ourselves, but we help you to obtain them easily and economically, and to enjoy them with great relish.

Liquid

THE LIQUID CARBONIC CORPORATION
CHICAGO

ATLANTA	KANSAS CITY	BIRMINGHAM	RICHMOND
BOSTON	LOUISVILLE	TAMPA	WASHINGTON
CINCINNATI	MEMPHIS	MILWAUKEE	BALTIMORE
DALLAS	MINNEAPOLIS	NASHVILLE	BUFFALO
DETROIT	NEW YORK	SAN ANTONIO	CLEVELAND
INDIANAPOLIS	PHILADELPHIA	PORTLAND	NEW ORLEANS
JACKSONVILLE	PITTSBURGH	SEATTLE	HAVANA
	ST. LOUIS	DENVER	

(Continued from Page 162)

And in that suave and deadly "but" I could see Charlie counting up what was coming to him out of a blue envelope.

"—— but if a man's mistakes are due to wrong viewpoint—perverse incompatibility, shall we say?—to temperamental unfitness for the job in hand, to inability to adjust impractical idealisms to his work, then his mistakes, even though they cost the company only a hundred and sixteen dollars and sixty-seven cents, are serious, even fatal. In fairness to the man himself, just as much as to the company, such a man should be freed to find his proper sphere of work—painting, poetry, or whatever."

A. B. X. paused. If he was aiming to get me mad, he was coming mighty close to doing it. He might as well have included tatting for a living. Rimes! Water colors! Charlie Simms! I could picture that thick-shouldered kid, sitting behind a typewriter, pecking. Of course, sometime, some fellow, not horn-rimmed or black-string-tied—some giant at his trade—is destined to get out an epic with the title Steel. But Charlie Simms is the sort of man to furnish him material, not to write it. I was just ready to declare myself to A. B. X. when I caught a glance from Charlie. He was grinning—grinning broadly at the fatal oratory of A. B. X. So I buttoned my lip and let the plant manager's eloquence flow on:

"What has been spent to move the tree is nothing. Its real worth to the plant is everything. Perhaps I am wrong. Perhaps it is my own sense of values that is all awry. My chief aim as plant manager here is to be fair. Let us agree to this then: Simms has till the first of the month to show without the aid of poetry that the tree is worth more to us as a tree than as cordwood for the Bessemer. If by then I am convinced, I'll gladly O. K. the promotion card that now lies on my desk. If not ——"

And A. B. X. turned a slim, immaculate corporation lawyer's back to us and left us.

"You see," I said, "dog-gone you," turning to Charlie Simms in anger, "what you've done? You couldn't let young Fenston ride, like I told you, could you? Now I've got to scratch around and dig myself up a field engineer somewhere with sense enough to know the value of a good cotillion leader in getting up a row of furnace stoves. And meantime I've got to do all the work myself."

But Charlie only grinned some more and said, "Thanks for the promotion, chief. What and how much?"

"Assistant to the chief engineer, and the devil fly away with you! The raise was ninety."

"Is," said Charlie; "is, not was. I'll bet you—I'll bet you that first ninety I'll be here to get it."

I wouldn't shake hands on it. He had no more chance of lasting past the first than a dead bootlegger, sitting pantsless on a red-hot still, has a chance of getting a long smooth unpoisoned pull of Münchener down in purgatory. I wouldn't take his money on a sure thing. That willow wasn't worth a nickel to the plant except to dry out freshly lined Bessemer converters; and even if it was, there was no way to prove it. And even if there was a way to prove it, it would never go with A. B. X. He had marked up Charlie Simms to go.

But Charlie Simms liked odds. Odds against him were his favorite dish. Any dang fool has a fifty-fifty chance to win an even fight. It takes a man to beat the odds. Charlie had got his taste for odds at Valley Tech. As though the curriculum weren't bad enough, that dark-red college down the river always has a football crew six times as good as Tech—in everything but the score. Charlie would be in there, trying, right up to the first of the month.

Along about the twentieth of the month I came across Charlie one morning on the job as he stood by one of his mixers, watching the concrete slither down a chute around the pile tops in an excavation pit.

"'Morning," I said. "Going to get this finished up for me before you leave?"

"You mean the foundation?" Charlie asked. "I hope to tell the world I am. I'm going to finish up the skip hoist. I'm going to poke a hot bar through a tuyère peephole and help to light this baby off before I leave you, chief."

"You'll have to step about a bit," I told him. "The first is only ten days off, and then you leave us. You didn't by any chance go in to see the show at the Colonial last night, did you?"

"It happens that I did," said Charlie.

"Well, you surely don't think you've got a chance with that tree of yours after what that news reel showed, do you?"

"All the more chance, if A. B. X. L. saw it. That picture would convert a lumberjack. Have you ever seen anything as dumb?"

I hadn't. I have a friend in California who sends me every week or so a full-page newspaper advertisement singing the beauty of his town. He says they're paying out twenty thousand a year for that publicity. And here, on this news reel, was this same town hacking down double rows of eucalyptus, royal palms and peppers, destroying a million dollars' worth of the very beauty they were advertising, paying out more good money to make their town look just like Ovenville, Pennsylvania.

"Stately trees fall before the march of progress," so a legend said. "Palms that have witnessed the miracle of Southern California's last half century of growth go down to widen streets in sections lately zoned for business."

The whole thing looked so asinine. To widen the streets and also save the trees seemed such a trifling difficulty when you considered what brains were for. And what shopper's purse strings would not be the looser buying things leisurely in shade and beauty, instead of hurrying to get out of sun glare and bald ugliness? But down they came—the filmy pepper trees, the towering eucalyptus, clad in its ragged finery, waving its tattered gallant banners to the last. But the palms seemed worst. There was California, herself the warmest, loveliest of women, letting her tall fair daughters who had looked at God all day through half a century of days, be dragged, still living, through the streets—to celebrate a real estaters' holiday. Like beautiful captive girls, they seemed, still living, but their purpose served, dragged along with their bright heads bouncing through the clods behind barbarian chariots. Never, thought I, as I watched that priceless beauty go a-tumbling, would my friend get me to take the two thousand four hundred and six dollars out of the Ovenville Bank and pull for any town as dumb as that.

But if that news reel really showed America's regard for trees, what chance had Charlie with his willow? Charlie had ten days left in which to demonstrate, with numerals and dollar marks and decimal points, the æsthetic value of a tree to Conemaugh Coke and Iron. Fat opportunity. Watching that Southern California slaughter, ten centuries seemed a likelier time. The blood of pioneer forbears who had to chop down trees to clear land for the plow is still too strong within us. To most of us, trees are still merely something in the way. Charlie Simms was not merely up against A. B. X. Ledeaux. He was up against a national attitude. He had about as much chance as that dead poison-peddling bootlegger. But chance or not, one thing was sure—the blast-furnace shifting crews were getting a lot of comfort out of that hundred and sixteen dollars' worth of spiritual uplift at the north end of our plant.

Chancing a spell at noon between blast-furnace casts, they would often roll up onto that particular construction spur of ours which ended almost under Charlie Simms' willow. There they would unload, and calling into use such indispensable concomitants to spiritual uplift as the sack of eating tobacco, the hard-caked dudeen and the shining dinner pail, a half hour's flow of soul would follow in that one cool and fragrant place in all the works. So on one day—in fact upon the very day when I was last to enjoy the services of the best young construction engineer I'd ever hired—Old 36 came snorting up onto our job.

Old 36 was snorting that day in good cause. She was shoving ahead of her a train of slag pots. Number 5 Stack had just drained off her cinder, and 36 had picked it up and made of it, along with other pots that had been waiting, a train of cinder ladles. Then word had come that an engine was derailed on the line out to the slag dump, which meant an hour's wait perhaps.

They were near the north end of the plant when the word came—and so our willow beckoned.

It was no fault of ours that tragedy stalked beside Old 36's draft as she came laboring in onto our spur. Our track foreman always put down first-class temporary spurs. They had to be good in order to carry the big locomotive cranes that did so much of our erection work. Our construction tracks would carry hot-pot trains all right. The fault was 36's.

She was not merely a blast-furnace shifter, 36. She was the blast-furnace shifter. She was the grandma of them all. She had survived the deadly furnace grind for more years than any man on the plant could name. She was known affectionately to the whole Conemaugh family as Hay Burner Betsy—more often merely Grandma Bets for short. Which was well, for her full name was a slander. What she really burned was goat hair, and she could prove it by her smell.

Hay Burner Bets announced her comings, clank-clank-clank, and her goings blat-blat-blat, with many an asthmatic wheeze of pipes and many a rheumatic creak of joints to round her music out. She was not, as has been hinted, any flapper. Her form was modeled on the same lines of symmetry and grace that mark the festive wart hog; the paint that added an intriguing worldliness to her simple beauty had been applied during the Siege of Vicksburg; and her running gears dated back to that far day when it was hoped that many efficiencies were to be effected with the square wheel.

Steel was just about through with Betsy, and the drop ball out at the skull-cracker crane complained of being cheated after every day that Betsy managed to get through. But no more repair bills would she run up. That much was sure. They would let her rock along till her distributor head back-fired or her radiator stalled, and then they would stuff her, headlight first, through an open-hearth door and melt her down into something fit to use. No more repairs for Bets. But she had had her weak points patched so often that she should have failed in the end like the one-hoss shay, leaving a pile of steaming scrap between the rails at the head of her draft of cars.

But what failed finally on the day of which we tell was not her running gears, but her stopping gears.

As she drifted in toward the end of our spur with her string of cinder ladles, her air refused to take hold and the pot that led her train sheared off the bolts of the small rail stops that marked our track end and ran out over the drop of a little fill.

And just as this happened, A. B. X. Ledeaux was telling Charlie Simms that he could get his money when he left the plant that evening. The cashier, so it seemed, had it all counted out and ready for him in the nice blue envelope.

A. B. X. had chosen a proper setting for this pleasing ceremony, known as tying on the can. He and Simms were standing almost underneath our willow, which had taken fresh hold and was growing beautifully just inside the newly completed fence, close to an angle of it that marked a former corner in the streets of Hunkytown, Ovenville, Pennsylvania. It was a beautiful fence that Charlie had hastened to completion in his last days at Conemaugh. A high, fine, everlasting fence, made up of long steel posts and reënforcing mesh, all cased in first-class concrete; strong as the walls of Ilium and plastered smooth as a Dutch baby's back.

In a corner of this wall, appropriately near the willow tree, A. B. X. and Charlie stood, exchanging the amenities of the occasion as 36 approached. And Charlie Simms was saying, just as 36's ladle sheared our rail stops off, "Oh, no, Mr. Ledeaux. I'll wait till morning. I've got till twelve o'clock tonight to show you what the tree is worth."

But even as he spoke, fate took affairs in hand and made the demonstration. Charlie saw the supercilious cold smile fade from the face of A. B. X., giving place to death fear and corpse pallor, and he heard men shouting wildly.

Charlie, who had been facing toward the wall, wheeled swiftly, just in time to see the great pot tilt deliberately over. Very deliberately, the surge of the heavy unbraked string of ladles back of it, its derailed truck crushed down over the end of the little fill, dug in and slued sidewise. A stream of viscid lava, thick as a man's thigh, poured over first; and then, as the great pot lay over, still deliberately, on its side, a horrible swift flood penned Charlie Simms and A. B. X. Ledeaux in the corner of that smooth high fence.

Ledeaux backed back till he could back no farther, and then began an insane sort of screaming. Charlie stood calm, keen-eyed and swiftly glancing, pitting the stuff inside his skull against this horrible hemming in. They stood, he saw, the two of them, in a triangle—a triangle that diminished with a terrible swift leisure. Two sides were concrete, smooth and high, immovable, built well by Charlie Simms, yielding not the slightest fraction of an inch, however frantically hard you pressed your back against it. But the third side was movable, a low side, not four inches high, and yet more dreadfully impassable than the tall smooth other walls of concrete.

With swift deliberation, that third side came on, caking black on its front on contact with the colder earth, tending to hesitate, to stop, but shoved on by the liquid mass behind—a sinuous third side, irregularly coming, here and there pushing eager salients forward. A. B. X. Ledeaux turned his face away from it toward the high smooth wall and leaped up and down against it, seeking claw hold, like a cornered rat.

Then a rough hand was on his shoulder, twisting him about. It was Simms. His back was to the wall. His arms were held straight down in front of him, his fingers locked together. It was a place to step, a place to step up onto!

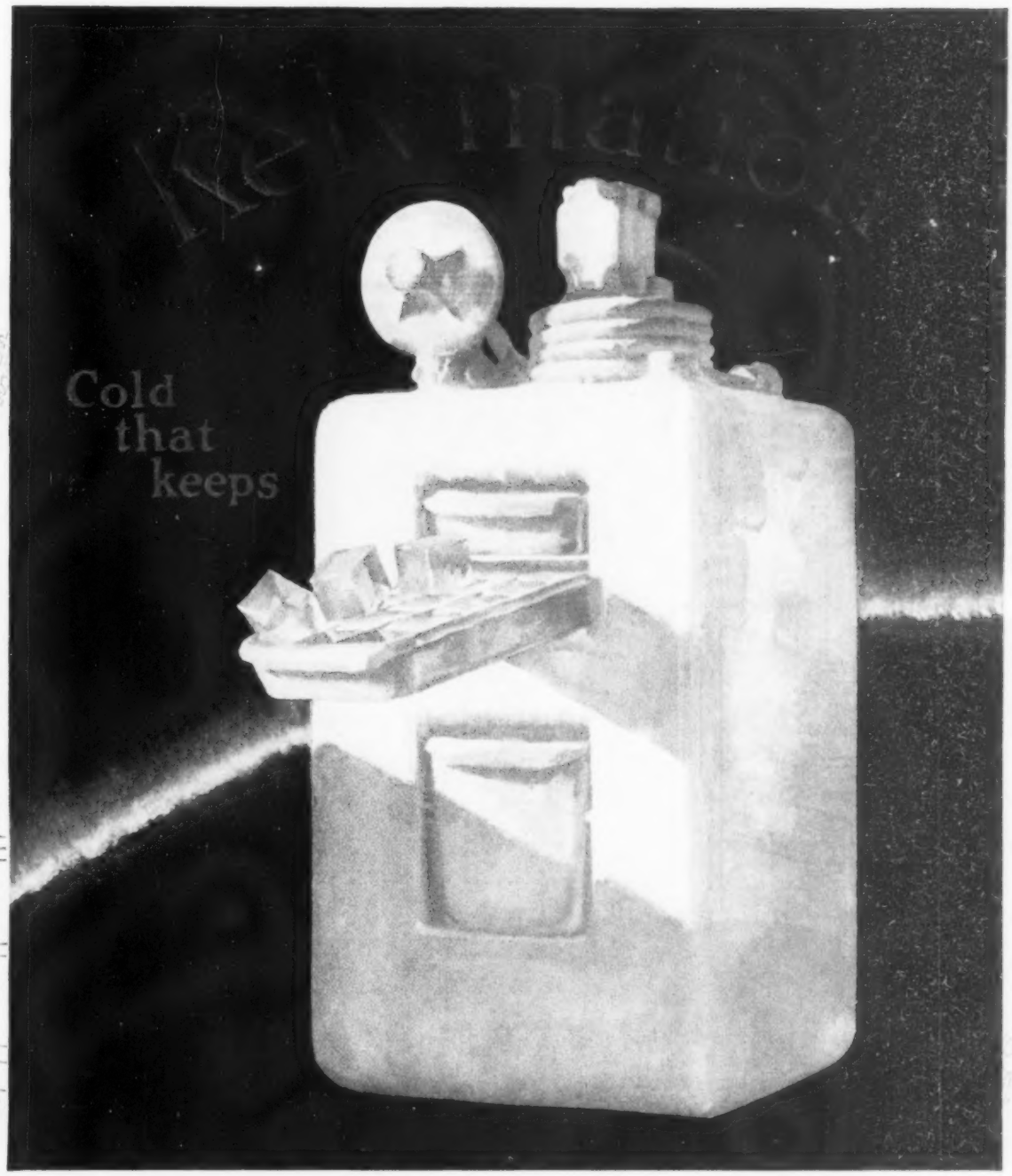
Crazy with fear, crazy with hope, Ledeaux's foot swiftly sought that place to step up onto. His two hands sought the pair of powerful shoulders braced against the wall.

"Now!" shouted Charlie Simms, and tossed.

Some men do not keep fit; some men, like A. B. X. Ledeaux, proud of their brilliant brains, who sneer at muscle, having none. Then there are men like Simms who do keep fit; who, having brains, cannot in spite of them outgrow a savage primitive delight in the strength and courage of mere meat and bones; men who feel that even in this day there can arrive emergencies which wabbly joints and putty muscles cannot meet; crises where brains alone will never serve—where the sheer physical is the only thing to save the day.

The splendid stimulus of danger gave Charlie Simms' clean thick muscles double strength. He tossed. He almost tossed Ledeaux out into Furnace Street. He might as well have done it for all the help Ledeaux could offer Simms. He lay along his belly on the wall top, screaming, "Jump! Jump! Jump!" and reaching down a putty-muscled arm. It was an all-right arm for certain things, for waving cake forks, for shaking cocktail mixers; but hardly fit for hoisting up two hundred

(Continued on Page 169)



YOU CAN INSTALL THIS KELVINATOR FREEZING UNIT IN YOUR PRESENT ICE BOX. MAKE ICE INSTEAD OF MELTING IT—ALWAYS HAVE EFFICIENT, CONVENIENT AND HEALTHFUL REFRIGERATION.



SMALL MONTHLY PAYMENTS ON OUR HOUSEHOLD BUDGET PLAN

For as little as $20.00 down and $10.00 per month, you can choose from a large array of Cabinet Kelvinators by Leonard in the most beautiful styles and finishes, or from the de luxe Jewett line in solid porcelain, or Kelvinate any good ice box. Don't deny yourself the joys of Kelvination any longer. Kelvinator dealers everywhere—look in the telephone book for the one nearest you and ask him to call, or write direct to us for information.

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KELVINATION is simplified electric refrigeration beyond which Science has not gone. The first successful domestic system to apply the principle discovered by Lord Kelvin, for whom it was named—it is today the acknowledged system of longest proved efficiency.

KELVINATOR has been not only the pioneer but the pattern for the industry, and has always led in the development of electric refrigeration. Used by thousands of women since 1914, it has become their most prized household possession.

IF you investigate, you'll Kelvinate!

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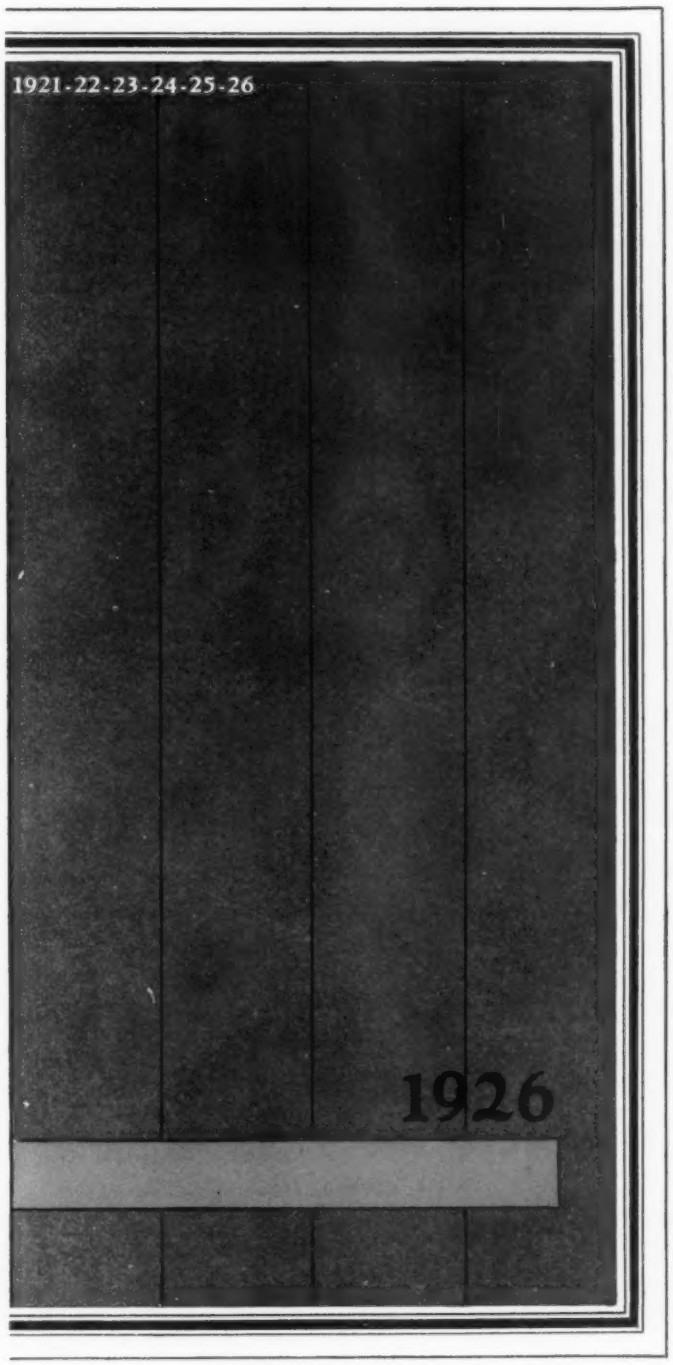
"Better Always Better"

The Oldest Domestic Electric Refrigeration

What the Public



wants - It GETS !





These are the facts Definite-Unanswerable

EVERY outstanding success creates a temporary confusion of claims and counter-claims, theories and opinions. The old order struggling against the inevitable. Imitators springing up on every hand. A frenzy of superlative adjectives.

Yet, through all "the tumult and the shouting" that has followed the success of Watson Stabilators, the facts stand out in sharp relief:

Fact No. 1 —Relaxed Motoring was unheard of, almost undreamt of, before the creation of Watson Stabilators made it a reality. Today, everyone is talking relaxation.

Fact No. 2 —60%—three out of every five—of the cars selling at $2,000 or more are equipped at the factory with Watson Stabilators for Relaxed Motoring—obtainable in no other way.

Fact No. 3 —The makers of these factory-Stabilated cars are the acknowledged leaders of the industry, traditionally the first to adopt advances for proven value.

Cadillac, Chrysler, Duesenberg, Franklin, Isotta Fraschini, Jordan, Locomobile, McFarlan, Nash, Packard, Peerless, Stearns-Knight, Studebaker, Stutz, Willys-Knight—these makers have consistently refused to weigh a few dollars' difference in factory cost against their obligation to their public.

Fact No. 4 —Local distributors and dealers in many cars not yet factory-equipped are Stabilating all their cars before delivery. Usually this involves discarding other devices in favor of Watson Stabilators.

Fact No. 5 —Stabilation means even more to the owners of lighter, smaller cars—more in comfort and safety—more in economy. Any Stabilator dealer will equip your present car for Relaxed Motoring in a few hours.

Fact No. 6 —The price of Watson Stabilators is only slightly more than that of the cheapest devices sold merely for shock-absorbing purposes. This first cost is returned many times over in reduced repair bills and longer life for the car.

Fact No. 7 —The Stabilator principle—by which *every* recoil of the springs is controlled by an automatic resistance *directly in proportion to the recoil force itself*—is patented. Watson Stabilators enjoy complete, sole and exclusive license under these patents.

JOHN WARREN WATSON COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA , , PENNSYLVANIA

A X with WATSON STABILATORS



THIS LABEL IDENTIFIES THE GENUINE FABRIC

BUY UPHOLSTERY BY NAME
as you do the car itself

You, of course, know the name of the motor car! The same privilege is yours when considering its upholstery. You do not, necessarily, have to accept ~ *on face value only* ~ an unknown, unidentified fabric.

You can, if you insist, have genuine Chase VELMO ~ the perfected travel fabric. Perhaps you already have had opportunity to make service comparisons ~ if so, VELMO is the only upholstery fabric you will accept.

It may cost a little more ~ but oh, how satisfactory! And what a relief to know that this feature of your car cannot be improved upon. **VELMO is the most talked about upholstery ever made!**

VELMO is made in a variety of qualities adapted to the most expensive as well as moderate priced motor cars. Among those using VELMO are:

DODGE. De Luxe Sedan.
ELCAR. All closed models.
GARDNER. Standard Six and Eight Cylinder Sedans and Broughams.
JORDAN. Closed models.
KISSEL. All Sedans, Broughams and Coupes.
LINCOLN. Optional equipment in both standard and custom models.
MARMON. Optional in all closed models.
NASH. Advanced Six and Special Six, four, five and seven passenger enclosed cars.
REO. De Luxe Sedan.

STUDEBAKER. Standard equipment of Standard Six Country Club Coupe; Standard Six Custom Victoria; Standard Six Custom Sedan; Special Six Brougham; Big Six Club Coupe; Big Six Sedan; Big Six Custom Brougham; Big Six Sedan (7 passenger); the President.

STUTZ. Optional equipment in all "Safety Chassis" closed models at a slight additional cost.

VELIE. Royal Sedan.

WILLYS-KNIGHT. Standard in all Great Six enclosed cars.

CHASE
Velmo
The Perfected Closed Car Upholstery

Chase VELMO made by Sanford Mills, Sanford, Me.
World's Largest Weavers of Mohair Pile Fabrics

L. C. CHASE & Co., Selling Agents, Boston
New York · Detroit · San Francisco · Chicago

(Continued from Page 164)

pounds of man to safety out of a dreadful fire pit.

A picture, lightning-swift, flashed through the mind of Charlie Simms; a desperate high leap, a hooking onto fingers white and soft and weak, a wrenching jerk upon an arm whose training for this single, high, heroic moment of its life had been limited to pushing fountain pens and tilting high-ball glasses; and after that two men who made a few steps, ankle-deep in viscous fire, before they crumpled down. He might as well have tossed Ledeaux clear over that high fence, out into Furnace Street. A big man, Charlie Simms, a fit man; he would not risk dragging this little unfit one off that wall top where he lay safely on his belly, reaching a pale hand down and screaming, "Jump! Jump! Jump!"

Charlie Simms turned his back to the high wall and the screaming little man on top of it and ran three great strides directly at that hell flow. His third stride cleared an arm of it that was reaching out ahead of the main body; cleared it so narrowly that his heels were red with clinging slag when he poised to leap again. A little elevation in the ground on which he stood was in another instant made an island in a live volcano's crater; a little island, maybe seven feet across. Perhaps that lake of fire would not rise high enough to overflow it. If it did not, perhaps a man might possibly survive the heat and fumes.

But Charlie did not wait to see. Better than any waiting gamble with that frightful death was the long immediate chance for certain safety—doing. Charlie Simms took it. Some of the train crew shut their eyes. Those that didn't saw Simms make one powerful stamping stride across his little island and launch himself headlong through the blistering sulphurous air out over a lake of fire. The flying body twisted sidewise, the upper arm went out, life gamely risked on the extra inch of height and reach in that one-handed gamble. The fingers of that outstretched hand just reached their mark, hooked death-tight, clung. It swung and bent—the long arm of that willow tree that had been reaching out so eagerly to help him. It swung and bent, and bent and bent—and held.

Ledeaux had timed our call exactly. Answering his summons, Charlie Simms and I entered his office just as he got through to his party in New York. He motioned us to chairs, the receiver to his ear.

"Mr. Arbensen?" he said. "Mr. Arbensen himself? . . . That's fine. . . . You got my wire then? And you can come? . . . Oh, yes, you personally. . . . Oh, certainly, Mr. Arbensen, a thousand dollars will be quite all right. . . . No. It is old and sturdy and the bark is very tough and thickly furrowed, and the cinder did not altogether ring it. . . . Yes, they transmitted that correctly. . . . Half the foliage, perhaps, remains. It is fifty feet high or more and much of it overhangs a fence. . . . That's splendid. We would not lose it for five thousand dollars. It is a very beautiful brave old tree. . . . You'll take the night train then? That's fine. Good-by, and thank you, Mr. Arbensen."

A. B. X. hung the receiver up. "That was Arbensen," said our plant manager casually to Charlie Simms, "the great tree surgeon." Then he turned to me: "About that position of assistant to the chief engineer you have been wanting to create ——"

I've never seen a willow tree so lovely. Perhaps this is because of contrast. They stand in lushness always. But this one stands in baked aridity. No meadow beauty is around it—utter ugliness instead. But its roots are in the little subterranean brook, and it drinks its fill all day, while close at hand a fiery steel world thirsts. Perhaps it seems the lovelier, too, because of its heroic size and fascinating story. Fate has fought for it through the years. Chance saved it when its magnificent fellows met their death to let the hideous hunky rows spring up. And when we bought up Hunkytown and the surveyor's transit doomed it with a fence line, fate had Charlie Simms all ready as the construction engineer to build the fence.

All other willow trees are sad, wholesomely sad—happily sad, if such a thing can be. You think of mothers, worn with life and giving life, at rest beneath them. Its branches trailing in a stream are poor Ophelia's tresses, happier dead. Looking at willow trees, you find old legends easily believable—that Christ was scourged with willow wands and that the tree will weep for that forever; that Judas hung himself upon a willow limb, which makes it droop in never-ending shame.

But our great tree is gay. Around it in spring, in steelworks spring, a vile slush spreads, a swill of greasy mud, a sooty wallow, fed from snow banked in the corner of the fence near which it stands; snow that was virgin once, but now bespoiled and drab. But the tree's long early blossoms, fringes for a fairy's cloak, fall in abundance, carpeting all that grime with delicacy.

The slender leaves that hurry after, weighting down all its withes, do not mourn as though above a grave; they flaunt the resurrection.

In summertime it waves luxuriance in a sooty air against a smoke-smudged sky, its green plumes gallant as the green plumes of some maiden knight who feels in his tough limbs the strength of ten because, like Galahad, his heart is pure, and who therefore fears no monsters breathing sparks and fire and belching molten steel.

In fall and winter comes no shivering senility. It has a trunk not built for shiverings. Age graces this big willow at the year's end—a lusty, robust age, with huge limbs bent not as crooked-backed with weight of years, but as in benediction over mighty work and mighty workers; a padre of the toilers, spreading his arms in tolerance and blessing over the swearing, sweating, fighting crew that mans with men the mighty plant in which he is the one lone lovely spiritual note.

That mighty willow still is standing on the plant, known by blast-furnace stacks, fellow to rolling mills, the intimate of open hearths and great forge presses, peer with the terrible producers, respected comrade of the giant servants of mankind. And I never look at it but I think of those ineffable Southern California palms which had to die because—God save the mark!—they were not fit for the company of a lot of little stores for selling things.

I never see that tree but what I think also of Charlie Simms, and wonder what became of him; wonder how far he ever got in steel with his idealisms. He got his time the day that pot upset. He didn't have to wait till twelve that night to prove the value of that tree to A. B. X.

"That assistant-to-the-chief-engineer business listened pretty good," he told me after we left A. B. X.'s office that afternoon, "but I think I'm on my way. The first big job you get under a big man, chief, you let me know, if you think that you can use me. I like to work for you. But I can't waste my time trying to get a start on a plant whose manager is so peanut-souled that you've got to prove to him the real value of a tree. Besides, he'd find out sometime that my great-grandfather peddled fish or something, and out I'd have to go."

So I lost track of Charlie Simms, and I keep wondering if that whopping-shouldered kid ever got very far in steel. I wouldn't be surprised if he'd got to be general manager some place by now, in spite of his ideals, for he not only had 'em—he would fight you for 'em. And if he is G. M. some place, I'd like to bet that his plant differs from all others in one regard: Odds ten to one it has a holiday! On Sundays he'll keep right on driving, driving, just like any other merciless G. M.—on Christmas, on the Fourth and on Thanksgiving. But I'll make it ten to one that he shuts down his whole hell-buzzing works—air off the furnace stacks and all—on Arbor Day!

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 36)

they hate us. Everybody hates us. Still we build no airplanes. Ah, me!

The state of New York killed Ah Hung, the Chinaman, last night at Sing Sing. Shot thousands of volts through his body. One minute he was here; the next minute he was a long way from here. Wonder what he thinks about it now?

The Chinese are a thrifty and philosophical people. They were purple-robed aristocrats when our own ancestors were bone-gnawing cave dwellers. But the Chinese never learned to build airplanes. Some day they will learn. If we are wise we will have plenty of airplanes before then.

Millions of dollars are paid to see two big brutes hammer each other in a resined ring. A fine commentary on our civilization! What will the people 2000 years hence think about that? But still more important, will they read that we finally learned to build airplanes? A fist punch was all right in its time, but it can't cope with a bomb. Remember what happened to the Romans.

Two sturdy young American women swim the English Channel. They are real girls with true color in their cheeks. No half-starved boyish figures for them. Such young women are the hope of our country. They are worth more than all our yellow gold. They are worth more than battleships. But what we really need is more airplanes. Perhaps some day, and so on, *ad infinitum.* —*Dewey M. Owens.*

The Menagerie Ball

THE Penguin wore his evening suit,
His fur sufficed the Monk;
The Elephant, a cautious brute,
Had brought along his trunk.

But no one there could dress the Hare
The way he did at home,
Until the Fox supplied a brush,
The Bee produced a comb.

A Bandi oot controlled the band,
A Waxwing waxed the floor,
A Tapir took the lights in hand,
A Dormouse watched the door.

The Soles and Eels on soles and heels
Obliged with Highland flings,
The Flounders danced Virginia reels
With sprightly Flounder-rings.

The Tree Toads toed on every toe
To sound of flute and harp;
But now the Crow began to crow,
The Carp commenced to carp.

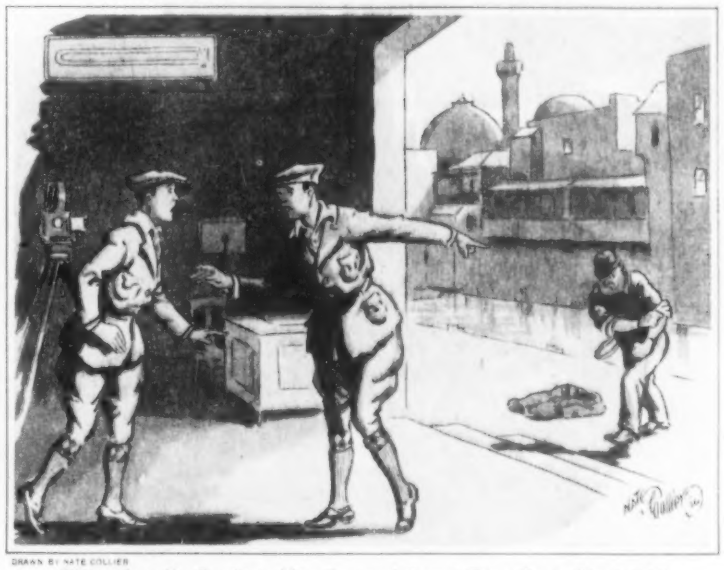
They said the Cuckoo couldn't coo,
That Badgers all were bad;
The Gnu, they knew, was nothing new,
The Adders couldn't add;

The waddling Woodchuck wouldn't chuck,
And no one, far or near,
Would ever buy the Doe and Buck,
Because they were Two Deer.

And when, to win the Ant, the Flea
Implored, "My Insect hope,
I pray you, fly—or flee—with me"—
They let the Antelope!

Across the Lynx the lovers hied,
That ill-assorted pair.
"Alas, alas!" the Grizzly cried,
"'Tis more than Hart can Bear!"

—*Arthur Guiterman.*



DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

Movie Star (to Double): "Go Out and Knock That Guy's Block Off! He Just Insulted Me!"

Spring Madness on Thoity-Foist Street

THE buds are boisting on the trees,
The poifumes waft along the breeze,
The bullfrog sings his tra-la-lees,
And all the woild's in love.
The blueboid courts the sky-old owl,
The goose sighs for the guinea foul,
While I raise my melodious howl
To you, my Ducky Dove.

Your eyes sing to me like a boid,
The sweetest song I ever hoid;
And yet you need not speak a woid
When all the woild's in love.
My love for you is like a thoist
That can't be quenched, my heart will boist.
Now, tell me, can I be the foist
With you, my Ducky Dove?

Come fly with me unto the choich,
And do not leave me in the loich;
For to me love's a boining toich,
And you, my Ducky Dove.

—*Theodore Wanerus.*

The finest PACKARDS *ever built are finished with* NITRO-VALSPAR

A TRIUMPH in automotive engineering, body designing and color harmony—*the new Packard.* A triumph in automobile finishes—*Nitro-Valspar.* And these two great achievements are linked together, for every Packard is Nitro-Valsparred.

The rich gleaming finish that you admire on the beautiful Packards will work an amazing transformation on your own car. See your local automobile painter about Nitro-Valspar—the Valentine Lacquer Finish.



Sedan: finished with Nitro-Valspar in "*Packard Blue*" and *Black.*
Cabriolet: finished with Nitro-Valspar in "*Morocco Maroon*" and *Black.*
Runabout: finished with Nitro-Valspar in "*Helldiver Gray*", "*Partridge Drab*" and *Black.*

AMERICAN BEAUTY

(Continued from Page 17)

"Is it very important?—the lace, I mean."

"Oh, of the greatest. Benoit have injured it the last minute. Tomorrow by nine it must go back to him."

"I'm awfully sorry, Madame Rose."

"*Tiens!* Melenie, listen! You could make some mawn-ee." Melenie visioned a dollar and a half. "But it is fine work. Ver-r-ry fine lace," Madame cautioned. "Rose point—you understand that? Lace fit for a queen."

"I understand rose point," replied the girl haughtily. She was thinking of a piece she knew, fit for an empress.

"I give you three dollars for that work."

"I shan't have time tonight." But the look of despair in Madame Rose's eyes weakened her. She and Claire had been so good. Madame Rose had cleaned the American Beauty for nothing. "I'll love to do it for you," said the girl after a pause.

"Ah, you will save me." Madame Rose drew her to gelatinous breasts. "You can do this work? I will send it to your room in ten minutes."

"Will it be all right if I give it back in the morning?" Melenie was thinking of many things that must be done before Claverhouse's party.

"But early. You sleep late, my dear."

"I'll finish it before I go to bed."

Scampering up to the third landing, she fought off a creeping nervousness. Why? She became aware with every stride that her ears were straining for the sound of Jerome Booth's banjo. But his door was closed; silence reigned. Rather wistfully she began listening for the slightly discordant plunkety-plunk which had so annoyed her that morning. Settin' in jail, mah back to de wall. The only tune he knew, probably.

She stood and gazed at the scarred blank door, wondering what he would say if he knew how much this evening's party meant to her. Jerome knew nothing about clothes, of course, but he had an ingenious mind. Chemists have to be ingenious, she argued, or they'd starve to death. But she knew what he'd ask—why was she going to all that trouble for a lot of fatheads?

Jerome was uncouth. But he had nice eyes. And Melenie had encouraged him too much, made him forget his proper place in her life. With a sort of affectionate disdain she gazed down at a little rug which, as long as she had known him, had always been in front of his door. It was a good hooked rug, an easy prize for any sneak thief with a taste for the antique. A fat and dirty sheep stood against a background of apple green. Below it, worked in white, the legend Welcome.

She sighed and went up to her room, which she had begun to hate as a bitter personal enemy. Since the day when she had connived with a telephone operator to make the world think she slept in the rosy softness of the St. Swithin's best bedroom she had strengthened herself with an illusion. She would play that this was, indeed, the St. Swithin; that the walls were of ivory, inset with Venetian brass; that she had only to reach from her painted bed, telephone for her car, her breakfast, her manicure.

But the dream was wearing thin. Today, as she opened the door, she was depressed by the sight of her pock-marked iron bed, which sat awry because one of its casters was missing. Through a half-raised sash brick dust sifted in from a house-wrecking job across the street. The furniture was of that stuff they used to call golden oak in the days when optimists considered it beautiful. Most of it had been varnished in a vain hope that the scratches would disappear.

Defiantly she slammed the door and opened an especially dismal closet, to be cheered by the sight of her American Beauty dangling from a hanger, a rosy flag which still could flutter in the face of her invisible enemy. That dress was good for about one more wearing. How fortunate she had saved it for this important night! Archie had asked for the color. In it she would show discreetly how much she valued his opinion. Or was it best to humor spoiled men like Claverhouse?

With that thought still dreaming in her head, she took the gown from its hook swaying like an ectoplasmic dinner guest. The soft sound of ripping silk scarcely troubled her at first. It came so insidiously. Then it smote her heart like a hammer stroke. A miserable little catch in the door had clawed out and inflicted a mortal wound; a wide triangular rag hung down miserably, as if it would bleed all the length of the front.

"I can't stand it!" Wildly she threw the garment on the floor and surrendered to tears. Her last flag had been shot away. But again she picked it up and trembled as she examined the tear. Rotten silk. Then, instinct with the talent women have for placing blame, she realized that Madame Rose's cleaning had weakened the texture. She had decayed it with strong fluid, rubbed its life out.

Well, that's over. Mechanically, listlessly, she tossed her two remaining frocks on the bed. Mangy bald spots showed where the champagne-colored one had shed its green beads; the pale coral one was plain shabby, the very neck line frayed.

Wasn't there time to do something? Shops were still open; but she couldn't go out with a revolver and take her gown where she found it. Everything of value, save her evening wrap and her street suit, had either worn out or been sold. Then, with a renewed crazy hope, she snatched open a bureau drawer and brought out the last expedient. Even in its wrapping of tissue paper, it seemed light enough to fly away.

Rose-point lace! As she shook it out, let it flow in silvery, liquid lines across the bed, her eyes glowed with the pleasure she felt in fine things. It would coarsen this stuff to compare it to cobwebs. It was like the frost designs, taken by magic from a windowpane and made to ripple in a wonderful cascade. Her great-grandmother had worn this wedding veil. The women of her house, on her mother's side, had been married in it.

How it seemed to jet out, a long, bodiless spray! Seed pearls were woven in the crown, caught in clusters up and down the hem. How much was it worth? A great deal. There's very little good rose point in America. Her mother had treasured it from her own wedding; Melenie was to be married in it. It could be traded for a very good gown—two—three—a trousseau. Shameful and nervous, Melenie folded it up, put it back in the drawer. There are some things you can't sell and keep your self-respect; superstition won't let you.

No clothes. She sat down again. Even in this day of almost no clothes, their lack is as poignant as in the day of bustles. What had she in which to face the evening-clad world? A string of imitation pearls, a pair of gilt slippers and silk stockings, which—thank that one good fortune—had developed no holes above the instep. Then there was her Chinese evening wrap; its rabbit-skin lining looked quite like ermine. . . . Melenie caught herself laughing. Pearls, shoes, stockings and an evening wrap! These would take her as far as the door, at any rate. What was it Jerome, with his look of kindly scorn, had said about clothes? "They're intended to make hideous women conspicuous. A pretty girl needs no decoration." Dear fool, what did he know about it?

"Well," she decided at last, "there are some things that can't be done." Because she was stubborn she didn't admit to herself that she might have told the world in the first place that she was practically broke, living on an income of fifty dollars a month; that her supposedly rich St. Louis family had been wiped out financially; that she was alone and dependent on her labor—she who came of a breed that toiled not, neither did it spin. She clenched her teeth against another silly rush of tears, sprang angrily to her feet. No use disappointing Claverhouse at the last moment. She'd find a drug-store telephone and make some excuse. She couldn't come to him in rags.

Her indecisive step into the hall was halted by a rumble and a wheeze, somewhat like a gravel truck making slow progress up a hill. Madame Rose was coming. Plup-plup, whoo; with the vast dignity of a sperm whale rising from the salty deep, the bulky shoulders heaved into semi-twilight above the stair rail.

"Oh, you've brought the lace!" cried Melenie, remembering.

"Yes." A series of wheezes. The lace, apparently, was bulky, for the Frenchwoman's arms were burdened. The superior light of the bedroom revealed how well the treasure had been covered with a cotton sheet against the slightest taint of Manhattan atmosphere. Melenie stood her ground, none too friendly. Madame Rose's carelessness had spoiled the evening, interfered with the whole plan of the girl's life. Such a chance might never come again.

"It is 'ere." The visitor noticed nothing, but laid her parcel on the bed beside three shabby garments. "A little more light, please." Melenie was raising the shades to the top. "Now, you see," madame continued, "it is just on the side 'ere, where the lace is draped. That is only a slight tear, but in such dresses it must be perfect."

Melenie wasn't listening. Even her baseless grievance was forgotten. Her eyes, her mind, her whole being, seemed fixed upon the lovely, unexpected thing which Madame Rose held up in two fat hands. The lace she had discussed downstairs was attached to a dress—she hadn't mentioned that. And such a dress! It dangled before hungry eyes, fine and sheer, its every line revealing Benoit as plainly as a signature. A woven foam of lace over a shimmering shade which wrung the heart like a love charm. American Beauty.

"You think you can fix it?" Madame ran the ghost web over thick fingers.

"Oh, I'm sure I can!" Melenie tried so hard to keep the tremble out of her voice. The good woman must have noticed something, for she gave her a keen look, then said: "I do not think you are eating right food—things you cook on a gas stove. Pah! You are looking tired. You should find some work to do. It would rest you."

But blue eyes were on the dress which lay there, smiling.

III

UNDER the light of an uncovered bulb which dangled by a cord, she saw how the gown caressed her shoulders, embraced her body with the insidious softness of a garment which has been cunningly built to order.

It flattered her whiteness, seemed to penetrate the very place in her heart where vanity lay swooning for love. The touch of its magic seemed to have changed her at once into something sprightlier, more audacious, infinitely more powerful.

"I'm made for this!" she sang, lifting her arms and turning in front of her woggly mirror.

In her exaltation she had flung consequences aside, dumped them carelessly out of her airship. This was to be her evening; leave the morning for Cinderella to weep beside her little ash can. The lace still required mending; she caught it up with a needle so the torn threads wouldn't show. Rose point! Just for an instant her conscience ached like a buried sore. She was taking property that didn't belong to her; property delicate as a butterfly's wing. Then the mollifying thought—didn't Madame Rose owe her something for the American Beauty gown her carelessness had helped ruin? This surreptitious borrowing was no more than just ——

Settin' in jail, mah back to de wall,
Wuz a cross-eyed gal de cause of it all ——

Plunkety-plink-pling. Jerome Booth's banjo was at it again. Like old Hamlet's ghost, reminding his son of duty, the roughly pleasant barytone floated up from below:

Oh, bab-ee, hullong Ah gotta wait ——

"Howling cats!" thought Melenie. "If he didn't think I was interested in him I'd certainly teach that Booth boy a couple of new songs." She didn't want to think of him. She wanted to think of the entrance she would make in, say, half an hour. "Miss Melenie Howard!" a footman would bawl, and a roomful of people would be interested to see that Miss Howard, in American Beauty silk and fine lace, was back in town.

Settin' in jail, mah back to de wall ——

A twanging reminder, it filtered up the creaking stairway, along the dingy passage. Nervously the girl looked at a small alarm clock on her bureau. A quarter of eight. She wondered if it was right; if it was, she'd have time to walk.

Oh, bab-ee, hullong Ah gotta wait ——

The music grew louder and louder as she descended the stairs. Jerome Booth's door was wide open, light from within flooding the passage. Suddenly the plunkety-plunking stopped. He had recognized her footsteps, and at the next turn of the stairs he must see her.

She wanted him to see her, to admire her at her best. How his nice eyes would glow at sight of her full beauty; and as she took a step forward into the light she saw him, tilted back in his chair, a living figure in a wild jumble, boots, bags, a trunk, a tropical helmet, firearms. His banjo lay across his lap; his face was aglow.

"Hello, Melenie!" he called out to her, and the chair came down with a bang. His gray flannel shirt was open at the throat, his vigorous curly hair was tousled.

"Hello," she chimed. "Are you cleaning house at last?"

"No; I'm moving." His face, which had been ruddy and smiling, became sad. It had paled a little. "I thought maybe I'd drop you a note."

"Why didn't you?"—doing her best to keep her tone light.

"I wonder if you couldn't come in a minute." There was no offense in this suggestion. She had done it often before. The dirty sheep with its Welcome on the mat gave the room an innocent air of Vagabondia.

"I—I'm late now. A quarter of eight ——"

"You're ten minutes fast." Jerome had taken a watch from his sweater. "Give me those minutes, won't you?"

What a persistent boy! "No; I'm afraid I can't," she was saying, even as she went into the room. "Where are you going, Jerome?" Perched on the corner of a trunk, she glanced up and thought him good-looking.

"South America." His hands went deep into his pockets. There was mystery in it, and a depressing note.

"Oh!" Why did she allow herself to think that she would miss Jerome? "You must have decided all of a sudden."

"I did." That was all.

"I heard you playing this afternoon. I wondered why you hadn't gone down to work."

"You heard me?" The vividness of his expression told her that he had been playing to attract her attention. She couldn't

(Continued on Page 175)


ING S A

What the Well-Shod Wheel is Wearing —and Why

Who sets the style in well-shod wheels?

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(Continued from Page 171)

admit that its tunelessness had annoyed, that the theme about settin' in jail had been poorly chosen.

"I wondered if you were staying home just to practice." She laughed nervously.

"I thought I'd take the old box with me and learn a few new tunes," he admitted. "You see, I've got what the classified ads call a business chance. The fellows I work for are metallurgists. Their game is to make a sort of Irish stew out of metals and chemicals and things, just to find out what's in 'em. These boys control a lot of cyanide mills all over the world. You know what cyanide is? The terrible pizen stuff they use to kill sick cats. They've been after me—not the sick cats, I mean, but the firm I'm with—to take a job in South America. They started persecuting me a month ago. I can have seven thousand a year."

"And why didn't you decide till this morning?"

His fine dark eyes were on her with the worshiping look she had recognized last night for the first time. Her wrap had fallen open, revealing her beautiful gown; yet she knew he didn't see it. He saw only her.

"Melenie"—his rough voice deepened; there was a terrible power in it—"I've been fooling myself. That's why I've been hanging around. I've got into the habit of wanting to see you."

"You shouldn't have done that." She stood up and faced him, a little severity in her kindness.

"I know that now, Melenie. Funny I fooled myself along so. But last night—I let myself get sort of sentimental, didn't I?—it dawned on me what an insane thing I was doing. You're a society girl. I don't care if you're stony broke—that's what you are. You aren't the working kind. You're the sort that knights and flunkies and ladies in waiting are meant for. That's why I'm so crazy about you."

"And you despise me for needing knights and ladies in waiting?" She tried to smile, but was hurt by his look.

"Despise you!" he whispered. "I adore you."

"You mustn't do that, Jerome."

"You needn't tell me. I'm not so crazy, Melenie, that I don't know where I stand. I'm going to succeed, if I live. I'm twenty-six years old. It'll be ten years, at least, before I have money—what you call money. The woman who marries me has got a fight ahead of her. I wasn't born for silk stockings."

"No, Jerome." She saw his rough cotton ones. "Jerome"—it was harder now than ever to thrust him aside—"I know—even if I could care enough—that I couldn't live up to what you'd need. It's just what you say. I've been raised to have certain things. I know I haven't got them, but without them I'm just partly me."

"I don't say I'm good enough for you, Melenie."

"Jerome, I'm not worth your trouble—really, I'm not." Here, what's all this? Ambition had her by the ear, jerking her around. But still she was dangerously near a break. It was so out of the picture for her to feel this way. Jerome was going to South America. What of it? Lots of people went to South America. She was going to a party.

And still, in spite of that—"I—I like you a great deal, Jerome." Tears were wetting her eyes. Why did she stay around, making things worse?

"I'm going to love you for a long time," he said. Then, bracing himself—"I don't want you to feel that you've hurt my life. I just want to go away remembering you, Melenie." A pause. "And now I'm making you late for your party."

Yes, he was doing that. Yet she lingered to look again at the man who wanted to take her image with him, an inspiration. He asked only the privilege of worshiping Melenie Howard. For a moment she had an impulse to rush back to her room, to cast aside her stolen plumage, to tear herself away from the cheap little farce she had written around herself.

"Good-by, my dear." He had taken her hand; her fingers were numb under his pressure. "I'll not see you again."

"But in the morning ——"

He shook his head. "Not unless you come home about dawn." He smiled now. "I'm sending my stuff away tonight. I'll be out of here by five in the morning."

"Well, good-by." This rather brightly. She wouldn't let herself be moved by him—not she.

"Good-by, Melenie."

"And, Jerome, you'll not be bitter about what I said?"

"About the difference between us? No, Melenie. It's so true."

"You think—that I'm always truthful, Jerome?" She had half turned to go.

"You're more than that." Standing in the door, his voice was distant as an echo. "You're honest, and that's much more."

Halfway down the stairs, she shook herself away from invisible strings pulling her back.

IV

SHE walked several blocks, then called a taxi with its price plainly labeled on its side. She knew just how far she could ride for a quarter, and Claverhouse lived in Seventy-fourth Street, well within the limit. She might have taken a Fifth Avenue bus, but she was not running the risk of being seen arriving afoot at so important a party.

As her taxi approached the striped awning in front of a great granite-faced apartment house, it was blocked by a long-nosed, sleek-bodied car which was turning over its passengers to a door man, appropriately uniformed as a Swiss admiral. A tall, cadaverous, youngish man with red-brown eyes to match the short side whiskers under his silk hat, a lady in arsenic-green velvet, an aquamarine bandeau around her short silver-gilt hair, had started mincingly toward the door.

They were a haughty, fussy, disagreeable pair. In the instant's wait Melenie went through her mental notebook to identify them. Fontaine Gillespie. That was the man. He had danced with her and made himself clammily amorous once, when she was a senior at Miss Flick's. The woman—she would be the one the society columns had made such a fuss over when she married him. One of the Baltimore Wrenns.

Melenie, hoping that the self-important arrivals wouldn't notice the "15¢ and 5¢" label on her cab, paid her quarter and had a dime for the chauffeur. She didn't tip the door man.

She rode up in the elevator with the Gillespies. Fontaine's carroty eyes viewed her, unrecognizing. The girls at Miss Flick's had called him Boa Constrictor, a compliment to his blood temperature as well as to his twining method. His wife had the look of a prize Persian cat. White and goggling. Already she had taken in the Chinese coat and dwelt appraisingly on a glimpse of fine lace. Melenie was better dressed than Mrs. Gillespie. The knowledge gave her a wicked delight.

Together they entered Archie Claverhouse's ornate Flemish foyer. A glance beyond showed ivory pilasters, spacing off painted panels which suggested the swirling plumes of tropic birds. People inside there were laughing, and a man entered with cocktails. Melenie was glad that she was a little late; she had arranged it so that she would not be on time. A maid was showing her toward the cloakroom, and she followed Mrs. Gillespie along the checkerboard tiles of a wide corridor which turned into a little pink-and-white retreat, where a tall dark young lady in yellow was giving her chin its final powdery touch.

"Why, Melenie Howard!" cried the tall one, turning suddenly and revealing well-remembered features.

"Mildred!" Melenie kissed her discreetly on both cheeks and groped vainly for her married name.

"I've wanted to get hold of you," smiled Mildred with one of her good-natured looks which somehow kept her from being beautiful. "I looked for you in the Register."

"I'm not in the Register," said Melenie. Because this required explanation—"We've been living abroad. But," she added hopefully, "I adore being back in New York."

"That's splendid. Where can I find you?"

"At the St. Swithin." She had given the address so often she was beginning to believe it hers.

"Gertrude"—Mildred was making a sign to Mrs. Gillespie. A maid was divesting Melenie of her cloak as the Persian cat came over and stood staring in rapt admiration, as one of the breed must do in the presence of superior cream. A flash of the mirror showed Melenie how two perfections had come together—herself and the most beautiful evening gown in New York. She wasn't sure whether Mrs. Gillespie's look indicated anything more than jealousy. But it charmed her to her toes.

"You know each other?" Mildred was offhand.

The three of them moved into the big drawing-room, where a dozen couples, set off by the flamboyant bird pictures, were balancing cocktail glasses under laughing eyes. With a sudden thrill Melenie realized how well, according to her standards, she had done to come. Names which appear reverentially paragraphed in the society column were exhibited there in the flesh. Mr. and Mrs. Elihu Taff, Mr. and Mrs. Horatio Timrod, James Bottomley Foyle, the unmarried Westervelt girl who had just broken her engagement to an Italian prince; William Flaverley Todd, who wrote poetry and made epigrams; Lady Martingale—all these she got in an eyeful just as Archie Claverhouse came forward.

He was awfully glad to see everybody. "Of course, you know each other," he rejoiced. He had large gray eyes, brows that peaked up at the corners, pointed ears, a comically twisted mouth and curly hair which jutted up on both sides, suggesting small horns. His faunlike look aided a reputation for cleverness and had won him any number of wealthy clients. He called everybody by his first name. "Come here, Jim," he demanded of the splendid James Bottomley Foyle.

Mr. Foyle, with the ponderous elegance of one who in early middle age has won eminence in corporation law, said something handsomely involved. With the eyes of a very important ox, he informed her wordlessly that she was the prettiest girl there, that her costume was absolutely perfect. Fontaine Gillespie, too, came out of his forgetfulness. He took the trouble to remind Melenie of the very night, the very hour, they had danced together at Miss Flick's. He brought her a cocktail, which, when consumed, was not half so stimulating as the feel of many eyes which seemed to touch and caress her. She held to her cool smile. Back again among her kind, her conscience lay asleep, purring.

William Flaverley Todd, poet of horse shows, dropped his monocle as he lowered a pink bald head to kiss her hand. "Do you know what I said when you came into the room?" Silence. It was customary to hear what William Flaverley Todd said. "I said, 'Archie, you are entertaining angels' underwear.'" Laughter.

"I am supposed to be complimented?" asked Melenie.

"Not necessarily," broke in Archie Claverhouse. "It doesn't mean anything, you know. It's just clever. Willie thought of it last week at the Brook Club—he practices his stuff down there. He's got a system. When he thinks up a joke he tries it on all the parties until everybody in town's heard it at least twice. Then he goes into the silence and cooks up another. I should think he'd lose his mind."

"That wouldn't be noticed in the company I keep," retorted Willie. "But the loss of a heart—now that's a serious matter." With a ravishing look at Melenie.

"You know Lady Martingale?" Claverhouse was asking. Obviously he was a little worried that Melenie had attracted most of the men; the women were gathered in a knot, dangerously amiable.

"I've always wanted to," Melenie confided. Everybody, of course, knew that Lady Martingale was a Pittsburgher who had succeeded indifferently well with the earl who won her.

A number of neglected wives surrounded a wiry lady in brick red who puffed a cigarette through a jade holder as long as a yardstick. Lady Martingale, in self-protection, had thrown out a smoke screen of London accent.

"Aeiou, hahdyadoo" was the sound she made upon introduction. Mrs. Gillespie, Mrs. Foyle, Mrs. Taff, Mrs. Timrod and others smiled appreciatively, just as though something had been said. Lady Martingale gave Melenie's costume one swift critical glance; it seemed to say, "In England we think American girls dress too well." But she drew again deeply from her cigarette and went on with her discussion of American politics. Nobody in England, she thought, took Dean Inge seriously. Why were Americans so self-conscious? Again she looked at Melenie's gown keenly, guessing at the cost. There was plenty in America to criticize, she went on, if one must. Americans had no respect for other people's property.

James Bottomley Foyle, being fond of public questions, came up and took issue with Lady Martingale. Melenie Howard, pretending to be interested in Mr. Foyle's thunderous challenge, "Look at what we spend annually on public education," was beginning to feel a little self-consciousness. Wherever she moved the men moved, and she knew the fate of the woman in society who is placed among the men.

It was after nine when the butler announced dinner; several of her admirers were showing their cocktails. William Flaverley Todd, poet of good breeding, was reciting her one of his own sonnets, dealing with a nymph named Cypria who liked goldenrod to drop in her hair. Melenie said something about hay fever, and the bard was furious. Young Prentiss Wagstaff, a year out of Harvard, made love to her with the air of an old roué; old Mr. Foyle, on the other hand, was bold in his impersonation of flaming youth. These were easy enough to deal with. But the dull red-eyed insistence of Fontaine Gillespie made her ill at ease. His wife, always laughing and chatting, seemed never to take her eyes off his enchantress.

Melenie had him on her right at dinner, and because Mr. Foyle was industriously quarreling again with Lady Martingale, the girl had nowhere to turn save toward the claret-colored eyes, swimming amorously.

"Melenie—Archie calls you that, and why can't I?—Melenie, I haven't thought of another girl since that night at Miss Flick's."

"Yet you've married—at least once," she suggested.

"Now you're not taking me seriously. I'm something of a judge of beauty. I've had my experience with women."

"Before you met me at Miss Flick's?"

"Don't snap a fellow up so. I mean to say, Melenie, you've matured so—so like a full-blown rose. You're so well turned out, Melenie. I dare say there's not a woman in New York knows how to put on her clothes the way you do. Now take Gertrude, for instance ——"

Gertrude looked sharply across at them. The cat had heard a rustle down the rat hole. Gillespie turned to his plate and fell savagely on a breast of partridge.

He was discreet after that, and gave his elaborate attention to Miss Westervelt, on his other side. This left Melenie pleasantly stranded for a while. Feeding had been none too regular with her this week, and now that the first excitement was ebbing, she turned gratefully to the slice of bird on her plate. Also, she began to think about her gown, not as a social triumph but as a valuable piece of property which it was her

Continued on Page 179

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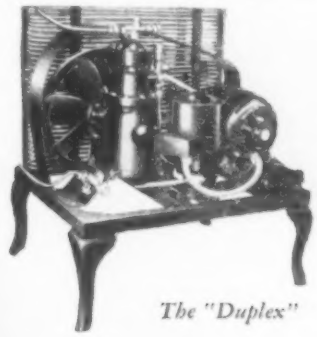
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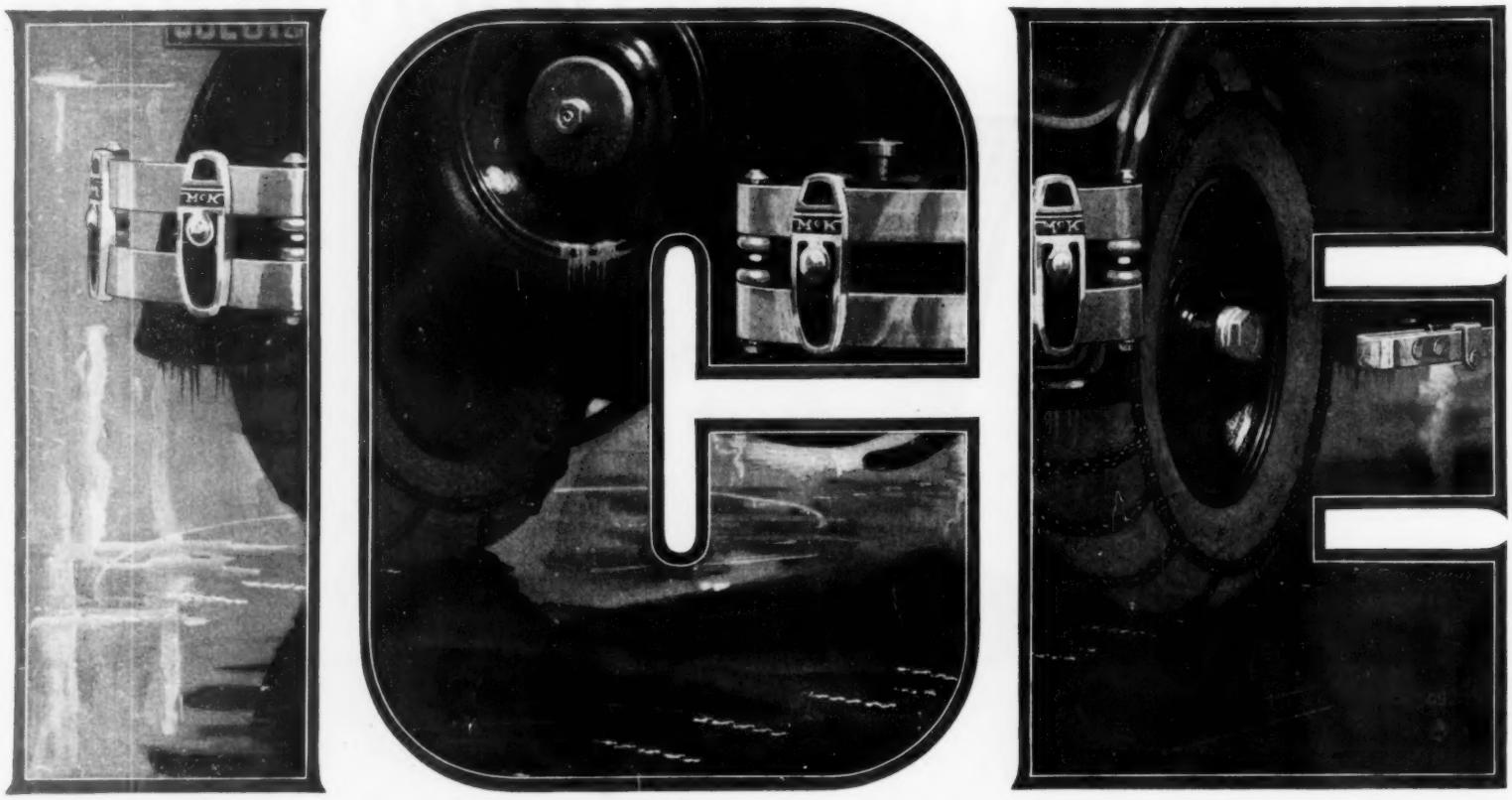
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(Continued from Page 175)

very important duty to return in good condition. All during dinner she had sat rather stiffly, as though the suave folds of material hurt her. Now and again she would glance slyly into her lap lest she had soiled the skirt with a carelessly dropped morsel. She refused jelly.

The rest of the dinner, which was long, late and leisurely, she divided between Foyle's court-room manner and Fontaine's sneaking little sallies. His eyes were on his wife—a pretty game of cat and mouse. When the table was cleared for dessert he became quite tipsily bold and informed the victim of his amour, his red eyes heavy and insolent, that she was the best-dressed woman in New York, and he ought to know. He'd seen 'em all—all.

She wondered if he'd caught the murder in Gertrude's look. Melenie turned to Claverhouse and found him smiling like Mephisto; had he deliberately set her next to Gillespie?

The ladies withdrew to a handsome Chinese room, where they sipped coffee and cigarettes. The men were a long time finishing their brandy. Seated in the midst of a multicolored group that purred and squeaked on topics which Melenie found had grown a little strange to her during her absence from active social life, she had time again to worry about the borrowed dress. The skirt smooth across her lap, her hands stiffly folded, she glanced down to be sure that no blemish had appeared upon its loveliness.

She refused to smoke. A spark might ruin the lace beyond repair. Her bad conscience, beginning to stir a little in its sleep, mumbled drowsily; that costume had attracted flattering attention, but too much of it. Even as the women talked, they would cast sidelong, admiring looks at certain tricks of dressmaking which never fail to attract the feminine eye. Mrs. Taff, seeing that Melenie was somewhat withdrawn from the others, and mistaking her attitude for bashfulness, began quizzing her. Where did she go in summer and in winter? It required nimbleness to invent schedules, gathered hastily out of memories of a time when the Howards had money to travel.

At last the men came filing in—it was nearing twelve o'clock. She had a momentary sense of relief. They were less prying, less impertinently curious than their wives. She could hold their attention merely by flirting. Horatio Timrod, a neat little cock sparrow with a lisp, ogled her and pretended to talk about the Davis Cup. Then in the next room a saxophone brayed, a cymbal crashed. This again was disconcerting, for a gown that is danced in is never new again.

"Shall we?" asked Horatio, arising with a bow.

"How I wish I could!" She looked up at him adoringly. "I've a wretched ankle—threw it out this summer. I've promised the doctor I won't dance until after Lent."

"Too bad. Tennis?" he ventured.

"No: fencing." This on the principle that you might as well tell a good one while you're at it.

"Isn't it splendid? I'm studying under Mouquelin. Do you go to his ladies' classes by any chance?"

"No." It was time to get off the subject. "I haven't fenced in this country."

"There's a bully school at Monaco."

"Is there?" This little fellow was getting on her nerves. However, he satisfied himself with a lecture on fencing, which meant little to her, save that the terms were dangerous and gallant. The music went on, madder, merrier than before; it was all Melenie could do to restrain her impulse to be in somebody's arms, making the best of these gay, beautiful hours.

Presently Prentiss Wagstaff sauntered in, saw her, asked for a dance and was told about the ankle. He was so sympathetic that he finally drove Timrod away in search of other adventures. Subsequently Timrod went about like a town crier, telling all and sundry that Miss Melenie Howard had broken her ankle in a championship fencing contest. Sympathizers increased—mostly men. All of them suggested remedies.

All things considered, she was sitting out her dances with more than a little pleasure. Only once in a while a flash would come: "I'm the Miss Howard who broke her ankle in a fencing match, the girl in the borrowed dress, the fake who pretends to live at the St. Swithin. What's going to become of Melenie Howard?" And once, right in the midst of one of Archie Claverhouse's droll stories, she had a glimpse of how poor Jerome had looked when he said he wasn't good enough for her.

This Claverhouse was brilliant and taunting and able. When young dancing couples came in after the theater, he managed them with tactful cunning. Yet all the time his looks were impish and small horns seemed sprouting from his hair. When he mentioned her ankle his smile implied that he knew she was lying and held it against her not at all. He wanted her to play bridge; she refused, and he didn't press the point. But clever eyes were boring through her, laughing, seeming to enjoy her.

Fontaine Gillespie did not find her again until the night had grown into morning. By now he was quite offensive, utterly oblivious of his wife. He sprawled on the couch beside the lovely cripple and twice just missed igniting the lace on her skirt with the tip of his wildly flourishing cigarette.

He had nothing to say and was saying it uncouthly, when Gertrude, all too unconscious, passed through with Lady Martingale.

"Dance with me," Melenie begged when Claverhouse came by.

"You? Broken and wounded?" Yet he clasped her waist and walked her toward the ballroom.

"Thanks so much. I couldn't stand it all the way round, really. I only wanted ——" She had stopped him.

"—— to escape from the zoo. I know. Poor Fontie's so sentimental he'll tie himself into a true lover's knot some day. But say, Melenie, Gertie's going to stab."

"Me?"

"She's a true, pure wife. Her husband bores her to death; she hates the sight of him squirming round the house; but if he so much as looks at another woman—a pretty one—down go the thumbs. You die. She's a dull woman, but poisonous. . . . Isn't this party a bore? It would kill me if it weren't for you."

"How many girls do you say that to, Archie?"

"Not another one. This is custom-made, especially for you. But sometimes these parties gnaw my bones."

"What a revolting sensation!" she laughed. Then—"If they gnaw, why do you give them?"

"Don't you ever do things that bore you?"

"Positively never."

"You've reached that blessed state—independence. Now if I had a mother who could lead me from watering place to summer resort, I shouldn't be bored either."

"I haven't any mother," she reminded him.

"Sorry. But I mean to say, if I were foot-loose, do you think I'd waste time trying to please dull ladies who want French windows on Georgian houses? No, I'd kick loose. Oh, how I'd kick!"

"But you must love your work," she reminded him. "I heard you telling Mr. Foyle that when you got an idea you couldn't sleep until it was down on paper. It must be an adventure, to feel like that."

"It is, really." He seemed to solemnize his voice deliberately. "It's a fine thing to work for—er—the best that's in you. An artist must live his work. I put that on my drafting board the day I graduated from the Beaux Arts. What reputation I have"—modestly—"is founded on the quality of my work."

"You hate yourself," she said inwardly. Another look at him showed him gazing round the room with anxious eyes.

"Pshaw!" he lamented. "There's Mrs. Foyle going home. I've got to show her those plans. Go over to the Green Room, won't you?—the one with the Venetian glass—unless your ankle's too weak. We can have a jolly little smoke and get out of this crowd."

He had dropped her, plunged eagerly in the wake of Mrs. Foyle. For a man who lived only that his work might live he seemed a little anxious about running down a customer. However, her last fleeting glimpse of him was not unmixed with admiration. The deftness with which he managed this roomful of importance was nothing less than miraculous. He had turned salesmanship into a thing of beauty. His genius—for more than once during that evening his guests had informed her that Claverhouse possessed that divine gift—had brought the world to him—her world—the world which meant life to her heart.

She found the Green Room and loitered, pretending to admire his collection of fancifully blown glass; in small cabinets, cunningly set in the walls, he had arranged rows on rows of the little figures, prancing horses, stolid pigs, leaping deer, which Venetian glass blowers of the Middle Ages had learned to form into ultra modernistic designs. Then there were goblets, tankards, ewers, in colors that flashed like jewels.

"This one is surprising." She turned around and found Claverhouse bending toward her, a laughing faun. He was holding out a goblet of ornate design; it blazed with colors, as though set with rubies and canary diamonds. "This is German—a little German joke. You fill it with wine and raise it toward your lips. The wine is gone—where? Run down the stem into the base."

"That's amusing." When she reached out and took hold of the stem he put his hand skillfully over hers.

"It's always amusing to play with the very desirable things you can't have." His eyes, now close to hers, seemed to sparkle yellow and red like the jeweled glass. She looked up at him, fascinated, and made no move as he went on: "The wine is nearly yours, then it's gone. Beautiful wine in lovely glass. You can't have it because you don't know the trick. There's a trick in everything, Melenie."

Waltz rhythms were droning in from the room beyond; the saxophone had lost its jeering bray. For an instant the air was heavy with romance, enervating, sweet. Then Melenie, still clutching the precious goblet, snatched her hand away. Out of a corner of her eye she saw women—several of them—slipping in. Two men blundered after; she heard young Wagstaff's booby voice: "What's matter? Nobody dancing any more?"

"I think not." It was Gertrude Gillespie's, and the sound struck Melenie cold as a stone. She turned and saw Lady Martingale indolently gazing at the glass exhibit, while Mrs. Elihu Taff and Mrs. Horatio Timrod smiled at each other. Fontaine Gillespie was leaning against the door frame, his look imploring.

"Miss Howard," began Gertrude in a tone so sweetly cutting that Lady Martingale turned from a fascinating study—"Miss Howard, I've been admiring your gown."

"It's so nice of you, Mrs. Gillespie." Melenie got that out rather faintly. The knife was drawn.

"It's so like one of mine. I hope you won't think I'm rude. But when I ordered it from Benoit he promised me there would be no copies. It's really marvelous, isn't it, how these dressmakers steal from one another ——"

"It's so in all the arts," Claverhouse broke in.

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Gillespie. "But I never heard of them working so fast. This dress has never left the shop. It was to be finished and delivered to me tomorrow. I helped to plan it." All this as though Melenie were a manikin employed to exhibit the precious clothes while her betters discussed them. Then—"Miss Howard, I'm



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so out of patience with Benoit, I wonder if you'd help me a little. Would you mind telling me where you got that gown?"

"Let me see." Melenie's hesitancy indicated, perhaps, that she had difficulty keeping track of her generous wardrobe. Actually, she was trying to speak in a nightmare. "This must be nearly a year old. Yes. It came from Bizet's, on the Place Vendôme."

"Really?" The cat's eyebrows lifted. "Bizet failed two years ago. I think you must be mistaken." The purr was beginning to roughen into a growl. Standing an arm's length from her victim, it was easy for her to reach out and take an edge of the precious lace delicately between her fingers. Outraged by the indignity, her fury aroused to the killing point, Melenie still held her peace. Like a statue she stood.

"Odd—very odd—h-m—Miss Howard, this lace has been in the family a hundred years. I know every stitch of it."

The room stood around the guilty girl, still as a lethal chamber. If somebody else would speak, laugh out, jeer her—anything! But this stillness, requiring some answering struggle!

"There's a great deal of rose point in the world," said Melenie; she was growing shrill.

"Not like this. It was made for our family. Miss Howard, I'm afraid this dress has been stolen."

Stolen! Here was a loophole. Tell something about buying it from a queer man who sold dresses. But that wouldn't do. She had already mentioned the Place Vendôme.

"Yes, stolen." Mrs. Gillespie had dropped the lace she had been fingering and stood, accusing, merciless, revengeful. Under some pretense she had brought in a hand-picked audience to witness the ruin of a girl who had dared attract her husband. "Miss Howard, how did you come to be wearing my gown?"

"My goodness, you can't take it off her!" It was the heavily British voice of Lady Martingale.

"There's been some mistake, Gertrude." Archie stepped in. "I'm sure Miss Howard can ——"

"Certainly I can explain!" Towering in a self-destructive rage, Melenie spat it in the face of her persecutor. "The dress isn't mine, if that's what you want to know. I don't know whose it is. I don't care. I don't——"

She turned to rush out of the room. Claverhouse made a detaining gesture, but she snatched herself away and ran to the little pink dressing room across the hall. She had one thought in her distracted head. Get that abominable dress off, throw it into the lap of its owner, run away, be out of sight and sound of these people!

Before the eyes of an astonished maid, she stepped out of the garment, tossed it into a chair and reached for her coat; when this was wrapped around her she saw herself in the mirror, to all outward seeming conventionally clad.

"Fold it up, please," she commanded harshly; and when the maid had laid the dress into a tidy square, Melenie took it over her arm and advanced just a step toward the door. A saving thought halted her. She must return the gown to Madame Rose. Kind old Madame Rose, who had done so much to befriend her; affectionate, dumpy little Claire, who had lent herself so cheerfully to the plot. They mustn't be made to suffer for this. No. The thing to do was to get out, hide in her obscure lodgings, return the gown to Madame Rose. Impelled by a swift thought, Melenie glided down the corridor and out of the front door. She had just pressed the button for the elevator when Claverhouse, his hornlike curls prominent, a curious grin on his large mouth, came out and stood beside her.

"Where in the world are you taking that dress?" was his amused question.

"Home—where it belongs," she replied.

"Don't go in a huff," he coaxed. "Gertie's only been having a brain storm. She's always having them in public, and poor old Fontaine's so ashamed of her he wants to drop through the floor. I don't think this experiment—you know—marriage—has worked very well with them. Give 'em six months."

By then the elevator had come up. "Good night," she said; and, with a wan smile—"I've had a wonderful time."

"But I'm going home with you."

"Oh, no; you mustn't."

"I know I mustn't, but I am. You can't go back to the St. Swithin alone in that sort of rig." Queer argument, but she let it pass in the confusion of her thoughts.

Somehow they got down to the sidewalk, and smokily she saw the door man beckoning up Mr. Claverhouse's very fine car. Dumbly she got in. "The St. Swithin," she heard the master's voice, and the car turned toward Madison Avenue. She was so used to being taken home that way in somebody's car; being let out at the hotel's glittering door, saying good night, then stealing off by a side entrance to her dingy little apartment on the East Side. As she saw the farce about to be repeated for the last time, it was with a struggle that she told the truth.

"Don't take me to the St. Swithin," she implored huskily.

"No?" Claverhouse was reaching to turn out the carriage light, and she could see his sarcastic brows go up.

"No. I—I don't live there." Before the lights flashed off she caught his expression, saying, "I'll swallow my hat."

"You were there this afternoon," he reminded her kindly.

"Yes; I just came to get your message and—and to answer it." Suddenly she felt like a lost little girl trying to explain something to a passing stranger. But she must tell him. "I've been doing that for a long time—making people think I live at the St. Swithin. The telephone girl there is a friend of mine. When people call me she says I'm out, and takes their messages. Then I come in and answer them."

"By Jove, what a system!" Faintly she could see him smiling. "St. Swithin prestige for twenty dollars a month!"

"Fifteen," she corrected him forlornly. "That's what my room costs me. I don't know how to work. I've been raised to have plenty of money. I want to meet my—my sort of people. I can't afford a decent place to live, or clothes or ——"

"And how you can wear clothes!" Voice of the architect admiring fine proportions. "That dress, for instance. It would have looked like a bunch of hay on Gertie. She hasn't got any more style than a mule. Tell me, between us girls"—he was making such a good joke of it—"was that really hers? Or was she just throwing a fit to torture her husband?"

"I don't know whose it is." Her head was drooping.

"Really?"

"I—I borrowed it this afternoon." That was all. She wanted to make a full confession, but her one instinct now was to protect Madame Rose. In a few hours, she knew, Mrs. Gillespie would be at Benoit's, making trouble about the dress.

"So you borrowed the dress, and almost got away with it!" Spoken with relish and much sympathy.

"In other words," she said stolidly, "I'm a faker. I'm a mean little charlatan, pretending to be something I'm not, taking things that don't belong to me. I'm a cheat and a liar and I've no right to hold up my head again."

"But, my dear girl, how charmingly you manage it!" His peal of laughter might have been intended to cheer her. "That little story about the broken ankle—it almost fooled even me. So you didn't want to spoil that borrowed dress! You're exquisite, my dear Melenie."

Here was sympathy where she least expected it. Something about its quality caused her to shrink deeper into her coat.

"But you must get over that Victorian prudery," she heard him say. "Cheats and liars are the very ones who do hold up their heads. Look at me. Where would I be today if I tied myself to the seven lamps of architecture? Chained to somebody else's drafting board. I don't go about borrowing evening clothes, maybe, but I certainly would if I had to. I borrow my ideas. I borrowed food from rich people for years until I could afford to buy my own.

"What have I got around me that's real?" He lectured on with many a pleasant chuckle. "People admire my collection of Venetian glass. I have it made in Newark. I keep it away from real collectors or they'd ruin me. Look at my apartment. My apartment! Ha! If you knew the story of how I got hold of that place, with all the furniture, you'd join me in a laugh on the kind of people who feed suckers like us.

"No, Melenie. I don't want you to feel discouraged. You've got the system. Give 'em the maximum display at the minimum expenditure. I live like a hundred thousand a year on an income of forty. Why? Just because I'm a window dresser. Are you shocked, Melenie?"

"No." She shook her head; her eyes were turned out of the window at lines of ash cans along a street which grew shabbier as they advanced. Archie Claverhouse talked on in his nervous voice, an invitation at her ear. Be a window dresser. We're two of a kind. Be a liar and hold up your head. Learn the arts of superior sneak thievery, advance in the world ——

Their car came to a stop before Madame Rose's jumbled house. She opened the door and was getting out, murmuring weak thanks, when he detained her, a hand on her arm.

"Listen, Melenie." It came eagerly. "I need a woman like you. Who but you would have thought of that hotel trick? Who'd have had the nerve to get that dress? Fencing! Ha! You can fence! Together, what couldn't we do to 'em? We'd own the town. Let's get married, Melenie. With your looks and wits and my bluff and prestige ——"

"What a pair of quacks we'd make!" She was laughing.

"We'd have everything coming our way," he tittered. "It isn't as if I were cold-blooded about it, Melenie. Remember that day I took you out to luncheon? I was crazy about you; but I look at things mentally. Every man has his mate somewhere. I've found you, Melenie."

She permitted him to take both her hands; he had followed her halfway up the shabby steps.

"Don't mind what that old cat said about you. Everybody in our crowd's used to her. I can hush it up tomorrow. But let's make a go of it, Melenie. You can step right out of this awful little place, right into the luxury you need. I've got to have you, Melenie. Every man has his mate. You're mine."

"No!" She said it agonizingly, jerking her hands away. Every man has his mate—that phrase decided her. One of a faker team she'd be. His ideal? And her ideals. Had she ideals?

She found herself in the smelly hall, behind the big door she had shut in his face. "He wants the worst that's in me," she was thinking hotly. "The worst that's in me. And how cheap that can be! Who was it, just a few hours ago, who wanted the best that's in me—that ever could be in me? Who'd give it me if I hadn't it?"

A light was shining over the third landing; Jerome, against madame's orders, had left on the electric globe in the hall to light Melenie up the stairs. But no radiance seeped from under his door. The old rug with its dirty sheep lay before the sill. Was he leaving it behind? He had urged her to take it, for she liked it. Maybe ——

With a breath that broke into a sob she bounded up to her room and threw Mrs. Gillespie's dress across the one uncluttered chair. Closed in the cheap interior, she saw nothing of its meanness; now it was a sanctuary where she could cry a few brief necessary tears. But she had little time to waste in the luxury of self-abasement. The one-legged alarm clock, propped up against a book on the yellowish bureau, told her that it was nearing half-past two. She had business to attend to, work to finish before day. First she took the borrowed gown under the naked electric light and went over every seam. The evening's wear had, as far as she could determine, done it no damage. Then she put the lovely, seductive thing—even now it moved her to a sigh—across her knee and set herself patiently, minutely, to the task of drawing up the broken lace.

Although resolution had strengthened her greatly, she still had frightening pictures of Gertrude Gillespie hurrying down to Benoit's with a load of mischief. "There's nothing to do about it now," Melenie kept thinking—"nothing." As minutes passed and fingers flew she took refuge in a sensible view of Madame Rose. Benoit, of course, would deny everything; he couldn't let a customer know he sent out gowns to be tinkered with. Madame wasn't the kind to let Benoit bluff her. She had been working for him fifteen years; hers was the only repair shop in New York whose service he regarded as worthy of his attention; he wouldn't let the complaint of a solitary customer divert him from his trusted Madame Rose. By the time Mrs. Gillespie came to Benoit's shop, if at all, the dress would be there, fresh to look upon. Probably he would set Mrs. Gillespie down as a little unbalanced—so many women are.

Then there was Jerome. She must tell him everything, first of all. They must begin life squarely, with no mean little mysteries lurking around the corner. That resolve calmed her very much, as though he had already forgiven her; she knew he would forgive her, as she knew he would despise what she had done.

By the time the last stitch was taken, every thread of the delicate design set back in place, the one-legged clock was ticking toward four. Melenie shook out her legs to relieve them of cramp, laid the dress on the bed, covered it with a sheet and got out her two suitcases. These she filled; they held all her clothing, from the last darned stocking to the wash-faded silk knickers. Two of her worn evening gowns she forced in, but the third she threw in the wastebasket; it was the old American Beauty.

Just before she quit the room she took her grandmother's wedding veil from its protective drawer. For only an instant she held a corner of it against the light; moon-touched elf webs shimmered in her eyes. Melenie loved lace; and as she loved that veil, she knew it was worth a fortune.

She put it in a neat bundle on top of Mrs. Gillespie's gown and identified it with a note which she scribbled on the back of a laundry list:

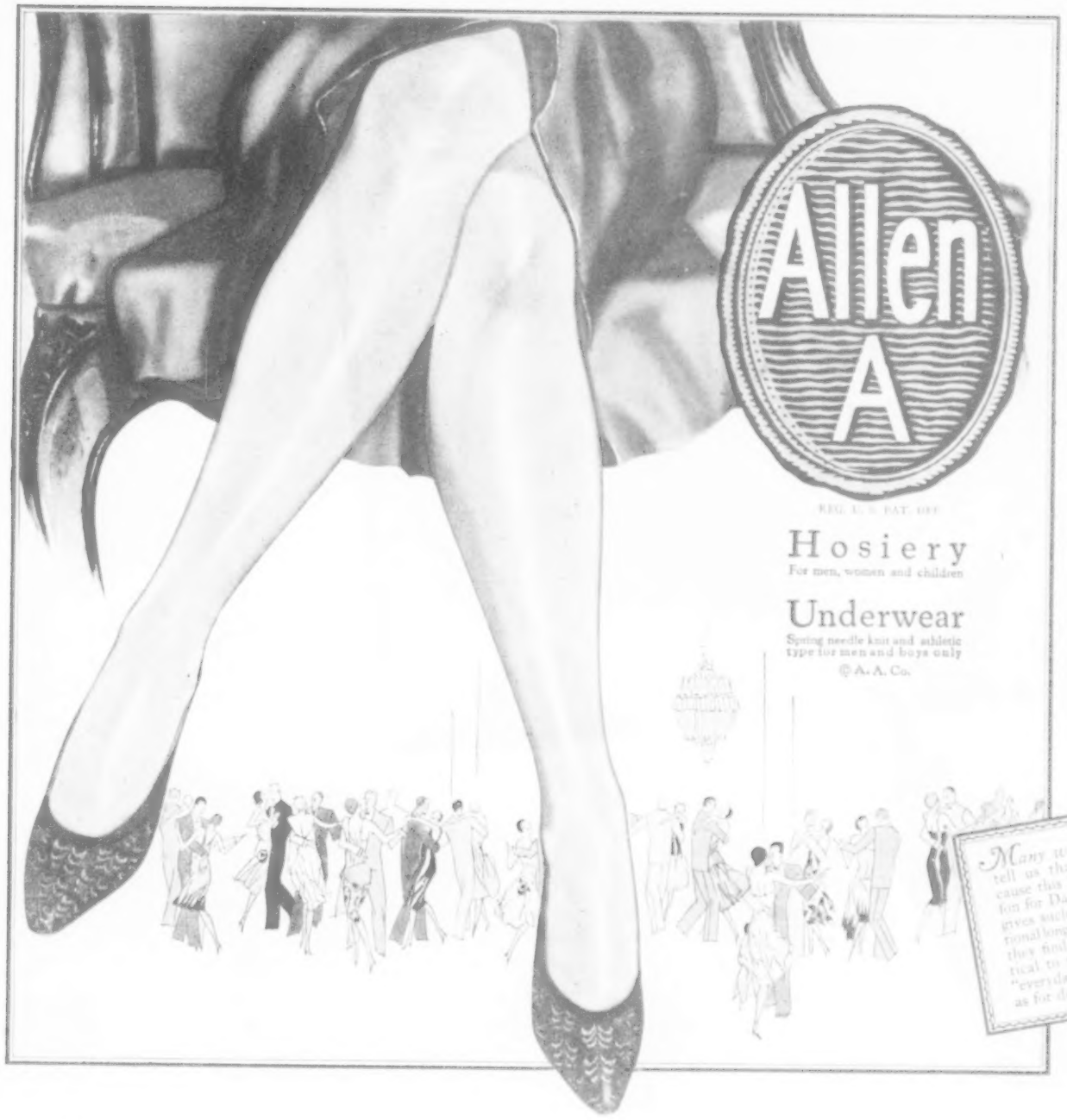
Dear Madame Rose: I want you to have this veil. You know rose point. I hope you find the mending satisfactory. MELENIE.

She didn't lock the door, but struggled into the hall, burdened with two bags and a hatbox. She hadn't far to go. On the hooked rug with the dirty sheep and the cheerful Welcome she set her luggage, and on the luggage she set herself.

It was half-past four. Even now, she thought, Jerome might be rousing himself, making his preparations for the journey. For out of that door he would be going at the stroke of five.

In her modish gray *tailleur*, she presented an odd figure for that time in the morning, the milkman's hour. Under her jaunty little hat those busy thoughts of hers were racing again: "I'll be married without a veil. How that would shock mother. I'll be the first girl of my family to be married without a veil. . . . Won't it be grand to be just ourselves, Jerome and I? Somewhere in the wilds of Borneo. No, Borneo isn't in South America. South ——"

She sat up with a start, realizing that she had dozed. She must keep awake, be ready. Then with a happy sigh she settled back against the panels, closed her eyes. What if she did go to sleep? That would be all the better, for when Jerome opened the door she would fall into his arms.



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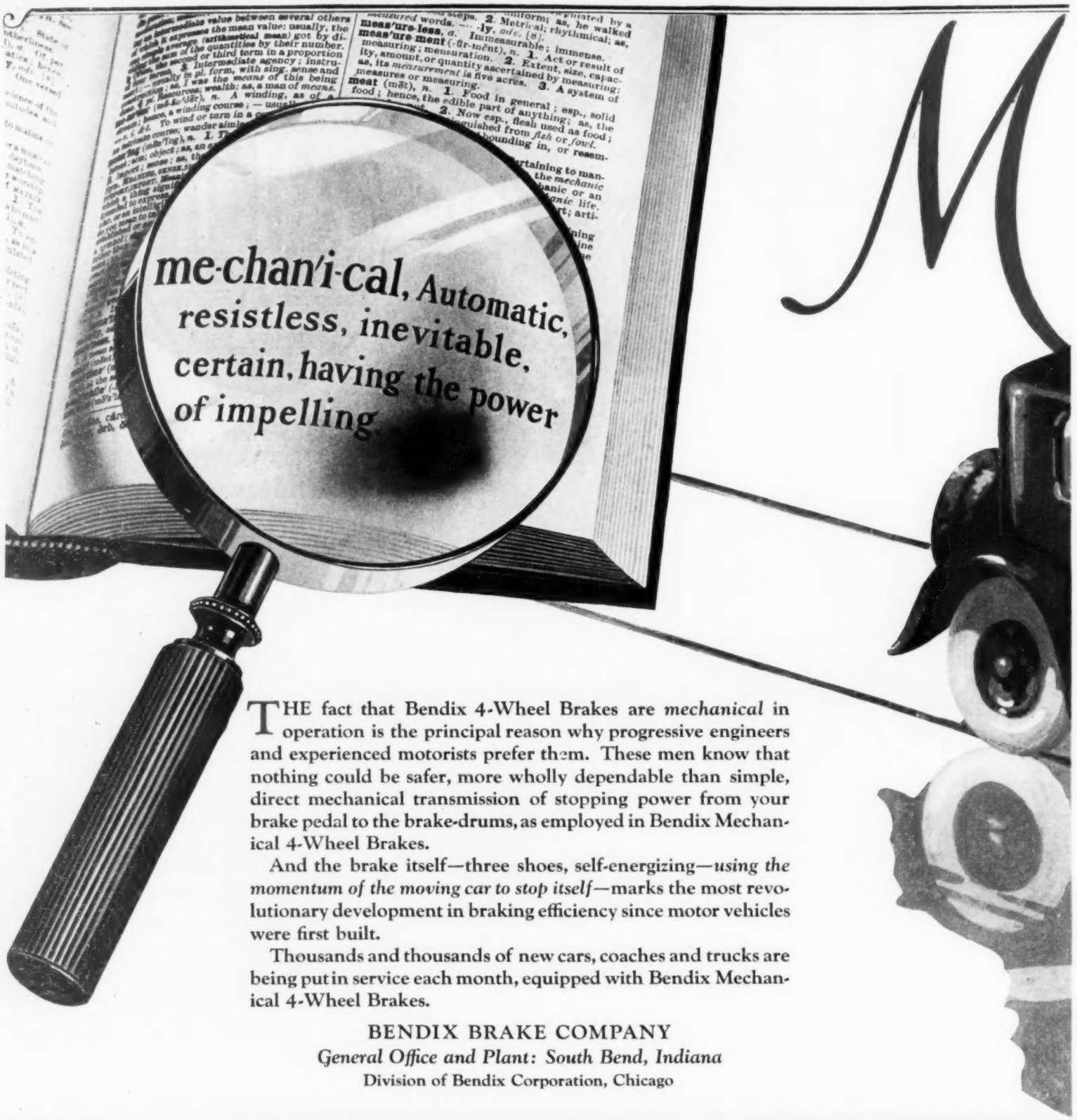
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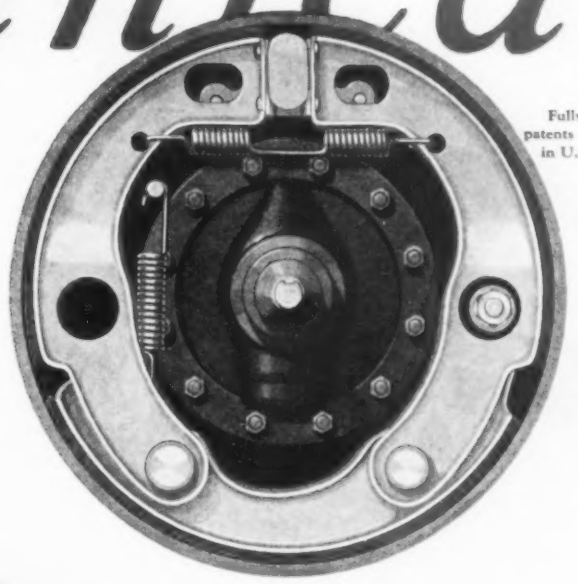
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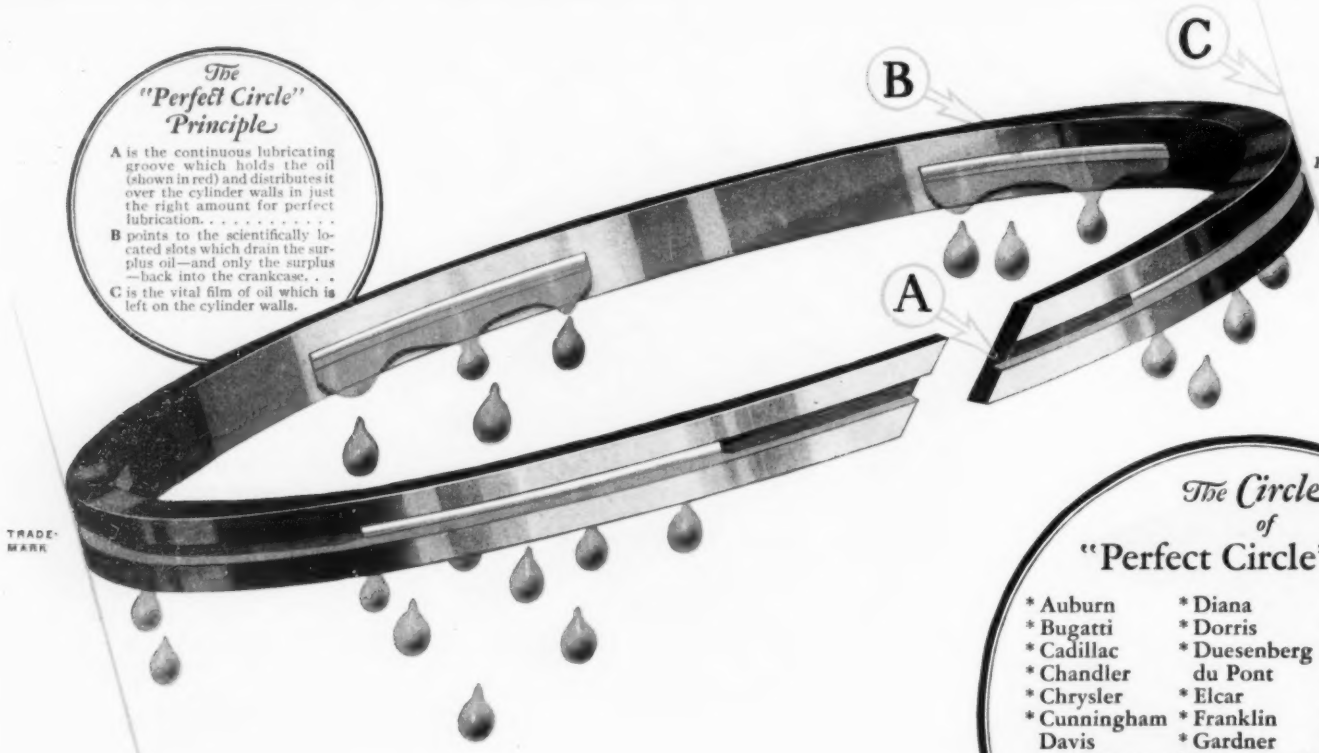
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BETTER MADE FOR BETTER PERFORMANCE

MATE IN AMERICA

(Continued from Page 25)

"Uh-huh, Florian. Tha's true enough."

"A woman!" said Florian.

"Who?"

Mr. Slappey pointed dramatically. "Sicily Clump!"

Cæsar frowned. "Foolishment what you talks ——"

"'Tain't no foolishment, Cæsar. It's good common sense. Tha's how come I fust to think of a ma'ied couple. You is Sicily's husban', so you gives her permission to vamp Lawyer Chew. Not too much. Just enough to give him somethin' to think about when things is dull."

"Looks like co'tin' trouble."

"Looks like ain't is. 'Twoul'n't do fo' nobody but Sicily to do it, an' with yo' permission. A good-lookin' gal like yo' wife can twist even Lawyer Chew right aroun' her finger. Ain't that the truth?"

"Uh-huh. Reckon so. She done me thataway once. Co'se you don't mean ——"

"I don't mean nothin' 'ceptin' a harmless flirtation. Nobody won't think nothin' of it outside of Lawyer Chew, an' he won't know what it's all about, 'ceptin' that he'll commence gittin' interested in life once mo' an' forget all about how homesick he is fo' Bumminham. Once he's cured there won't be no backslidin', an' us collecks the one hund'ed dollars fum Orifice Latimer, an' splits; fifty fo' me an' fifty fo' you-all."

Clump gave the matter careful consideration. He eyed his wife speculatively. "Think you could, Sicily?"

"I dunno, Cæsar. But when a lady has been ma'ied long as I have, she yearns to try. Pervided she has her own husban's permission an' there ain't no scandal."

"We saves Midnight, Cæsar," interjected Mr. Slappey.

Mr. Clump slapped one fist into the palm of the other hand. "Done with you, Florian. Sicily, get you busy."

She was wary. "You promises to be frank with me, Cæsar? If it gits on yo' nerves, you says so prompt an' honest?"

"Absolutely."

Florian rose happily. "Commence, pretty gal. You can do it if anybody can."

And so, no later than that afternoon, the scheme for curing Lawyer Evans Chew of nostalgia was put into operation. Florian and Cæsar chuckled as they viewed Sicily's artistic approach, and when, that night, she and Lawyer Chew went out together to view a moving picture at the Teatro Goldoni, it seemed as though future prospects were brightening.

For three days Sicily worked hard. It was not easy to arouse Evans Chew from his abysmal lethargy. But Sicily was bright, complimentary and pulchritudinous. An easy camaraderie developed between them; flowering into a delightful friendship which was strictly platonic, yet deliciously spiced.

Chew did not capitulate immediately or unconditionally. He was wary, feeling traitorous to himself. Therefore symptoms of improvement in his mental condition did not appear at once.

And President Orifice R. Latimer, knowing nothing of the scheme which had been launched by Florian Slappey and the Clumps, did more worrying and more thinking on his own behalf. To President Latimer the situation seemed to warrant immediate drastic measures. So far as he could see there was nothing which could be done to relieve conditions; nothing that existed in Venice. Lawyer Chew brooded and was moody. And, since Chew was a man of considerable means, there was no financial bar to his desertion of the company.

Once he went—Latimer shook his head sorrowfully. Then, indeed, would the germs of discontent and homesickness have been planted in the twenty other breasts so ready to receive the infection.

So, after careful and deliberate thought, President Latimer took definite action on his own counsel. He labored long and mightily over a cable, and this he dispatched through the offices of an American travel bureau.

The cable, which was kept secret from everyone else in the company, and particularly from Lawyer Chew, was addressed to Mrs. Evans Chew, Birmingham, Alabama. It notified her that, though her stout and devoted husband was very well and very happy, yet he craved her society. It went on to say that Chew was so valuable a person that Midnight took pleasure in forwarding sufficient money for a railroad ticket from Birmingham to New York and tourist third-cabin transportation from New York to Genoa and from there to Venice, where the company was to be joined. Latimer furthermore suggested that Mrs. Chew wireless from the ship the hour of her arrival in Genoa, at which time he personally would go to the docks in that city to meet her, in order that she might make the railroad journey without too great difficulty.

The following morning President Latimer received a collect cable from Mrs. Chew:

Sailing next Tuesday steamer Firenze. Hope you ain't fooled me regarding husband not being sick. Regards.

Immediately President Latimer shed his worries. The more homesick Lawyer Chew now became the happier he was. Let the virus spread; the reaction would be all the merrier when Lithia Chew descended upon the company in a cloud and Evans himself should consequently be yanked from his Slough of Despond.

Latimer had no idea of informing the gentleman of his wife's impending visit. He was too keen on the surprise element. And so, because his mind was focused upon that, and also because he had numerous other things to worry about, he alone, of all the company, failed to notice the progress of an affair between Lawyer Evans Chew and Mrs. Sicily Clump.

The friendship between Lawyer Chew and Sicily Clump ripened swiftly. Chew wondered why he had never before taken note of the manifold excellences of the chief director's wife. His feeling toward her was not a sentimental one, but his lonely heart responded to her proffer of companionship. She was a woman who would listen, and the more he talked the less lonely he became.

They visited picture shows together. On several occasions they went to Signor Alberto Perinelli's Cabaret Danza Jazz, where Midnight's own orchestra was playing a profitable engagement. They explored the main waterways of Venice in luxurious gondolas. They visited the glorious little shops on St. Mark's Square and on the Calle dei Fabbri. They discovered delightful little eating places—altogether they got on exceedingly well together. Once Chew's conscience troubled him a trifle and he went to Mr. Clump.

"Cæsar," he remarked with perfect candor, "you has sholy got one swell wife."

"Oh, well, I reckon she ain't so wuss."

"She's great. I an' her has been peregrinatin' about a heap right recent. Dancin' an' eatin' an' movin'-pitcherin', an' I thought I better ascertain fum you if you has got any objections."

Cæsar laughed lightly. "Good ol' Evans Chew!" he applauded. "Just you go right ahead. Sicily is a good scout, an' if she don't mind bein' friends with you, I suttinly don't."

That settled Lawyer Chew. Freed from any disturbing doubts, he now threw himself whole-heartedly into the delicious friendship. He loved his wife, but her absence seemed less important. And whatever gossiping was being done by the company failed to reach his ears.

President Latimer was afflicted with the blindness of the man who will not see. He did not bother about Evans Chew. He was too engrossed with his executive duties and with the knowledge that the key to the end of his troubles was even at that moment approaching the Rock of Gibraltar on a small, slow steamship which was destined to arrive in Genoa before many days had passed.

The closer the moment of Mrs. Chew's arrival came the less Latimer was tempted to take the edge off the surprise. He felt enormously important as the sole possessor of this secret. He visioned the delighted amazement of the ponderous attorney when Mrs. Chew should come upon him unexpectedly in the modest lobby of the Albergo Superbo—the shout of glee, the hectic reunion, the dispersal of the clouds hovering over Midnight.

The friendship between Chew and Sicily progressed with amazing fervor. The lawyer became quite reconciled to his lot. He found in the fair Sicily a woman of sympathy and discernment. To her he could talk ceaselessly and in his best Latin. Sonorous phrases rolled with increasing enthusiasm from his tongue, and the passing of the days found him quite enthralled.

As for Sicily, she and her husband—as well as Florian—were delighted with the success of the scheme. They discussed the advisability of dunning President Latimer for their money, but decided to postpone that event for a few days.

"I an' Evans is goin' to Lido tomorrow," said Mrs. Clump. "We comes back late in the evenin'. Maybe the next mawnin' we gits suggestive that Orifice pays us that hund'ed dollars."

But these well-laid plans ganged sadly a-gley. Several things occurred the following day.

Lawyer Chew and Sicily Clump duly went from the hotel to the landing stage near St. Mark's Square, where they boarded the Lido boat and slipped out over the tranquil blue waters of the lagoon for a day of location work and picnicking. The company, at work near the Campanile, saw them go and shook their heads.

At noon President Latimer received a telegram from Genoa. It had been sent the previous evening:

ORIFICE LATIMER,
Superbo Hotel, Venice.
Just landed. Made friends which is coming to Venice. I accompanies. Be there six o'clock.
LITHIA CHEW.

Orifice reread the telegram and joined his friends at lunch with a happy smile on his lips. One or two twitted him about the extreme good humor to which he seemed temporarily a victim.

He knew, of course, that Lawyer Chew and Sicily Clump were in Lido. But, knowing nothing of the gossip which had spread through the company, it did not occur to him that there was anything in the situation which might require tact in handling. Also, he did not anticipate that Evans Chew would return from Lido very much later than the dinner hour.

Venice was shrouded in darkness and twinkling with electric lights when the train from Genoa roared across the arm of the Adriatic which separates the island city from the mainland. The passengers were disgorged, and midway of the human stream came the slender and immaculate figure of Mrs. Evans Chew.

She was detained briefly at the gate while the guard took up her ticket, then found herself clasping the hand of Midnight's president.

"Where is Evans at?" she gasped.

Latimer grinned. "The hotel. He don't know nothin' 'bout yo' comin'."

Her eyes narrowed. "Is he sick?"

"Lawsy, no."

"Then why ——"

"Come along with me whilst I esplains. You see, it's thisaway—Evans Chew has been missin' you somethin' terrible. I never seen no feller mo' homesicker than what he has been. So I figured I better send fo' you."

Mrs. Chew was silenced. She was tired and filled with wonderment at this great spraddling city of liquid streets and vast



Norman Rockwell

No wonder they call him "Hair-Splitter Evans."

The same skill that he employs on his after-luncheon apple, pares down giant turbine shafts to a ten-thousandth of an inch tolerance along their full ninety feet of length.

With him, exactness is a passion. He's one of these fellows who tours the house, straightening the pictures on the wall.

Things that are less than perfect are a severe disappointment to Mr. Evans. So he's had a hard life.

But he enjoys being the shop authority on where to buy the right things—which probably explains why there are Dutchess work trousers in nearly every locker at the plant. (*)

"10c a Button; $1.00 a Rip" was only a slogan originally—a homely but sincere expression to the public of honest manufacturing intent. Today, the slogan is a monument to a promise kept unswervingly for more than forty-six years—it is one of the *tangible* differences between Dutchess Trousers and other trousers.

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(*) *This is one of a series of character sketches, by famous artists, making up the Dutchess Anthology of Trousers Wearers. The series, in leaflet form, may be had upon request. Other sketches include:*
"Going on Nineteen" in FLANNELS
"Mr. Tracy" of Tracy, Tracy & Tracy in KNICKERS
"Jim Will be Voting Next Year" in COLLEGIATES
"Eric, the Engineer" in BREECHES
"Young Whipple" in DRESS TROUSERS
"That Darn Bennett Kid" in BOYS' GOLF KNICKERS
"As Good as He Looks" in SPORT TROUSERS

silence. But her brain did not cease to function. Wifely instinct informed her that all was not as it should be, and Latimer's enthusiasm, coupled with his secretiveness, did not entirely allay her doubts.

Their journey was not a short one, filled as it was with queer and strange sights. She was not yet used to foreign atmosphere. Her glimpse of Genoa had been brief and bewildering. This was even more so. Even in her wildest dreams she had imagined nothing like this—the tortuous canals, the narrow sidewalks, the weird absence of automobile horns and street-car clangor—and then they scraped against the three little steps in the sidewalk which marked the entrance to the Superbo and she was being assisted across a tiny gangplank.

They moved into the lobby. A shout arose and a half dozen Birmingham negroes swooped down upon them, loudly calling Mrs. Chew's name and shrieking their delight and surprise.

There was a babel of conjecture, of hysterical questions, of incoherent conversation. Then Mrs. Chew's voice, queerly insistent:

"Where Evans is at?"

A sudden pall-like silence fell upon the group. There was a significant exchange of glances, none of which escaped the newly arrived spouse of the attorney.

"Where is he at?" she repeated sternly.

Someone coughed. Another ventured that he reckoned Lawyer Chew was somewheres about. Two discreetly withdrew from the welcoming committee. Terror smote Mrs. Chew and she swung on President Latimer:

"Where is Evans? Tell me!" Her manner was regal; her voice imperious.

"He—he's out," he stammered. "Lemme see ——" The door swung back and a slender young negro, clad in the very latest Venice-American style, entered. Latimer moved toward him. "Florian," he whispered, "where's Evans Chew?"

Mr. Slappey's lips expanded into a grin. This, perhaps, was as good a time as any to explain to President Latimer the excellent working of his little scheme for the one hundred dollars. He started to chuckle; then the smile froze on his lips, his jaw sagged, his knees became weak and he clutched a pillar for support.

"Oh, my gosh!" he groaned. "Oh, great sufferin' tripe!"

Latimer spoke impatiently, "Where is he?"

Florian pointed weakly. "Wh—who is that, Orifice? Or does my eyes deceive me?"

"Tha's Lithia Chew!" snapped the president. "She's lookin' fo' her husban'."

"Oh, golla!" Florian turned away, and just at that moment Mrs. Chew spied him and descended.

"Florian Slappey!" she exclaimed.

He nodded weakly. "Durned if it ain't!"

Her sixth sense was busy. She spoke accusingly to the bewildered schemer.

"Where is my husban' at? Do you know?"

Florian proceeded to do some fast thinking. He realized that he must protect the portly lawyer from the possible jealousy of his wife.

"Sure I know," said he truthfully.

"Can you take me there?"

A great light broke upon him. This was the solution to his problem—to take the lady out and keep her occupied until Evans Chew should have had time to return to the hotel. It would be a little worse than fatal, he reflected, to confront Mrs. Chew with a vision of her husband arriving radiantly with Sicily Clump.

"Tha's the most thing I crave to do."

She took a step toward the door. "Le's go."

As Florian turned to follow her Latimer grabbed his arm and hissed a word of warning into his ear.

"Don't spoil things, Florian."

"Man, they is 'most spoiled now."

"I mean—keep her out until Chew gits back. I is fixin' to surprise him."

"Big man! You is sholy gwine have a successful fix."

Arm in arm, Florian and Mrs. Chew stepped to the landing stage, where Florian hesitated for a minute as a gondolier drove his craft forward insinuatingly. Then he shook his head.

"Le's walk."

Mrs. Chew agreed; for which Florian was devoutly thankful. He always thought better on his feet.

As they moved slowly down the narrow, crowded ledge which did duty as a sidewalk Florian spurred his brain to activity. He was faced with a not-too-easy task. By some miracle which he did not yet understand, Evans Chew's wife had appeared from America at precisely the wrong time. For one thing, Chew was no longer homesick; for another, he was, on this particular night, enjoying himself hugely in the society of another lady.

They moved slowly down dark and sinister streets. Mrs. Chew, bewildered by the city, clung timidly to Florian's arm and for a moment was dazzled to silence. Eventually they came within sight of the comparatively vast expanse of the Grand Canal and set foot upon the Ponte di Rialto. From the middle of the wide bridge Florian pointed out to his companion several interesting sights. He drew vividly upon his imagination as he struggled to recall some small portion of his guidebook.

"This thing us now passes over, Mis' Chew, is a bridge called Ponte, an' yonder is one side of the city while behime us is the other side. Venice is made up of 117 islands, an' ——"

"I 'preciate all this education, Brother Slappey, but I been comin' across a lot of ocean fo' most two weeks an' Ise worried 'bout my husban'."

"Shuh! He ain't nothin' to worry about."

"Is Evans sick?"

"Gosh, no!"

"He's homesick, ain't he? President Latimer said he was."

"He sholy is, Mis' Chew. All day long he mopes aroun' thinkin' 'bout how much he misses you. An' in the evenin' he goes walkin' alone an' when anybody tries to cheer him up he says, 'If you cain't talk 'bout my wife, don't waste my time, 'cause she's the most person I is interested in.'"

"Le's go find him, Florian."

"All right. But fust you got to git a bite to eat."

"I eats with him."

"Don't talk foolishment, Mis' Chew. How you speck to be at yo' best if you ain't et good an' hearty? I know a nice li'l place down on the square where us can git a couple good ham san'wiches an' a piece of chicken, an' maybe ——"

Mrs. Chew glanced narrowly at Florian. Once again her instinct flamed into troublesome being. There must be something behind all this—Latimer's evasiveness, the queer glances of the company in the lobby of the hotel, Florian's enthusiastic guide work. Mrs. Chew was a woman of brains and discernment. Nor was she lacking in guile. She determined to give Florian a bit of rope.

It was her one chance of solving the great mystery which appeared to surround the whereabouts of her husband.

And so she agreed to accompany Florian to the café and there partake of a bit of supper. As a matter of fact, she was rather hungry. Such food as she had eaten during the day had been purchased at station platforms—huge hunks of bread with doubtful meat between; queer, soggy buns; tiny, straw-covered bottles containing thin wine which rather sickened her. They moved toward the spot where the lights were most brilliant, past rows of shop windows, and then came eventually to the Piazza San Marco.

Florian did not stop to point out the sights. Now that she had become suddenly amenable to his suggestion, he carried her directly to a little café where he knew the food was good and the service slow. He pored over the menu, ordered lavishly, and wondered where Chew was at that moment.

Mrs. Chew, apparently interested only in the glow and glitter of St. Mark's Square, was doing a bit of intensive thinking. Something was wrong, and it was not her husband's health. She knew nothing of Latimer's genuine intention to surprise Evans; she saw only that he was evasive But Mrs. Chew was wise in her generation and she pursued a policy of watchful waiting. The food was served, rich and enticing, and she ate heartily. To Florian's delight, she did not again mention her husband, and so, after supper he took her out on the square and resumed his duties as guide. The warmth of a balmy winter day had given place to the chill of night as they turned into the broad and picturesque Riva degli Schiavoni. They did not notice a small boat which came in from the east and unloaded a flock of passengers. And if they had noticed it would not have occurred, even to Florian, that this was the *vaporetto* from Lido and that it bore Lawyer Chew and Sicily Clump.

The returned picnickers were happy and far from tired. They had dined well at Lido and were under the magic spell of Venetian moonlight. Lawyer Chew was in fine fettle; high-sounding phrases cascaded from his lips as he told, in minute detail, of a certain outstanding legal triumph. Sicily Clump appeared to be enthralled by the recital, and readily agreed to his suggestion that they hire a gondola and poke around the Grand Canal for a brief spell.

Meanwhile Florian and Mrs. Chew were retracing their steps. The dark lady was discovering that her fund of patience was well-nigh exhausted. Dutifully, however, she followed Florian and gazed upon whatever he directed.

"Yonder sits the boat fum Trieste," he explained, pointing toward the lagoon. "Sometimes it comes an' sometimes it goes. Right now, it ain't doin' neither. An' over there ——"

But Mrs. Chew was not listening. She had stopped short and was staring toward a slender little craft which danced in the path of brilliant moonlight.

"Look, Florian!"

Mr. Slappey looked. A premonition of disaster assailed him. He tried to dissemble.

"Ain't it pretty?"

"Stop foolin' me, Florian. You know good an' well what Ise pointin' at. That boat yonder has got a cullud woman in it. An' a cullud man. The cullud man is Mistuh Lawyer Evans Chew, my husban' by ma'iage!"

"No?"

"Yeh!" Her teeth clicked. "I is beginnin' to comprehend a few things which was not understandable befo'. So tha's what Evans has been doin'." She jerked his arm. "Come along."

"Where?"

"Us chases that wuthless, good-fo'-nothin', joy-ridin' husban' of mine."

"Now, Mis' Chew ——"

She was regal in her cold wrath. "Does you does, or does you don't? 'Cause if the latter, then I goes alone."

Mr. Slappey's brain commenced clicking. He was suffering for the innocent and unsuspecting Lawyer Chew. What a reunion was in store for him! And Florian knew that it was his own fault, and he was too good a friend to desert Chew in this bleak hour of tribulation. He acquired an inspirational flash:

"Wait heah, Mis' Chew."

Without giving the lady time for argument, Florian darted down the water front to the landing stage where gondolas were parked.

He raised his voice loudly, eagerly and hopefully:

"Any of you fellers spikka English?"

To his delight a voice was raised as a somewhat dilapidated Italian gentleman came forward.

"*Si, signore.* I spikka English good. I live once in Hoboken."

"Hot dam!" Florian seized his arm and started to talk. At the same moment he produced a fifty-lire note and shoved it into the hand of the Venetian.

Simply and graphically Florian explained the essential details of the situation. He informed the gondolier that they were to chase another gondola, but were not to catch it, because of the fact that the gentleman who accompanied the lady in the front gondola was the husband of the woman who would accompany him. The Venetian's face expanded into a smile.

"Ah, signore, but what is understanding? We chase. We not catcha. Wife not find hosban'."

"Right-o! An' listen—s'pose you sing out in Italian to that other gondolier that his man's wife is chasin' him, see? An' that he's got to keep goin' an' not leave us catch up. Understan'?"

"But sairtainly, signore. I shall seenga me a song, and the words shall say to my friend: 'Do not stop. Keep away from us. Your passenger has a wife who is my passenger. And you shall be paid fifty lire extra ——'"

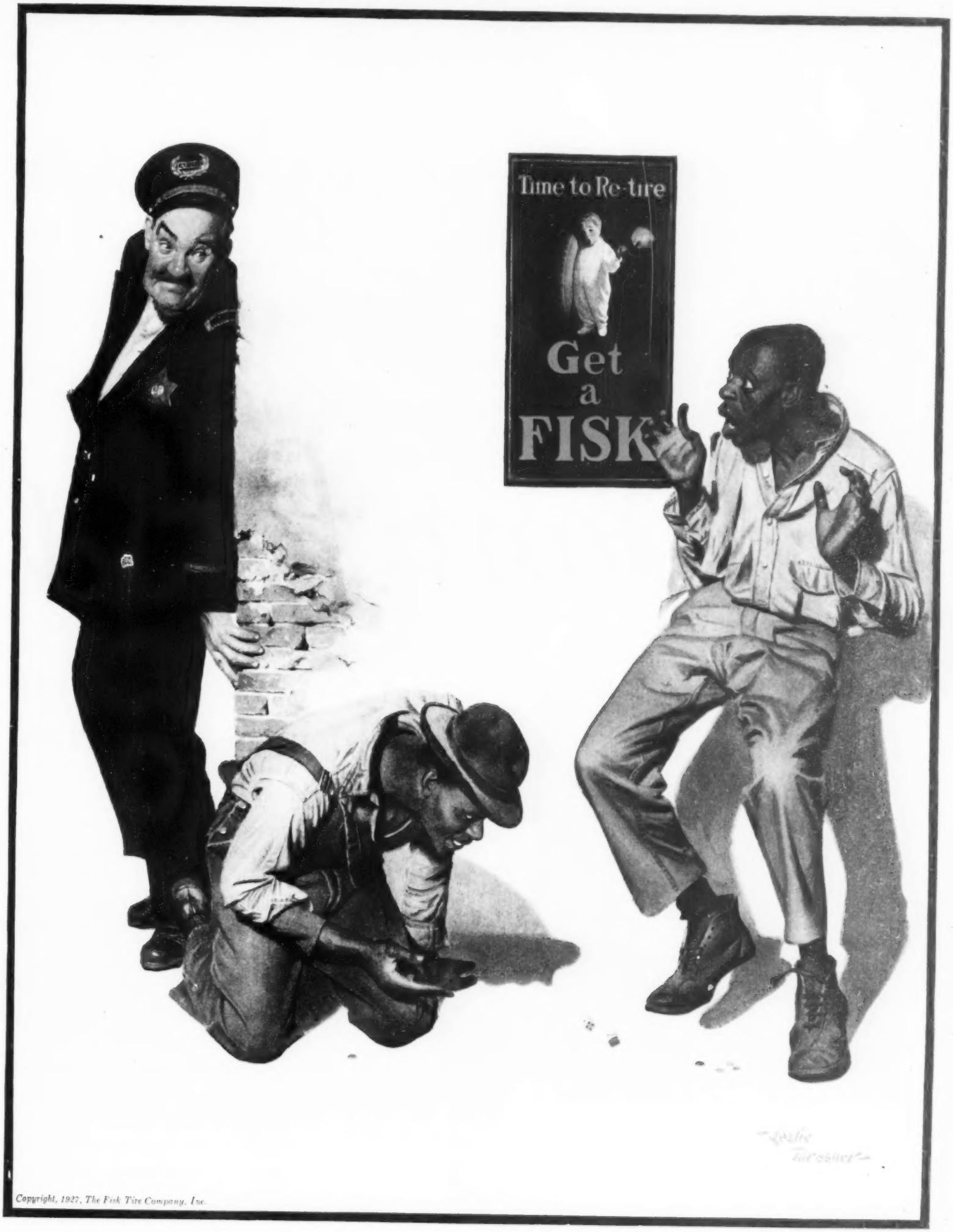
"Good! Le's travel!"

Mrs. Chew was waiting impatiently. Florian informed her that he had explained to the gondolier just exactly what was required of him. Together they pointed out to him the craft of Lawyer Chew and Sicily

(Continued on Page 190)



The Wissahickon Creek, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



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Look for this diamond and Red Ball when you buy rubber footwear



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Is that what you think? Don't you know that water is wet and snow is cold wherever it rains or snows?

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BALL-BAND

RUBBER & WOOLEN FOOTWEAR

BOOTS · LIGHT RUBBERS · HEAVY RUBBERS · ARCTICS · GALOSHES · SPORT AND WORK SHOES

(Continued from Page 186)

Clump, which was moving lazily into the Grand Canal. Florian bade him follow; gave orders that Chew's gondola was to be overhauled, then winked significantly, and the gondolier grinned.

Mrs. Chew did not settle back to enjoyment of the evening. Her wifely anger and just indignation were rising. That she should travel a third of the way around the world to her husband, and find him out romancing on the canals of Venice with another woman!

Their boat was moving swiftly, the water purling from under the prow. They came closer and closer to the other craft. Then the voice of their gondolier rang clearly over the quiet waters.

"Oh, my dear Pietro!" he called in Italian.

Chew's gondolier, hearing his name, turned. Instantly Florian's boatman broke into song. The air was culled from a famous opera, but the words were improvised. What the gondolier sang to his friend Pietro could be translated about in this manner:

"Pietro! Listen carefully. The gentleman in your boat is married. He has a jealous wife who is desperate; she is in my gondola. I have a friend of your gentleman in my gondola; he promises you fifty lire if you keep away from us—perhaps a hundred. Do not permit your passengers to land. This is easy money."

The lips of the swarthy Pietro expanded into a grin. He sang back, in hoarse Italian, that he understood perfectly and would take very good care that his passengers were not allowed to land. Whereupon he bent his muscular back, dipped his oar deep in the water and sent the boat dancing forward.

It became immediately apparent to the pursuing craft that the gondola containing Lawyer Chew and Sicily Clump was about to elude them, a fact which brought much enthusiasm to Florian Slappey. Anything seemed better now than an immediate meeting of Evans Chew and his wife. After all, Mrs. Chew might possibly be convinced that she only thought she saw her husband in the gondola. She could be certain, but not positive.

But Lithia Chew had other ideas. "They must of seen us!" she shrilled. "They're tryin' to git away!"

The leading boat swung sharply into the narrow Rio San Stefano and shot into the stygian darkness of that poorly lighted thoroughfare. Mrs. Chew grabbed the arm of her companion.

"Tell him to foller!" she ordered.

Florian demurred. "I don't speak Italian so good," said he, without admitting that his boatman could speak English very well indeed.

"You speak it good enough to make him understand."

Florian tried his hand. "*Lentamente*," he ordered. "*Facilmente. Cento lire. Bravo.*" Which, interpreted, means: "Slow. Easy. One hundred lire. Hurrah!"

The boatman spoke rapidly in his native tongue and made a great display of pursuit. But he seemed to have lost much skill in manipulating his craft, and when at length Florian and Mrs. Chew found themselves absorbed in the ghastly darkness of the Rio San Stefano they had completely lost sight of the other boat.

Mrs. Chew was furious—and helpless. Florian tried to conceal his enthusiasm.

"We cain't find 'em now, Mis' Chew. It ain't possible. An' besides, it wasn't yo' husban' anyway."

"Don't go sayin' that, Florian. If a woman don't know her own husban', whose husban' does she know?"

For perhaps fifteen minutes they poked about in black and narrow canals, searching unsuccessfully for the other gondola. Then Florian delightedly gave the order for the return to the Albergo Superbo.

Meanwhile, all was not well with the gondola in which Lawyer Chew and Sicily rode. Something was happening—a very great deal, in fact. The gondolier had broken most unaccountably into brief song. Immediately thereafter their gondola had received a violent shove, had turned swiftly and headed straight for the narrow entrance of one of the most sinister canals of Venice. Chew frowned and poked his head through the rear window of the little cabin.

"Hey, you! Grand Canal! We don't crave to ride in this li'l' one."

"*Si-si-si!*" smiled the gondolier. He probed more deeply into the blackness of the Rio San Stefano.

"I don't git this," grumbled Chew. "Reckon he must of misunderstood somethin'."

It became obvious that the gondolier had misunderstood a very great deal. For not only did he not emerge upon the placid bosom of the Grand Canal, but he seemed bent on finding the smallest, meanest, narrowest, dirtiest little canals in the ancient city.

Chew argued. He roared. He spluttered. Pietro gesticulated, smiled, shrugged, and rowed faster. He spun around corners, split the middle of black canals—and carried them into a section of Venice which was attractive neither to eye nor nostril. The attorney from Birmingham grew nervous. Nor was this feeling of apprehension lessened one whit when Sicily Clump grabbed his arm and spoke in a shaky voice.

"Evans," she moaned, "he's takin' us away to murder us! What is we gwine do?"

"Golla! How should I know? I ain't never been murdered befo'."

"Ask him."

"Oh, fo' goshness, goodness sake, Sicily, leave me be! How can I ask him nothin' when he don't know no English an' I cain't speak no Italian?"

Sicily poked her head through the window. "Please, Signor Gondolier, Albergo Superbo! Please, suh, take us to our hotel."

Pietro was all smiles. "Ah, *signora, certamente!*" But he did nothing of the kind. For two interminable hours he traversed smaller canals and darker streets—canals where the houses rose sheer and ugly from the water's edge, where the canals themselves jutted off under ominous archways. They passed open doorways where yellow light streamed palely forth and evil sounds came to their ears.

Fright gripped them both—fierce, horrid, enervating terror. Now, indeed, Venice retained none of its beauty. It was a vast, mysterious trap where innocent colored persons could be homicided and forgotten. They tried to reconcile themselves to the imminence of the hereafter.

"'Twoul'n't be so hard on me," wailed Lawyer Chew, "if it wasn't fo' thinkin' of my poor lone wife way off across the ocean. What is she gwine think when she heahs about how I disappeared in a canal?"

"An' how about J. Cæsar? I reckon my husban' ——" Sicily's voice brightened suddenly. "Evans, does you remember that restaurant over yonder?"

"Which one?"

"Over there! Ain't that the place"—her voice rose high with excitement. "Oh, Evans, he's ca'yin' us back to our hotel!"

In the lobby of the Albergo Superbo nothing was happening with dramatic intensity.

Mrs. Evans Chew, slim and terrible in her fury, was seated in the very center, her unwinking eyes focused balefully on the front door. About the walls the members of the troupe lounged uneasily. They sensed drama and lots of it. Florian had tried to talk with Mrs. Chew and failed miserably. President Latimer attempted to quiz Florian and met with a devastating rebuff.

"Lay off of me, big feller! I don't aim to discuss nothin' with nobody, no time."

And so they sat for nearly two hours—two age-long hours where every minute seemed an eternity. Mrs. Chew's anger grew by geometric progression. Florian hovered in her vicinity, hoping to flash an unnoticed signal to the unfortunate attorney. President Latimer, somehow convinced that his surprise wasn't panning as he had anticipated, wondered what it was all about. And the company, which had been busy gossiping for the past fortnight, wouldn't have moved for worlds.

Then the front door opened and two persons entered. One of them was Sicily Clump. The second was Lawyer Evans Chew.

Chew was angry. His loud voice spurted all over the lobby. He was saying something highly derogatory of Venice when his eye lighted on the figure of his wife. He stood motionless for a moment. Then he sprang forward, eyes sparkling and arms outstretched.

"Lithia!" he howled. "My own li'l' wife heah in Italy! Oh, golla ——"

Mrs. Chew rose. But when Evans would have embraced her, she placed a hand against his breast and shoved.

"Take yo' hands off me, Mistuh Chew!"

The big man was dumfounded. "Oh, honey ——"

"Ise no honey to you!"

"Where did you come fum, Lithia? I craves to know how you got heah, sugarfoots."

"Ise come fum plenty places. An' I got heah just in time."

Even the happy husband was not blind to her hostility. Her words dripped like acid on a raw wound.

"Where you been all evenin'?"

Vivid recollection of his two hours of terror smote Evans Chew. His voice rose with passionate fervor: "I has been up ev'y ditch in Venice—tha's where!"

"Seems like you must of enjoyed it."

"Seems like ain't is. I wasn't never so peeved in my whole life. I kep' tellin' that gondolier to bring me home, an' the mo' I talked the faster he rowed. Took me up one river and down another. I thought he was gwine murder me, at least. An' finely I almost had to beat him up ——"

The lawyer's story was so painfully true as to sound false. The recital of his troubles seemed like pallid fabrication.

"Venice gondoliers just likes to ride folks aroun', eh?"

"This one did." He peered at her sharply. "You is mad at me, honey!"

"I sho is. An' what's mo', you big, overgrowed, knock-kneed, gallivantin', wuthless, no-'count ——"

Her tirade was cut off in full flower by the sound of a young riot in front of the hotel. Then the door was flung back and there entered the stocky figure of Pietro, the gondolier. Immediately behind him came the gayly uniformed figure of a member of the carabinieri.

Pietro piloted the policeman to Lawyer Chew. With much vehemence he told his story. He shrieked and tore his hair; he shook his fist and waved his arms; he demanded lire—many, many lire.

The hotel manager bustled forward to act as interpreter. Lithia Chew questioned him. "Ask him what he wants fum my husban'."

A minute of violent language, and then: "He says, signora, that he desires money. He says that he was told to keep ahead of another gondola. To remain far ahead, and that he had great trouble doing so. He says he was promised fifty or one hundred lire if another gondola did not catch him."

"O-o-o-o, Evans! Spendin' our money to keep away fum me! Mistuh Interpret, ask him who tol' him he was to git away."

More discussion, and then: "He says he don't know."

"Wasn't it this big fat hunk of tripe heah?" and she designated Lawyer Chew.

"No. He says it was a different man."

Lawyer Chew was beginning to smile. Lithia was not quite so positive, and on the outskirts of the crowd Mr. Florian Slappey was commencing to feel slightly uncomfortable. The gondolier and hotel manager were in violent discussion.

"Pietro says that a friend of his—a gondolier—sang to him that the wife of his passenger was in another gondola and that he was to save this fat man here. And that he had much trouble doing it, inasmuch as he was forced to keep rowing around until his back and spirit were broken; and that all the time this fat man here was shouting at him in English, trying to make him land: and that he was frightened, but he obeyed orders because he was told he would receive fifty or one hundred lire. And just now this fat man jumped out of the gondola and did not pay him anything."

Mrs. Chew's face was relaxing. The stern lines disappeared. "Is this true, Evans?"

"Golla, sweetness, ain't it ezackly what I been tellin' you? I wish you'd b'lieve me."

She saw truth in his eyes and slipped her hand into his. "I does, honey boy! But it was on'y nachel that I should b'lieve the testimonial of my eyes." Then she swung on the crowd of pop-eyed Birmingham negroes. "One of you-all was behime this practical joke," she accused hotly. "Now, which?"

A shout of denial arose. And by a process of elimination she focused her attention on the erstwhile companion of her own gondola excursion. A great light broke upon her.

"Oh-ho! So it was you, Mistuh Florian Slappey! Two-timin' me thataway while I gondoled aroun' with you!"

He raised his head bravely enough. "I was just tryin' to save my frien'."

"Fum who?"

"A jealous wife, tha's what! A wife he ought to git saved fum. 'Cause any woman which could mistrust a lovin' husban' like Evans Chew ——"

She nodded pathetically. "You is right, Florian. I deserves ev'ything you says. An' if Evans will just forgive me ——"

"Sugarfoots, you is a'ready forgave!"

Lawyer Chew himself paid the gondolier and mollified him by adding a hundred-lire tip. Then Pietro and the policeman departed. The crowd pressed about the central group and Lawyer Chew asked the inevitable question.

"Florian," he inquired, "why did you do such?"

Mr. Slappey answered with perfect candor: "It was thisaway, Lawyer Chew. Long ago President Latimer offered a big cash-money prize to anybody which would keep you fum gittin' homesick. An' I sort of figgered that if you seen yo' wife in that second gondola you'd git terrible homesick, sho-nuff."

The following morning, just as Cæsar and Sicily had finished with their coffee, there came a knock on the door and Mr. Slappey entered. He was clad in light gray and there was a gay flower in his buttonhole. His manner was bright and easy; he twirled a cane nonchalantly and waved a happy, carefree greeting.

Cæsar refused to share his enthusiasm. "How come you is so happy, Florian?"

Mr. Slappey gestured broadly. "Why not?"

"Because ev'ything has went flooie!" snapped the little director. "Sicily an' me seen President Latimer las' night, an' when we ast him fo' our hund'ed dollars he give us a hawss laugh. So heah we is without no hund'ed dollars, an' besides ——"

Florian probed into a pocket and produced a wad of Italian currency. He thumbed it affectionately. "Heah," he murmured, "is two thousan' four hund'ed lire." He divided the money into equal shares and flung half toward his friends. "There's twelve hund'ed fo' you-all."

Husband and wife gasped. "Who off did you git this, Florian? Not President Latimer?"

"No."

"Then who?"

Mr. Slappey smiled broadly. He lowered his voice. "I got that," he announced, "fum Lawyer Evans Chew!"

"What! Lawyer Chew is givin' us one hund'ed dollars fo' keepin' him fum gittin' homesick?"

Florian grinned and shook his head. "Not ezackly one hund'ed dollars," he corrected. "He gives us fifty dollars for that."

"But the other fifty?"

"He pays us the other fifty," explained Florian, "to forget where we got the first fifty from."

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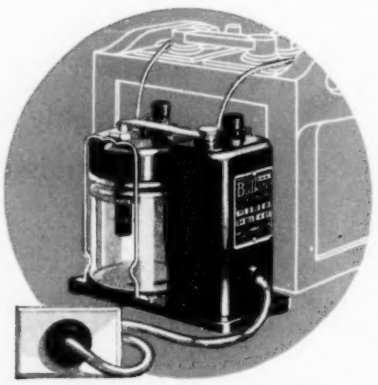
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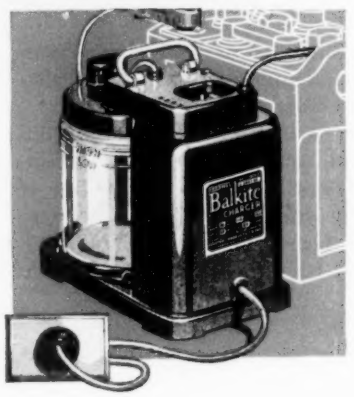
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MINNIE MILLER AND HER GUERNSEYS

(Continued from Page 40)

which forms the Thousand Springs Stock Farm. Later, sitting on the porch with the setting sun bathing the great lava wall of the canyon with fiery splendor which faded into purple and lilac and ashes of roses and gradually into the elephant gray of dusk, and with the continuous crash of the man-harnessed waterfall making a mighty orchestra in our ears, Mrs. Miller unfolded the tale of her beginnings and how she came to be running a stock farm in this enchanted spot.

"I've been in this business," she began, "for about six years, starting out with the Hampshires in 1919 and adding the Guernseys in 1920. The farm itself—that is, the bare, unimproved land—belonged to my husband, and he gave it to me for a plaything, thinking it might do for a summer place, where we could come to shoot and fish—a kind of lodge in the wilderness—but as soon as I saw it I began to have other plans. All my life I had wanted a stock farm. I love animals and I was brought up on a farm. And looking over conditions, it seemed to me that a stock farm of pure-breds in a cattle and sheep country had a pretty sure chance of success. But you must not think that from the very first I had a clearly defined blue-print plan of what I intended to do, and proceeded to map it out with the precision of clockwork. The whole business was utterly new to me. I was a raw novice, without experience; I was bound to make mistakes in order to learn. But in order to cut down my crop of mistakes to the minimum, I decided to go a year to an agricultural college. So I matriculated—a gray-haired grandmother. And the first thing they asked me was my age!

"'Goodness!' I said. 'Is that necessary in my case?' And they replied yes, because they wished to know whether I'd reached the years of discretion. 'Well, I ought to have reached them,' I laughed. 'I'm a grandmother.' And they decided to let me in. But oh, buckling down to that hard mental discipline after all my soft years was rough sledding. I used to throw myself on my bed dog-tired at night. You see, I hadn't really used my brain in years, and the brain can get out of condition from nonusage just as a muscle can. For I had married young. Before that I had worked in my father's office, keeping his accounts; and after I was married I continued to work for a while in my husband's office, for I've always liked finance."

Work—Hunted and Hunter

"Then the babies and social duties came along and that early chapter of my life was closed. But I've always had a natural bent toward business. I like organization, executive jobs, and I've always gravitated instinctively toward the chairmanship of financial committees. Being energetic by nature and liking to get things done, I had my finger in a great many social and civic and charitable enterprises in my own state. Then the children grew up and married; I passed that part of life's road and my energies were freed for other work. This stock farm is the result of that freedom. I've never been so completely happy in any other line of effort. You see, it has so many angles, and all of them are tied right up with reality, with people, with life. In social life you make your work, but in a job like this your work hunts you out, chases you out of bed in the morning and keeps you up at night; there's no eluding it even if you wanted to. There's a rock-bottom reality about it which gets you and makes the charming, easy, social existence which most women lead—which I led myself for many years—seem like an empty shell without even a far-off murmur in it of the big live sea from which it came."

The Experimental Stage

"I think I'd better tell you of some of my early mistakes. Of course I was groping, feeling my way, asking questions, using what brains I had. And then, too, I was trying to nail together some kind of organization, for it goes without saying that on a stock farm of this description, where you are engaged in raising pure-breds, you must have trustworthy, competent men on whose loyalty, intelligence and sound judgment you can absolutely rely. You see, I do not live at Thousand Springs; I live down in Salt Lake City, a night's journey by train away. If a wire comes at night requiring my presence, I can be on the spot the next morning; but it is like running any business from long distance. You must have competent men in charge. And I have. But they weren't easy to find.

"Also, in the beginning I was feeling out the conditions of the country, trying to breed what was needed most, watching climatic changes as they affected stock. You always have to move slowly in a new venture, and that is particularly true of a stock farm where you're breeding and crossing blood lines, for it takes a long time before you can get results, check up your theories and see if you're on the right road. For example, a bull is five years old before you can really tell by his sons and daughters whether he's the right kind of sire.

"One of my mistakes was range sheep. I tried breeding them for a while and then gave it up. It wasn't what I wanted. The purely commercial aspect—raising cattle or sheep for the market—has never interested me. Then I tried pure-bred hogs. That was purely experimental and eventually I gave it up, too, because Idaho is chiefly a cattle-and-sheep country and pigs are only a side issue. It was not, however, a wasted experiment, for I had built up a fine herd and passed it on to the agricultural college to carry on their breeding program.

"And as time went on I began to realize more and more that it was the breeding—the creative aspect of the work—which absorbed me. I didn't care a cent about raising cattle and sheep to be cut up into steaks and lamb chops; but to raise pure-bred Guernseys and Hampshires for the farmers and sheepmen, to improve the quality of their flocks and herds—in short, to raise the standards of the industry—that was a side of the game which appealed to me. For the fact is, not many of the fine breeds were to be had in the West. We've had to go East to the big stock farms for them—to Pennsylvania, New York and Massachusetts—and pay correspondingly high prices of course. There was no reason, I argued, why we shouldn't raise our own pure-breds right here in the West, under the same climatic conditions in which they would be used, and sell them at a more reasonable price. And so I stopped fooling around experimentally and got down to the bed rock of what the country required."

"And did your husband back your enterprise financially?"

She shook an emphatic head. "He deeded me the land and that was all; and even that he deeded with another purpose in view. It had no improvements, no buildings or irrigation system. All the rest of the investment as well as the ideas and working them out has been mine. Mr. Miller is simply an interested and enthusiastic spectator on the sidelines. He calls himself the silent partner"—she laughed—"but that is not so good, for he's decidedly not silent, and he's decidedly not a partner, because I foot all the bills. But we work it out this way: I confer with him, listen to what he has to say—and I may add that he has no inhibitions when it comes to speaking his mind—after which I do as I please. And we both are satisfied. To give an example of this: It was when I first bought my foundation flock of imported Hampshire sheep. This was a magnificent flock which had captured highest honors at leading shows across the water, and naturally it was a prize. I had received a cable from England saying it was for sale."

The Silenced Partner

"Well, I had been wanting for some time to go into breeding pure-breds, and here was my chance at a famous foundation flock. But, on the other hand, I was green, inexperienced, didn't know how Idaho climate would agree with English-bred sheep, and to top all, it was a considerable investment. It was a gamble all around. So I talked it over, pro and con, with my husband; I mostly pro and he all con. We were on a fishing trip at the time; we caught a lot of fish that day, and his verdict that night was no. Too much hazard. I reserved my judgment. He saw me looking pensive, and finally I plunged. I just had to have that flock! The silent partner disapproved, giving me chapter and verse, and he remarked genially as he dispatched the wire: 'I think you're foolish. You're going to regret this move.' That's how silent he is. But at the end of two years he reversed his judgment. The first purchase had worked out so splendidly that when it came to buying a second flock he gave his hearty approval.



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"In the case of the Hampshires, I bought my foundation flock in England ready made, so to speak; and at the same time I took on the flock's English shepherd, Jess Loader, who had brought them over to this country; Jess is pretty generally recognized as about the best shepherd of Hampshire sheep in America today, and right away I gave that end of the business into his hands, mating processes and all. He knew his job far better than I did, or ever will. He's a master magician in his own line and I trusted him up to the hilt. That, I think, is one big factor of success: To get good people into the key positions of your organizations and then let them handle their jobs in their own way. Their way may not always be your way, but if they achieve the results you want, the how of it doesn't matter. And haggling and nagging over method or detail often loses you a good topman. So, subject to my general approval, Jess is pretty much boss of the sheep."

Handmade Champions

"In the matter of the Guernseys I handled the matter differently. In the first place it was my own money I was playing with, and no unlimited amount at that; in fact, I had to watch my margins like a hawk. So with the Guernseys I started in on a small scale. I began by buying purebred, registered yearling heifers, a bull calf, a few cows, and then raised them myself. The reason for that was, first, that it didn't cost so much, and second, and even more important, I could watch them in their new environment, note their growth and see how they developed under the different climatic conditions. And I discovered that in this fertile little island on the valley floor, with its crystalline spring water, its meadows of sweet clover and alfalfa and its tempered climate, I had well-nigh perfect breeding conditions, which have resulted inside of six years in a long line of trophy cups and international championships.

"So in the case of the Guernseys I made haste slowly and raised my own champions. The difference between buying your champions ready made and raising them yourself is the difference between buying a picture and painting it yourself. It is, no doubt, a great pleasure to be able to buy a fine picture, but it's a lot more fun to be able to paint one. And it's the same thing with breeding, in trying to produce a champion. In the first place, you're dealing with the mystery of life itself; you're a kind of god; for with domesticated animals like cattle and sheep there is practically no natural selective process of reproduction. It is the breeder who does the selection through a study of blood lines. He strives to eliminate certain tendencies and to strengthen others. With Guernseys, for example, we breed directly toward production, which means milk, and toward beauty of form as an indication of production; and on the other hand, we try to breed away from any peculiarities of form which tend to diminish production.

"A cow is beautiful to us, as breeders, when its form is symmetrical and indicates powers of production. The points to be considered, for example, in selecting an ideal Guernsey cow would be a feminine head, showing refinement; wide muzzle and powerful jaws, indicating good feeding power; a full, expressive eye, revealing what is termed a good dairy temperament, which means alertness, liveliness, a fine feeder, and so on; neck thin, fine over the withers, a straight back and a good spring of rib, an oily flexible skin—but I won't go through the whole list. That's enough to indicate the well-defined goal we're working toward, namely, to increase the quantity and the quality of milk. So all our points of beauty are strictly utilitarian—to create the perfect milk machine. We breed toward that goal just as with race horses they breed toward speed."

The following morning she took me over her plant—milking barns, testing barns, calf barns and sun parlors for ailing babies, all the equipment of a modern stock farm with the finest scientific construction down to the last detail, but not needlessly extravagant. Everything scientific, solid, substantial, but practical and worked out at the lowest possible cost. This particular farm is given over to Guernseys, grand champions, junior champions and future champion calves which frolicked just as joyously in the meadows as if they were not blood royal, bunted each other awkwardly, submitted to caresses and licked our light frocks as if they were Guernsey cream.

"Some of the visitors to the farm," said Mrs. Miller, laughing, "expect to find me decked out like a Wild West show. On Sundays they arrive in a continuous stream. They drive down the dugway and begin to look around for a wild bronco-busting cowgirl in chaps and loud bandanna. They're disappointed at finding nothing more romantic than simple sports clothes such as they'd see at any country club. Sometimes in wet weather I put on high boots, but the main necessity is tub clothes, for the calves lick me all over, and in this hot weather I change several times a day."

We followed the canal out to a lush green meadow dotted with calves, fawn-colored spotted with white, and pretty as young deer; and beyond the fruit and vegetable gardens were still other meadows with rows of willows; and up under the beetling cliffs and her own private waterfall where hundreds of little springs gushed down the black rock, still other herds of sleek tawny cattle grazed knee-deep in rustling grass. Quail called from the bushes; speckled trout rose in the rushing little creek beneath the rustic footbridge; and over all was the roar of the great spillway as it crashed down the cliff and shattered in diamond rainbow spray at its base. An ideal breeding spot, shut in between high walls, dreaming its own little dream of creation; the kind of spot in which one might expect to encounter Pan emerging suddenly from the creek bottom with a half-made pipe, for here we found his hollow jointed reeds all to hand. It was a pure idyl—Arcadia, with the entangling alliances of the outside world shut out by those great walls. But well I knew that this particular Arcadia had a solid framework of unadulterated hard work.

A Drinking Cup for Every Cow

In the cow barn I exclaimed over the individual drinking cups. "Yes," laughed Mrs. Miller, "those drinking cups created a good deal of mirth when they were first installed. The joke went the rounds that Mrs. Miller had fixed up her place so cozy that each cow had its own individual drinking cup, toilet and bathtub! You should have heard them laugh! But it pays to be scientific when you're dealing with such a scientific subject as breeding. At the same time I am not trying to make a rich woman's plaything out of this or to install the most extravagant and expensive equipment regardless of cost.

"My aim is to show by practical demonstration what an average, comfortably fixed farmer can afford to expend on his own herd; so I try to keep expenses down, the equipment modern, scientific, practical, and, as far as possible, homemade. And the fact is it doesn't cost much to have things right, with mechanics on the place; it costs far more in the end to have them wrong. But I do it cheap. I don't want the visiting farmers who drive down the dugway to inspect the plant to go away and say, 'Oh, yes, that's all right for a show place like Mrs. Miller's, but an ordinary farmer can't afford all those highfalutin' doodads.' What I'm trying to run in this cattle and sheep country is a kind of model demonstration farm to show what can be achieved in quality, scientific construction and method on a moderate outlay.

"That's one thing. Another is that I aim to make it pay. I've always said that though I love what I'm doing—namely, striving to improve the standards inside the cattle and sheep industries in this intermountain region by the production of pure-breds—still I wouldn't be happy if I couldn't make it pay for itself. People have told me over and over that such a thing couldn't be done. Well, it can be done, provided one goes at it slowly, prudently, buying gradually, raising one's own champions and not attempting too much any one year. There are a great many provisos in that, I'll admit, and a breeder can stub his toe badly on any one of them. But I never advertised this as an easy job.

"Looked at from any side, there's a lot of hard work connected with a stock farm. It's not a career for anybody who loves to sit in his chair and dream. There are so many angles and offshoots to the main problem, and that's what fascinates me. To enumerate a few of them: First, of course, there's the breeding problem; the problem of feed; the tremendously important question of organization, personnel, keeping *en rapport* with employes so that they understand what you're striving for, and collaborate. In addition there is the registry of stock; charting the animals and their markings; keeping up their records, ancestry, offspring and prizes."

A Stock Company on the Circuit

"Then there are the testing records. When the cows are fed, the amounts used are all measured and recorded, and daily books are kept for a year under the supervision of the state inspector to show the daily quantity of milk and the percentage of butterfat. Added to that is the business of showing the animals on the show circuit, which is an angle all to itself. These show circuits are usually arranged so that the shows in the various cities follow one another in point of time in order that the breeder may attend them all, one after another in a series, at the same general season of the year. That means shipping the animals, guarding them en route and at the show, and keeping them in the pink of condition in a strange environment. Still another angle is the marketing—the sales in the auction ring and to private purchasers. Here again the problem is not simple, for these are not ordinary sheep and cows, with the daily market quotations to guide you on price. They're pure-breds, used in order to improve quality, and so the price depends on the demand. Of course these showings, the excitement of competition, the prizes, trophies and championships, are all very nice in their way, for they mean recognition, reputation, prestige. They reveal to us on the farm that we're working along the right track, that our judgment has been sound. But it's the daily job itself, its diversity and its hard work, which stands out in the end as the real thing.

"Sometimes very amusing incidents occur on the show circuit. The first year I was so new and strange to the game and I had so few sheep to show that it seemed absurd and ridiculous to take part at all. However, I went on with it just as seriously as if I'd had a fine big flock. But the trouble was my friends didn't take me seriously, and the social columns said Mrs. Miller had abandoned pink teas to go into stock raising, which I thought was a mean crack, for I hadn't abandoned them at all. I still go when I find the time. Of course it was perfectly natural for people to smile at me at first; I was a greenhorn with no experience and a lot of nerve. But the point was I didn't intend to remain one. I wasn't afraid to ask questions and seek advice, and the men in the business were very kind to me.

"There's another thing—this eternal question of sex. Women often ask me if I don't have a hard time in this kind of business on account of my sex. They want to know if men don't take advantage of me in deals, or flatter me or flirt with me or embarrass me on account of my sex. No, they do not. Emphatically, no. You see, I don't put sex into my work. I don't see that this job of mine is a matter of sex at all. And when it comes to competition, I'm dead sure sex doesn't enter. It's every man for

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himself—which is exactly how it should be. But I had to rely on men until I found my feet, and on the whole they have treated me just as they would treat a man. Possibly they went out of their way a little more for me because I was a newcomer to their ranks and they saw I was eager to learn." She laughed humorously.

"Maybe, also, the fact that I am a gray-haired grandmother operated as a setback in my case. But, no, I don't honestly believe that's true. I think the kind of treatment a woman in business receives from men is usually up to the woman herself. No man is going to pour success into her lap unless it's for a personal reason; and then it's a fake success. If it's to be real, permanent, a woman has to work for it; she has to put into it exactly the same kind of continuity, concentration and the free use of gray matter that a man puts into his business affairs. Of course if a woman raises the banner of sex in business she'll always find men to rally round. But just about ten times out of ten, men take the cue from the woman, and the way she acts governs their actions also. But in the end, if she wants success, she has to stop playing the eternal game of peekaboo and get down to sawing wood."

At this juncture the silent partner appeared upon the scene and we set off down the river for another farm where the Hampshires are kept.

"Did you tell Miss Frazer the story about the sheepman up in Boise?" he inquired with a chuckle.

"I did not. That's your story. I wouldn't steal it off you for worlds. Tell her if she likes." She did, and the silent partner, a Virginian by birth and a Westerner by inclination, who knew this whole great, rugged intermountain region like the palm of his hand—had shot over it and done business in it for the past twenty years and loved it like a friend—proceeded with his yarn in a soft Virginia drawl.

"It was up in Boise at a woolgrowers' convention. Being president of the American Hampshire Sheep Association, a national organization, Mrs. Miller has to sit in at most of these powwows. This one wound up with a big banquet, which my wife attended in her official capacity, but at which she did not speak. I don't know how she got out of that; usually, being the only woman in a horde of men, they stick her right up at the top of the program. Western chivalry, I guess."

"Not at all. It's because I make a good speech."

"Well, anyhow, she didn't make one that night. She was simply an inconspicuous guest."

A Little Son of a Gun

"After the banquet was concluded Mrs. Miller sat quietly in the lobby with her bag, waiting for her train. Across the lobby sat a prominent sheepman, an old-timer, a speaker at the banquet. He sat staring steadily at her. Smiling a little, he was. Presently he got unsteadily to his feet, crossed the lobby and stood over her with outstretched hand.

"'I been lookin' at you!' he exclaimed rosily. 'Haven't you noticed me lookin' at you?'

"'Why, no.'

"'Well, I've been lookin' at you.' He reached down, took one of her hands in his big mitt and patted it genially. He was feeling a bit rosy, tongue a bit thick, but all there. Don't forget that.

"'I been wantin' to meet you! Know why I been wantin' to meet you?'

"'Why, no.'

"'I like you! Know why I like you?'

"'Why, no, I don't.'

"'I like you because you do things!'

"'Oh, no, I don't.'

"'Yez, you do, you li'l son of a gun!'"

He told it inimitably, finishing with a hearty chuckle, and added, "That old-timer pulled a nifty when he said that which covers the situation pretty well. It's the admiration most decent men feel when they see a woman getting round a big, live job. 'I like you because you do things!' 'Oh, no, I don't.' 'Yez, you do, you li'l son of a gun!' That's it; he hit it square on the head."

We arrived at the lower farm, and Jess Loader, crook in hand, his lean Scotch collie, Quiz, capering ahead, led us forth to his prize flock. The ewes stood huddled together guarding the young, which blatted feebly in the intense heat. Big, solid, square-clipped, with black noses, black ears, eyes and feet, and otherwise pure white without a single black thread. Though, of course, as Jess explained, it was not the fine wool quality, but the quality for mutton producing which counted. He enumerated some of the points of an ideal Hampshire—broad hindquarters, bones not too big or coarse.

"Why?" I inquired.

What Well Dressed Lambs Wear

"Because you can't have fine-grained meat on big, coarse bones, and it's meat you're after with Hampshires. In feeding a lamb you go after the frame first and put the meat on after. If he stunts first, he's hard to develop later. The early lambs put on a pound of meat a day. But you must have lots of pasture and the right kind of feed."

He spoke of Desert Gold, international champion ram lamb, product of his own judgment in blood lines.

"Not so big as an English ram," he said, "but just a nice, medium-sized lump of pure quality, so finely balanced you couldn't fault him."

"Why," I demanded, "do all these sheep wear red neckties?"

Mrs. Miller laughed. "Coyotes," she explained. "We had so much trouble with coyotes killing the sheep that we tried tying red cotton strips around their necks in order to scare off the marauders. And it worked. It was strange, you see. When they caught sight of those dangling red strings they ran away. But when the farmers saw all those fine rams and ewes with red bowknots tied around their necks, they asked, 'What in creation are those sheep doing with red neckties? Wouldn't you know it was a woman's concern?' But the coyotes have let them alone. And when they get used to the neckties we'll just have to try something else."

We came to a rustic footbridge; Jess with his crook discoursing on pastures and roughage; Quiz, lean, ardent, dashing ahead, leaping five-barred gates with the easy grace of a pole-vaulting ace. The flock of ewes we had come to inspect had temporarily cached themselves in the creek ravine. Jess said casually, "Go fetch 'em in, Quiz. Try the willows."

Quiz bolted away, swung around in a large circle and presently returned. No sheep. Alert, vibrant, he stood gazing up into his master's face, and his look said plainer than words: "Bum steer, boss. Where now?" Jess replied, "Not there, eh? Well, try over yon." The dog leaped off, supple as a jackrabbit, skimming the fences like a bird. In a few minutes he was back without the flock. He stood eagerly awaiting commands. It was plain he wanted to round up those sheep, but like a good subordinate officer he obeyed his general's orders even when he knew those orders were wrong. Jess was deep in talk; he did not even look up as he said, "Well, go and scout around yourself." Thus given liberty of action, the collie whirled away and a few moments later the flock appeared on the run. Quiz sent them in with a bang. "Hi! Hi!" cried Jess, waving his crook from the bridge. "Don't let 'em cross. Shoot 'em into the upper meadow! Turn 'em; turn 'em, Quiz!" Quiz turned them like a flash.



"Got more sense than some men," commented Jess. "Fact is, he's too full of ideas. I have to hold him in."

"And now that you've seen my stock farm and the various angles of the situation," said Mrs. Miller, "I want you to take a three or four days' trip through the country and see how my little proposition fits into the bigger one."

Accordingly the next day, the silent partner at the wheel, we climbed the steep dugway and came once more out on the top, with its fine fertile, well-watered benches and its luxuriant crops. Our itinerary took us first to the Big Drop, a canal which waters 250,000 acres of land. Then over to Shoshone Falls, now utilized by the Idaho Power Company. Here the Snake rushes turbulently at the bottom of a narrow gorge between black lava cliffs 1000 feet high.

"You see," said the silent partner, "why the Snake is called the jugular vein of Idaho."

This was the agricultural section, ideal country for great dairy herds. The next three days we inspected the high range country of the Sawtooth Mountains. More rolling lava, sage plains and ragged high uplands fit only for grazing, with the sharp, jagged peaks of the Sawtooth, purple and lilac in the deep chasms, tawny cut velvet on the lower flanks, forming the backdrop of the scene. We were now in typical range country, narrow valleys shut in between towering peaks, camp tenders with their covered wagons, Basque sheep herders, and everywhere bands of sheep. Everywhere, and yet invisible. They were tucked away in remote little side draws, spread out grazing on a steep hillside, mingling with the dusty colors of the land, or feeding on the ridge of a hill and trailing steadily higher all the time. The country was alive with them.

Upper and Lower Berths

We halted at Ketchum, the railroad terminal and an important shipping point for lambs, and now, in early June, at the peak of the shipping season. $200,000 worth of spring lambs shipped out in a single day. The sheepmen were brisk and happy, rubbing their hands. Why not, with spring lambs nineteen cents a pound, live weight, on the Chicago market that day? They might go broke that summer; they might go broke next fall, for the sheep game is one of the chanciest in the world, but right now, in that keen, nippy air, with the snow-painted peaks of the Sawtooth Range at their backs and before them trainloads of forty cars, each car a double-decker, with one hundred and thirty-five lambs to a deck, pulling out for Eastern markets, and with Chicago, Denver, Omaha and Kansas City yelling for more spring lambs to feed the nation's maw, these men were sitting pretty and figured their profits like Wall Street boys. With this big difference: They had produced the stuff they were figuring their profits on.

"Now," said Mrs. Miller, "you've seen practically the whole show, the low agricultural country, the high range country, the reason for cattle and for sheep. We have to have quality and maintain high standards in order to command the price. And the nation has to be fed. It is not practical for individual farmers to import pure-breds from England, and even transporting them from the Eastern stock farms is an expensive and risky affair, so that's where I come in. I'm a necessary cog in the great machine. And the best part of it is that there's no end to this game, no fixed goal at which I can stop and say, 'Now it's perfect. I'm through.' It's a continuous progression, a continuous fight. And that's what grips you. You toil up one little sawtooth peak of endeavor, feeling like a million dollars at the top, and then, darn it, there's another sawtooth just ahead, and you've got to climb it to see what it looks like on the other side."




Easter


Mother's Day


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Whitman's
Chocolates


Birthday


Graduation


Halloween


Thanksgiving


Christmas


Week-End

OPPORTUNITY

(Continued from Page 28)

The robbery, or attempted robbery, occurred at noon on a Friday in June, some fourteen months before. Rennett was there at the time: he had been sent from the downtown offices on an errand to the manager of the branch. The manager was a man named Thomlinson—an elderly man who would soon be past his usefulness. As a result of Rennett's mission, Thomlinson had left his desk and gone along the corridor behind the cages to the safe; and Rennett, while he waited, also moved along this corridor and stood talking to one of the tellers there. He was standing in that position when the robber came in.

There were two or three customers in the bank at the time. The special officer ordinarily on duty had gone to lunch. No one paid any particular attention to the robber when he entered. He was, it later proved, of foreign extraction, and an amateur at crime, driven by necessity or by cupidity to this attempt, so bold and desperate. He was not known in the bank; had done no business there. On this day he approached the window of the teller's cage nearest the door and presented a twenty-dollar bill and asked for change.

Neal, describing the incident, named this teller, but the train at the moment banged across a switch and the clatter drowned his word. "I didn't hear that name," I said.

"Firkin," he repeated, and smiled and spelled it out for me. "F-i-r-k-i-n." And he added, "The name is curiously appropriate. Firkin is a short, stout, stolid person who suffers from the heat. There are always little beads of moisture on his brow, like the drops of water on a ball of fresh-made butter."

So, he repeated, this stranger, this foreigner, thrust a crumpled twenty-dollar bill through the wicket in Firkin's cage and asked for change; and while Firkin was preparing to hand it to him the man lifted a pistol above the counter and leveled it at Firkin's large and vulnerable body and added huskily:

"All the bills you've got!"

Firkin stood still a moment, and perspiration popped upon his forehead, and he shuddered. He found some difficulty in wrenching his eyes away from the round hole in the end of the pistol barrel, but after an instant he began to move in a sort of frenzy of desperate haste. He had no great amount of cash in his cage, some hundreds of dollars perhaps, but what there was he bundled together and pushed through the wicket, under the muzzle of the pistol. He had no weapon, so there was really nothing else for him to do.

The affair passed very quickly, but the teller in the next cage saw Firkin's hurried and uncertain movements, and he saw the pistol, and he called some word of alarm. The robber let off his pistol, wildly, in that direction; and one of the customers, a woman, screamed; and then someone in the rear of the place fired through the grille of the cages at the man at Firkin's window.

The man by that time had his hands full of paper money; and he dropped to the floor on his hands and knees, stuffing the money into his coat pocket. He must have thought the shot came from one of the customers, who had huddled by the farther desk, for he sent a random shot in their direction; and then, keeping under cover of the front of the cages, he began to scuttle toward the door with the pistol in his hand.

It was Rennett who prevented his escape to the street. The young man, from his position in the corridor, had seen what went forward; and at the first shot he darted into the inclosure where the manager's desk was, and waited there on his hands and knees at the corner of Firkin's cage. Thus he and the robber met, as it were, face to face; and Rennett went for him in a sprawling sort of way, and the man fired. The first shot grazed Rennett's side, and the second went wild in the scuffle, and they wrestled for a moment together. Then the man pulled trigger for the third time and the ball entered Rennett's leg just below the knee and crumpled him up so that he let go his hold. The robber jerked free and sprang again for the door, but by this time the nearest policeman was at hand, and since the man's gun held only five shots he was easily overpowered.

There was, for a few minutes, a good deal of confusion. Rennett's leg needed quick attention, and someone tried to give him first aid, and someone else telephoned for an ambulance, which presently clanged at the door.

They got Rennett into it, and then they discovered that Firkin was down, in his cage. He proved to be unconscious, and the orderly thought a bullet must have hit him: and in the hurry they bundled Firkin into the ambulance, too, and raced away to the hospital.

But Firkin, it developed, had no hurt at all: he had simply collapsed from fright. So during the ensuing days the limelight centered upon Rennett. The bones in his leg were broken, and he had for a while a painful time of it; and the newspapers printed photographs of him propped in bed, and later in a wheel chair, and on crutches when he left the hospital at last.

There was enough of this to turn a wise man's head, but Rennett took it all with a deprecatory modesty; and he returned to his work, after some weeks, walking with a slight limp, but with no other sign upon him that he remembered the affair at all.

As time went by, however, it began to appear that the matter was very much in his mind.

The bank showed a decent appreciation of Rennett's perhaps unnecessary heroism. May, the cashier, went to see him in the hospital once or twice and arranged that he should have there every conceivable attention, and Neal, interested in the young man and in the affair, also went to see him.

"May had told me that he was a promising youngster," he explained. "And of course this incident made him conspicuous. I was pleased with him. He greeted me in a pleasant, boyish way, with a certain attractive deference, and he made light of my expressions of sympathy, yet at the same time made clear his own appreciation. I talked with him for some time. I remember thinking at the time that there was something on his mind; that there was a certain expectancy in his bearing, a vague disappointment when I rose to go. But nothing very tangible.

"Another time, though, there was something said. I had gone up with May one afternoon; and Rennett asked after some of his friends, and I remember he asked at last:

"'What's become of Firkin?'

"May told him, 'Why, he's in the same place.'

"Rennett made no comment on that, but it seemed to me he was surprised. Watching him, I thought there was something like resentment in his eyes."

For a while after Rennett returned to his work, Neal continued, he heard nothing more about the young man. "I asked May about him one day," he said. "And May hesitated a moment, and then said casually that Rennett hadn't quite settled back into harness yet. He said nothing more than that, nor did I."

But apparently others in the bank began to perceive a certain change in Rennett. Youth understands youth; and there were young men there. They made, in the end, a diagnosis; and though it was never published, it was manifest in their actions. Rennett himself became conscious of this atmosphere which surrounded him; he discovered, now and then, a smile on someone's face when he passed by; he marked how, here and there, heads bent together. And the young man was forced to hide his own understanding and his anger.

He had, a few days after his return to work, been led into an indiscretion. His associates, of course, sought opportunities to speak of what he had done, the older men in tones of congratulation, the younger in good-natured raillery which masked a deeper feeling.

"A brave thing," the elders said, but the men his own age were more apt to pretend to jeer at him. They called the affair a grand-stand play, accused him of trying to be a hero.

To this he one day incautiously retorted, "That's all right. I saw my chance and grabbed it, that's all!"

"Chance?" someone echoed, and he colored a little and agreed:

"Sure. You've got to make them know you're alive to get ahead here. They're not likely to forget me now."

He must have been sorry for the word, even before he saw their smiles, but he met their amusement with a defiant confidence, and tried to hide his confusion and his anger from their eyes. But thereafter they made, in a friendly way, fair game of him.

"Shown anybody you're alive lately?" they would ask. Or: "Anybody forgot you today?" And he had no recourse save to smile.

He was driven, after some weeks, to go to May with a direct appeal for an increase in his pay. He put the request upon most formal grounds.

"I haven't had one for a year," he pointed out. "And I've had a raise every year up to now."

"We usually wait till we shift a man to some new work," May explained in a friendly tone. "You have no cause to be impatient, Rennett. Bide your time."

"Well," Rennett said uncertainly, "I just want to make sure you don't forget me when the time comes round."

May knew most things that went on in the bank, and he smiled faintly at that word. Rennett saw the smile, and he flushed to the ears and stood very straight for a moment, waiting for what May should say.

But the cashier simply nodded.

"You can rely on us, Rennett," he said again; and the young man was glad to escape so easily, and turned away.

But May was disturbed by the incident, and he spoke of it, some time later, to Neal.

"Give him some sop," Neal suggested, but May shook his head.

"I'd rather not," he protested. "I don't like to see a man trading on a thing like that. Wait till he settles down to work again."

He did wait, and Rennett, perforce, waited too. But he did not settle down to the slow routine of affairs; did not resume his place upon the leisurely turning wheel. And after an interval he came to May once more; came this time boldly, or defiantly perhaps, and spoke that which was in his mind.

"I'll have a game leg the rest of my life," he exclaimed angrily, "and all I get out of it is the hospital bills."

May studied the young man with inscrutable eyes. "You've been brought ahead pretty rapidly, Rennett," he said. "You have ability, have a lot of qualities we like and want to use. But banking is a big business; learning it takes time. You're not yet ready for a larger responsibility."

"I can do my work now with one hand tied," Rennett cried explosively.

"We'd rather you used your head than your hands," May reminded him.

"I think I've earned something," Rennett insisted, and the cashier hesitated, looked down at his desk.

"Be a little sensible, Rennett," he objected. "Here was an affair involving a few hundred dollars, nothing more. You risked your life; that's true. But you also risked the lives of our customers, and of other employes who might have been hit by stray bullets. What you did was valorous and chivalric enough, and all that, but wasn't it a little like tilting at windmills?"

"I didn't stop to count the loot," Rennett said bitterly.

"We're grateful, of course," May assured him; and the young man took heart from that.

"That's the point," he confessed. "You told me yourself, one day, that I'd have to be content to go ahead slowly here, but I don't want to go slowly if I can go faster. This is my chance. I think I deserve something, and you say the bank is grateful, and you admit I do my work, and can do more. And I want to take advantage of this opportunity, Mr. May. That's the only thing. If I don't, in another year or so I'll just be one of the young men in here, no different from the others. I've got to make the most of this while I can."

May smiled a little wearily. "You demand, then, a quid pro quo?" he suggested. "Would 10 per cent appeal to you as a fair reward?"

"I don't mean that," Rennett insisted. "It's the principle of the thing."

May sat for a little without speaking; there seemed no more for him to say, but he did venture, "Your work hasn't kept up to standard, Rennett."

"Oh, excuses!" Rennett flared.

"I will take it up," May said at last. "See what can be done." He hesitated, fighting his irritation. After all, Rennett was a young man, and he had ability. He smiled in a placating fashion. "Only, don't try to hurry me," he begged.

Rennett nodded, a little ashamed of himself. "Thank you, sir," he replied. "I'm willing to leave it to you. I just want to be sure you understand."

He turned away and left the cashier to sit for a while with thoughtful eyes. May was full of a vague disappointment, stirred by faint misgivings. He kept his word to the young man; brought the matter, in due course, before the directors. He had discussed it first with Neal, but Neal was not a man likely to sympathize with such demands.

"Rennett shows a lack of character," he told May. "That's a serious fault in one who must be trusted."

May argued with him; he pointed out that Rennett was young, had the eagerness of youth, and the impatience. The fact that he failed to move Neal served to fix and confirm his own advocacy of Rennett's cause, and he went to some lengths at last before the board. But he had in the end no satisfaction there. One of the directors who was plain of speech, said harshly:

"If he's good at a rough and tumble, make him night watchman, May."

The cashier found himself in a hopeless minority. They left the thing, of course, to his judgment; told him he might do as he thought wise.

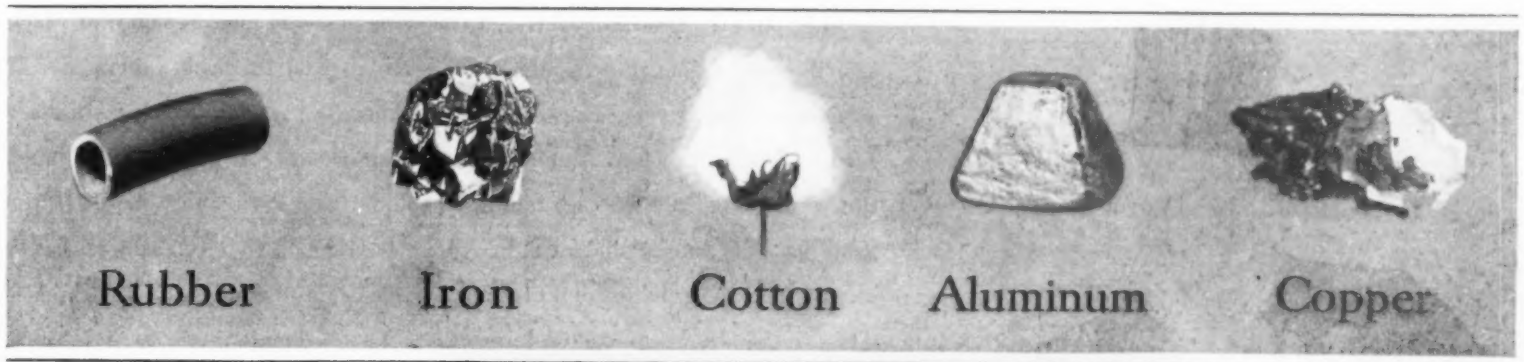
"But he could see their feeling," Neal pointed out. "So of course he could not go ahead against them. He had had to admit to them that Rennett's work in the bank was deteriorating."

And he went on to say that May postponed, as long as possible, the unpleasant business of telling Rennett their decision. "They had had no personal contact with the young man, of course," he explained. "So perhaps they did not appreciate as fully as May did what a difference the affair had made in him, in his attitude, his point of view. Instead of nursing an ambition, he was now harboring a grudge." And he added, "I've no intention of reminding May of this, after what has happened. But I advised him at the time that Rennett was dangerous, that his state of mind was not to be trusted. Nothing so distorts the point of view as a grudge; it colors the whole aspect of the world."

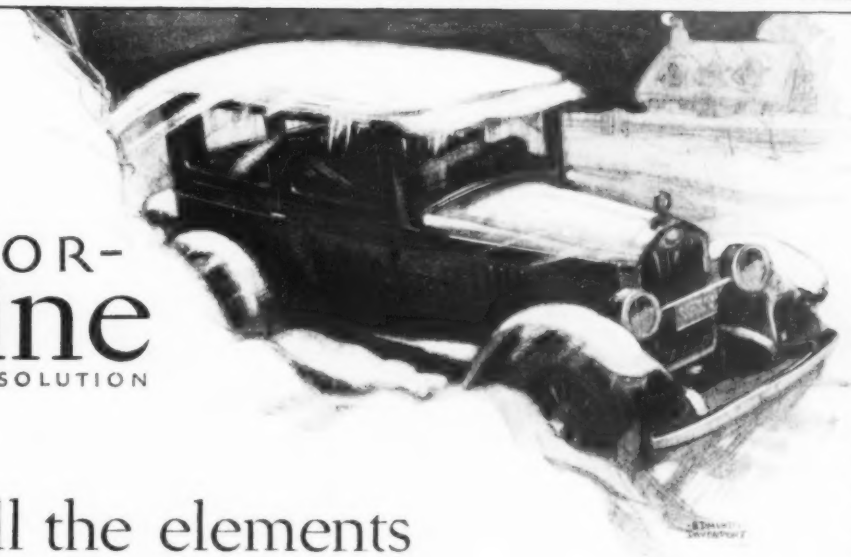
He drifted away, for the moment, from the thread of the tale, to discuss this point.

(Continued on Page 203)

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Radiator Glycerine is a boon to the motorist who drives in winter. It will not evaporate, so it never needs replacement, if kept from leaking away. It is permanent anti-freeze protection.

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Naturally, it is economical because as long as you do not waste it by leakage or overflow, it never needs replacement. Many motorists have used the same solution season after season. Some leave it in their cars all summer.

Radiator Glycerine solutions circulate freely in all types of cooling systems. Automotive experts have used and recommended them long before their many advantages were pointed out by the U. S. Bureau of Standards.

To help you keep Radiator Glycerine in your Motor Car cooling system, *read these simple instructions*

ALTHOUGH the permanence of Radiator Glycerine makes it cheaper in the long run, its first cost is greater than that of other anti-freeze agents, so it is of prime importance to prevent its waste.

Above all, be sure the cooling system is tight. Remember glycerine takes advantage of minor leaks. Your gargeman can easily flush all dirt and sediment from the cooling system, tighten hose connections, cylinder head gaskets, and pump packing, so there can be absolutely no question but that the system is glycerine-tight.



Also don't waste glycerine through the overflow pipe *inside* the radiator. Never fill radiator higher than within 3 inches of the top of this pipe. This allows the solution to expand without overflowing when heated up.

Remember only leakage or overflow can impair the permanence of glycerine's protection. No replacement for evaporation is necessary except an occasional replenishment of the *water* in the solution as in summer.

Use only pure distilled radiator glycerine solutions vouched for by a reliable maker and be sure your car is carefully serviced according to the instructions. You can then drive your car in all kinds of weather free from all worry over the possibility of a frozen motor.

All the World's a Stage

At the play . . . in little old New York or in Gopher Prairie. Not all the cast is in the programme. For the men and women are also players. They come to see . . . but *they* are seen . . . hurrying down the carpeted aisles . . . standing aside as seats thump down . . . gaily chatting above the rhythm of the music. This is the drama of man's leisure hours, and these the things he wears:

Knitted scarfs of silk in reefer shape, and silk squares; some relieved with dots or stripes of black . . . bows with butterfly ends . . . hose of black silk clocked in black, others in soft ribbed lisle . . . handkerchiefs in sheer linen or silk . . . dress shirts of fancy piqué from Paris and London, in the newest mode that is Fashion's latest concession to comfort.

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(Continued from Page 200)

"Rennett was like a man," he said, "who is climbing, or seeking to climb, a mountainside. That is a business of choosing your path and selecting your footholds with care; and if you trust your weight upon an insecure vantage, it may collapse beneath you, and let you down to destruction.

"This young man had seen, in that which he did, such a foothold; he had seen opportunity; seen a step by means of which he might go upward at a bound, instead of following the long and less arduous way. He had rested all his weight upon this foothold; upon this theory of his that his heroism had earned from the bank a swift advancement. And his theory was about to collapse beneath him now."

May had to tell Rennett the situation. He put the bad news as gently as possible. The directors, he said, were not willing for the present to take any definite step. "You see," he told Rennett disingenuously—"you see, matters of promotion, and so on, are usually taken up at the December meeting, in anticipation of the new year. It's only April now."

"They should have done something last January," Rennett pointed out. "They had a chance then."

"I'm afraid that was my fault," May confessed, taking the blame upon his own shoulders. "I'm afraid I did not put the matter before them. But it is more or less settled policy to defer all such questions to the December meeting."

"It was only six months old last December," Rennett said. "It will be eighteen months, next winter."

"That will give you opportunity," May suggested, "to demonstrate your abilities, make them see that you deserve whatever they may decide to do."

Rennett considered this for a moment. "The point is," he said quietly, "I've demonstrated my loyalty to the bank, and the bank doesn't seem to want to show its gratitude."

"Not just now," May urged.

Rennett looked at him. "That's an evasion," he accused. "The truth would be 'Not any time,' wouldn't it?"

May was willing to put him off, but Rennett's eyes demanded the truth, and in the end the cashier gave it to him. "Promotion here is more apt to be based on good work," he confessed; "whenever it comes."

And Rennett got to his feet at that, walking with a little more limp than usual as he moved toward the door. At the door he turned as though to speak, and hesitated a moment; but in the end he only laughed, and went out and closed the door behind.

So, Neal pointed out, the young man who had hoped to bound up the ladder he strove to climb, found himself falling back instead.

"He need not have fallen back," Neal conceded. "He was no worse off than he had been before; but he had been relying for almost a year upon this theory of his, this hypothesis that opportunity had come to him and that he must seize and hold it fast. And he had overlooked or forgotten the routine business which should have been his real concern. A fall from an imagined height may bruise the spirit even more keenly than the body is bruised by a fall from an actual pinnacle."

The effect had been apparent, he said, in little ways. It left its mark on Rennett; a mark readily visible. His appearance deteriorated; his clothing was not always scrupulously pressed and ordered; his linen was not unimpeachable; and his eyes and his mouth showed a slackening and at the same time a hardness too. It might have been the part of wisdom, Neal suggested, to heed these signs.

"But banking is built on confidence," he added. "And confidence is often blind. It is usual to believe that a man may be trusted, until you have proof to the contrary. Mere indications to the contrary are not sufficient; the only crime which a banker will not condone in his employes is speculation, gambling. Almost anything else he will overlook and forgive."

And Rennett did not speculate. May knew that he had in the past made some sound and conservative investments with what remained of his inheritance and with his own accumulated savings. The securities were put away in the young man's box in the vaults.

"Now it appears," Neal said, "that Rennett took them out and disposed of them through other channels. The box is empty now."

But if Rennett did not speculate, he must have been guilty of other misdemeanors. "It showed in his face," Neal told me. "His eyes were apt to be red, as though he needed sleep; and I thought once or twice, when I happened to encounter him about the bank, that he might have been drinking. He was, in short, morally demoralized. It is a mistake to refuse a man the rewards he thinks his due, if you are to trust him still."

He added, "Of course, I don't mean I foresaw what has happened. But in May's place, I should have discharged him, let him go."

The train was slowing for some city; lights appeared more frequently outside the windows, and a glimpse of streets, and buildings looming near. Our companions had not returned. I thought they might have stopped in the smoking compartment. Otherwise they should have been here before. We drew into the station, and Neal rose, suggested that we step out on the platform for a moment for a little air. There was a finality in his manner; I perceived that he considered the story finished.

So, when we were outside, standing by the steps of the car, I asked, "What was the end of it? You saw something in the paper about him?"

He nodded in faint surprise. "Yes. I supposed you had seen it."

"I didn't look at the paper," I confessed.

"Why, he's absconded," he said. "Took some Liberty Bonds and disappeared."

Down the long line of cars came the conductor's warning, and the porter nodded to us and we climbed back into the train.

(Continued on Page 205)



May Was Willing to Put Him Off, But Rennett's Eyes Demanded the Truth, and in the End the Cashier Gave it to Him

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your razor leaves

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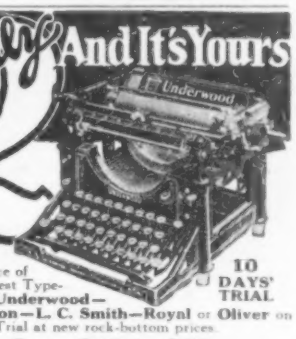
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Black and Decker Plant at Towson, Md.
1927

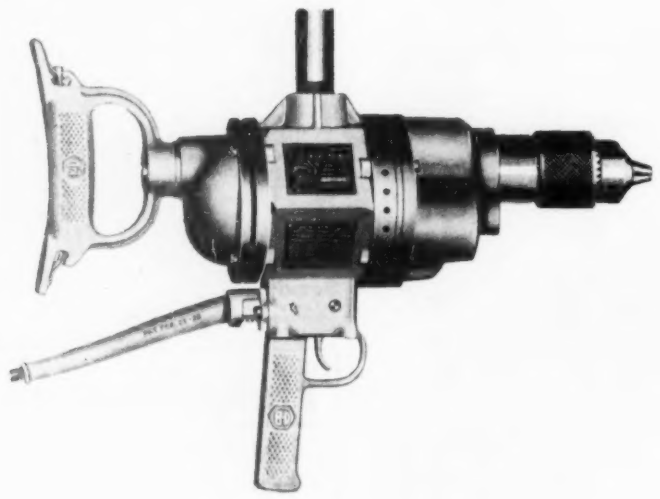
Removed to Towson
1920



FIRST FACTORY
Baltimore, Md.
1910

Yesterday and Today

"If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, tho he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."
—EMERSON



IN 1910 a typical city factory—the smallest of 33 manufacturers of portable electric tools.

In 1920 a vision of ideal working conditions, reduced overhead and a divorcing of dirt, smoke and the other attendant evils of a city factory—the company by this time had become a factor to be reckoned with in the electric tool industry.

And now, in 1927, Black & Decker, the Manufacturers of Portable Electric Drills, "*With the Pistol Grip and Trigger Switch*," are the largest in the world.

We have only been able to illustrate the factory where the Black & Decker tools are actually produced but this is surrounded by an ideal Black & Decker community of beautiful homes.

All this is of interest to you who use portable electric tools, because it means a higher grade of workmanship, produced under ideal conditions.

The size of our business has now given us a buying power which, together with quantity production and low overhead, makes it possible to turn out electric tools of Black & Decker quality at costs no greater than ordinary tools.

Add to this the size and stability of the company behind the guarantee and it is no wonder that the answer in the selection of portable electric tools is usually

BLACK & DECKER

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(Continued from Page 203)

In our compartment again, Neal picked up the paper and showed me the headlines, and I glanced at the story he indicated. It referred, I saw, to something which had happened three days before. I read:

Police Headquarters today sent out a general alarm for Luther Rennett, absconding bank messenger, who disappeared on Wednesday last with sixty-five thousand dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds which he was carrying from the Milburn office of the Cheap Street Trust to the bank.

Photographs and descriptions were forwarded to police departments throughout the country; and a watch has been put on outgoing steamers and on trains bound for Canada.

Rennett's car is in the garage where he was accustomed to keep it. It is now believed that he took an afternoon train out of the city. Inspector Howell said today that his movements have been traced for the first twenty-four hours after he disappeared; and he predicted that Rennett would be apprehended within a few hours.

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It was learned today that Rennett during the last two months had sold a number of securities, converting them into cash. Cashier May, of the Cheap Street Trust, said that these securities were Rennett's own property; and it is thought that Rennett must have planned his disappearance some time in advance.

A woman with whom he is known to have been on friendly terms has been questioned by the police. Inspector Howell refused to give her name, but he said she had been able to furnish valuable information. Rennett, he said, had been spending considerable sums of money for some time past.

Bank officials denied that the bank had suffered any other losses. Cashier May said today that Rennett had held the fullest confidence of his superiors in the institution.

Rennett's disappearance was not reported to the police for twenty-four hours after he vanished. Mr. May took the responsibility for this delay.

"I believed," he said today, "that he would reappear; that there was some explanation of his failure to do so." He added that the Bankers' Protective Association had been notified immediately, and that they had been active upon the case from the first.



He Was, it Later Proved, of Foreign Extraction, and an Amateur at Crime, Driven by Necessity or by Cupidity to This Attempt, So Bold and Desperate

Rennett was the hero of the attempted robbery of the Milburn office of the bank a little more than a year ago. He was in the office at the time the robbery occurred, grappled with the bandit, and in spite of the fact that the man was armed, held him until he received a bullet through the leg. His action made possible the immediate capture of the robber.

I finished reading and looked across at Neal.

"The Milburn branch office," I commented. "The same place."

He nodded. "I think what he did was unpremeditated," he said. "I think he acted on the spur of the minute, acted in anger. And found it too late, afterward, to repair what he had done."

"The police say he had planned it," I pointed out.

"I know," he assented. "But I don't agree. You see, they don't know about Firkin."

"The chap who fainted from fright?" I asked.

"Yes."

"What about him?"

"Well," said Neal, "there are two ways to look at an opportunity; two definitions, if you like. The hero must maintain his eminence, but the coward is left with nothing to lose, with a chance to climb."

"Firkin has—climbed?"

"Firkin has come ahead fast," Neal told me. "I suppose, after what happened, he was afraid of being discharged. I suppose that made him buckle down, work harder, seek ways to make himself useful. I had a talk with May before I came away, and he said Firkin had been doing conspicuously well. Thomlinson, the manager of the Milburn office, was an elderly man, about ready to retire. He resigned a month ago, and May told me they were going to try Firkin in his position for a while."

He added thoughtfully, "I suppose Rennett went out there to bring in these bonds, and found Firkin in charge there. Probably the sight, the thought, was too much for him."

We were both silent for a little time. I said at last:

"It seems to have been an opportunity for Firkin too."

He nodded. "People like to talk about recognizing opportunity," he remarked. "But it's not nearly so important to be able to recognize an opportunity as it is to know what to do when the opportunity comes along."

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THE POETS' CORNER

Confession

I PUT my ignorant scorn on you for years,
You, my own country; wise in my brief day,
I thought myself among the ultimate seers,
Judging you by a far Utopian dream
Such as the ancient mumbling oracles say—
That I hoped straightway might abide on earth—
I held the present fact of little worth.

In blind presumption I prescribed the rule
For you, great mother, with your thousand cities—
Tried to force all your millions to my school
And overnight teach what was right and just,
Besieging you with fervent songs and ditties;
In headlong ardor hoping so to make
A nation over, for my own dream's sake!

You went your way; I called you blind, obtuse,
A hold of night and rock no truth could shake;
I swore I had exerted to small use
My poet's and my vision's burning power
From her black night to make the sleeper wake;
And, all the while your millions teemed and grew,
I failed to learn the smallest part of you!

Voyaging up and down from state to state,
How was it that my vision failed to see
The everlasting growth that made you great
And led you toward the goal I did not know?
What blindness at the very heart of me
Touched me to sightlessness? The seed is grown
Beyond all things I have foreseen or known.

Beyond all formulas that men can make,
My country shapes her high and shining part.
I was asleep, and it is I who wake
To you, America, and proudly join
Your states and cities with a new-born heart.
Your life is mine at last; your path I scan
And find in it the great Highway of Man!

—*Harry Kemp.*

Insight

I SEE beyond your pale, sweet face—
I see beyond the outward grace
Of form and manner—in one glance
I see beyond all circumstance.
And since you passed, and our eyes met,
I think I never will forget
All that you told me without sound,
All that I lost, and all I found;
For then a voice within me said,
"See! Something lives that once was dead!
And yet it will be lost again,
And you will seek, and seek in vain,
This that was lost, which you have found—
This that was spoken without sound."

—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

Overtones

AT COCKCROW on a summer morn,
With neither line of march nor bourn,
We climbed aboard our shining car
And headed for a yellow star
That blinked lethargically—quite
As though it had been up all night.

Were purple hills ranged smilingly
Above the roads we chanced to go?
Were shady dells beguilingly
Strung like dark emeralds below?
Were lakelets at their bluest best,
And gardens in their bravest dressed?
I think they were, but cannot say—
Drusilla rode with me that day.

And did the meadows sing to me
Of fleecy flocks and lowing herds?
And did the south wind bring to me
The carols of light-hearted birds?
And did the dryads call to me
From spicy wood and swaying tree?
No doubt they did. I cannot say—
Drusilla sat with me that day.

—*Edward W. Barnard.*

Query

SO THIS is life; this stool,
This dog-eared book, this quill.
Am I the same who as
A boy gazed seaward till
The veil of night obscured
The bellied sails; who found
Delight in counting masts
Of schooners outward bound?
Where is that lad who used
To swarm the weathered shrouds
Of dry-docked ships and shout
Commands to wond'ring clouds?

—*Henry Dean Shedd, Jr.*



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TWO YEARS IS A LONG TIME

(Continued from Page 15)

Mr. Coolidge is no exception. Notwithstanding its cares, responsibilities, grief and woe, the presidency of the United States is the biggest job in the world, and no man gives it up without keen regret; no man gives it up unless he has to. Of course, he would like to be President for another four years, but the point is that there is no reason for his saying so at the moment. He is a shrewd and prudent politician. To admit now he is a candidate for the nomination in 1928 would be to expose himself needlessly to the machinations of all others who have ambitions in that direction. To say nothing is to keep the other fellows guessing and, in a measure, to cramp their efforts.

Moreover, the two crucial years with respect to his plans, desires and ambitions are the two years that are ahead of him. He must hold what he has against all assault during those two years, and he must make some advances. Politically, we are a short-minded people. The man who is nominated by the Republicans in 1928 will not be nominated because of what happened, at his behest and his direction, in 1923 or 1926, but on the basis of what is happening in 1928.

Will He or Won't He?

Undoubtedly, Mr. Coolidge, being a shrewd and prudent politician, knows this; and undoubtedly that is the reason why he has not thus far tipped his hand, as we say in certain circles. He has been in the White House three years, and the novelty of him to the people has worn off. His characteristics are familiar, and so are his processes. We know just what sort of President he is and just what sort he will continue to be. Therefore these next two years are his crucial years, because where criticism and complaint have been subordinated by these unique characteristics and processes in the past, criticism and complaint will now become frank and general. It will not be whether Mr. Coolidge has been a good President in the past, and will be whether the people want the sort of President he is any longer.

There is no mistaking what the politicians want. As these two years go on, that will become more and more apparent. Mr. Coolidge, as President, has not hit it off with his party leaders and managers. That liability with the leaders and politicians may be an asset with the people, or it may not be. In any event, it will be a Washington liability for Mr. Coolidge, because he will not only have a greater Democratic and insurgent opposition than he has had but he also will have a greater opposition from the regulars of his party, men who, as Republicans, should be ardent in their support of a Republican President. They will not put themselves out to help him.

Hence, in this 1928 nomination business, Mr. Coolidge is forced to play somewhat of a lone hand. This is but a natural reflex of those characteristics and processes referred to. The political fact is that Mr. Coolidge is a lone-hand player because of his nature, temperament, or what you will; and the further political fact is that lone-hand playing, in a situation of this sort, isn't conducive to any very enthusiastic rallying round by other important players who have hands of their own with which they want to get into the game.

The Coolidge nature is to wait and see what the breaks are. That is what he is doing now. He isn't so badly off as to Congress as the returns would seem to indicate. The Republicans have lost control of the Senate, provided the insurgents want to take that control away from them by a coalition with the Democrats; and provided, further, the Democrats are silly enough to let the insurgents make cat's-paws of them. If this does happen, Mr. Coolidge is sitting pretty with the Congress, because he can make his popular proposals for legislation, with the practical certainty that these proposals will be rejected, and then can point to his efforts and absolve himself from the blame of their defeat.

The chances are that the Democrats will side-step this responsibility and leave Mr. Coolidge to work out his own salvation instead of giving him an alibi by taking charge themselves in combination with the insurgent Republican group. Still, there is no telling what a Democratic politician, or a bunch of them, will do. They may decide to help the insurgents grab things. That would be silly, but also it would be politically Democratic.

Two years is a long time. There are plenty of expert harassers and breakers-down among the Republican politicians who have other designs on the presidential nomination for 1928 than letting Mr. Coolidge have it. Also, there is Mr. Coolidge, who is no child in politics himself, and who has behind him, if he wants to use it, the vast Federal office machine, with handy boys in every state who know just how to go out and get delegates. Furthermore, the strategy of the combat will not be for open knock-down-and-drag-out battle. That would never do, because in eliminating Mr. Coolidge these Republican politicians would be eliminating themselves too.

It will be a struggle of ambushes, of deadfalls, of traps and sharpshooting, so far as the Republican politicians are concerned. It will be an attempt at political destruction by the insurgents, and it will be a frontal attack by the Democrats. Against these Mr. Coolidge must marshal his popular support, his business support, his achievements as President, his office-holding men in the field. He has the great advantage of the most powerful rostrum in the world. His publicity will get the widest circulation. What he says and does always will be printed, and he can be depended on to say nothing and to do nothing that will hurt his side of the case. He is too canny not to see to that.

If the convention were now, it is probable Mr. Coolidge could be nominated if he asked to be nominated. He had a rebuff in Massachusetts in the defeat of his friend Butler for the senatorship and over a personal plea by the President for Butler's election. That is the only real rebuff he has had, and he maintains his popularity with the people. Unless his opponents can break down that popularity and put the President in a series of political holes during these coming two years—or, rather, in the eighteen months between now and nominating time, it is likely Mr. Coolidge will give any and all of his opponents a hard battle for the nomination, and more likely that he will get it.

Thus it all comes back to the personal equation: Will the President be a candidate for the renomination, or won't he? The only answer to that question is the answer the President must make sometime between now and June, 1928. There is no doubt that that answer depends on what will happen between now and then and does not depend, except in a water-on-his-wheel way, on what has happened hitherto.

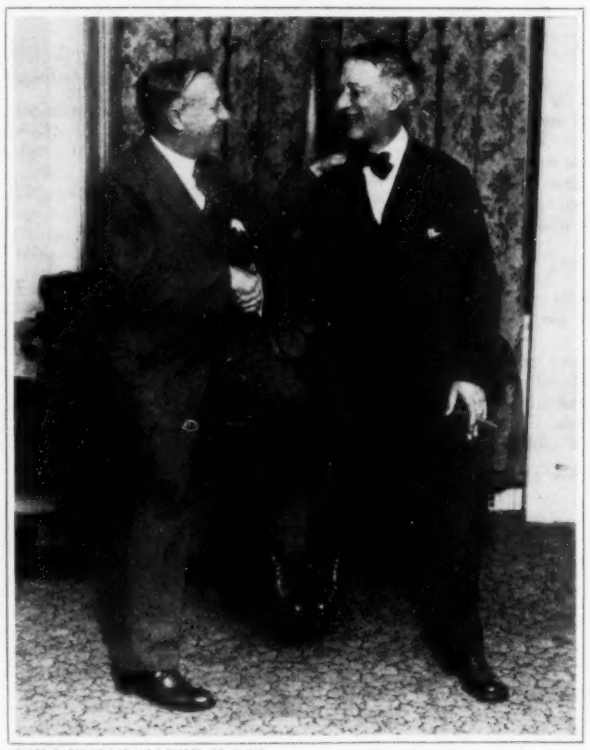
Among Those to be Reckoned With

Those propositions are psychologically and politically indisputable, no matter what reasons for any action may be given. Those of us who pay attention to such matters may not know what is in Mr. Coolidge's mind, but we know Mr. Coolidge. The long two years stretching ahead of him are his decisive years. His political future depends on what happens to him, because of him and by way of him in that time. That he will attempt to advantage himself in every possible way is sure enough, and that casting-up day to see where he stands will not come for months is also certain. Therefore, until he does make up his mind how the land lies, nothing need be expected from him as to his candidacy or his retirement at the end of his term. Until he makes his announcement, he must be considered as a candidate, and the one candidate all the others must prevail against.

Ranking below Mr. Coolidge in potentiality, but above all others, are three well-known men: Frank O. Lowden, of Illinois; Charles E. Hughes, of New York; and Herbert Hoover, of California. Two of these have been close to the presidency, each in his own way. Mr. Lowden just missed a nomination in 1920 that he should have had, and that nomination would have been followed by an election; and Mr. Hughes just missed an election in 1916 that he should have had. Hoover has been considered presidential timber by many since his war activities made him known, but did not cut much of a figure in 1920.

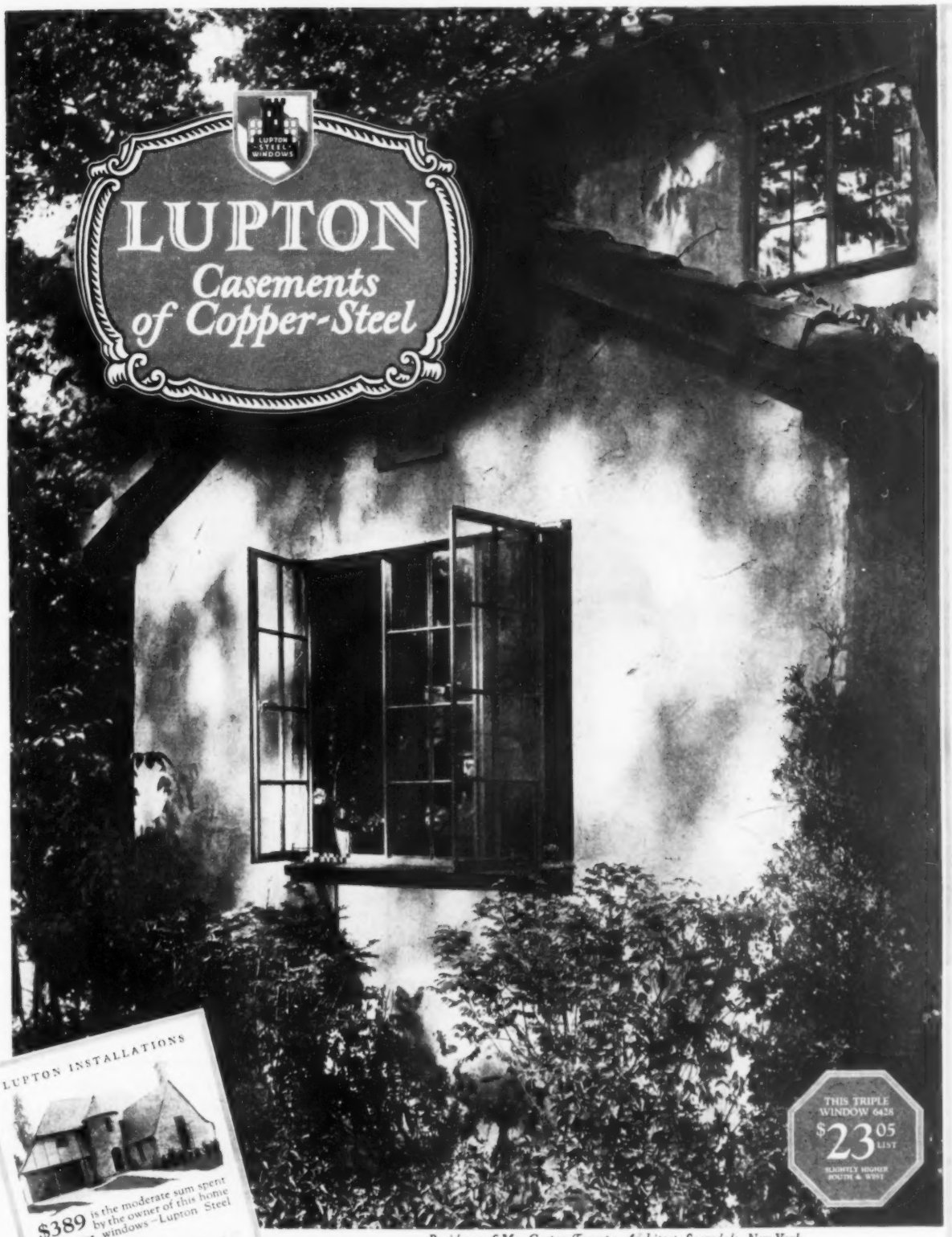
Governor Lowden is the most important of these three, and his importance is relative, because if Mr. Coolidge decides to be a candidate for the nomination, the only way Lowden can get that nomination is by the hardest sort of fighting. He might get it that

(Continued on Page 209)



PHOTO, BY PACIFIC & ATLANTIC PHOTOS, INC., N. Y. C.

Former Justice Robert F. Wagner and Governor Alfred E. Smith, Photographed After Hearing the Election Returns



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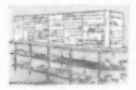
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EASIER STEERING--LESS ROAD SHOCK

(Continued from Page 206)

way. It is too early to say. Much depends on what attitude the farmers take during the coming two years—between now and June, 1928, to be more precise. Governor Lowden has a strong agrarian following, and he has skillfully consolidated that following during the period of farm discussion and agitation. Of all the Republicans looking to the support of the farmers, Lowden is undoubtedly the strongest; but his candidacy is not yet based on an open appeal. It is too early for that. His strategy is to wait and see what moves come from the White House. If no apparent moves come before the middle or end of next summer, he still has time for whatever he desires to do. And whether the White House moves are apparent or not, it is quite likely they will be known about. There are many ways of finding things out in Washington, and all of them will constantly have a basis of operation on the White House.

Presidential Possibilities

Mr. Coolidge will try to do something for the farmers. That is one of his imperatives. If he does not, he will lose largely in availability for 1928. The great chance for Governor Lowden will come over exactly what Mr. Coolidge does do for the farmers, or that his Congress lets him do. The governor has that up his sleeve. He knows what should be done to hold the farmers to Republicanism and the difference between that and what Mr. Coolidge may succeed in getting done is Lowden's present edge on the situation. Lowden is a regular Republican, and if he can win the nomination the regulars in Congress will be satisfied—or at least complacent. They will do no knifing.

Lowden is no demagogue, and will not promise anything he cannot do. His candidacy is probably tentative; but, even so, it is important, and the importance of it will develop as the months of this engagement go on. In any event, no matter what protest he may make about his position, he is—and there he will undoubtedly remain—a large factor in whatever situation may develop, and especially in whatever agrarian situation comes out of the box.

Mr. Hughes and Mr. Hoover are in different case. They are in the available-if-wanted class. There they are, known of all men and receptive in their individual manners. Mr. Hughes was of the Coolidge Administration and Mr. Hoover is of it. Mr. Hughes resigned and Mr. Hoover stood by. The gossips said Mr. Hughes resigned because he desired to be out in the open if anything should happen to prejudice the politicians and the people in his favor in connection with the 1928 nomination. Mr. Hughes said nothing. He simply resigned and is letting Nature take its course, which is astute of him, as he is now held as a possibility and kept before the public in that light—a desirable position that was impossible without attainder if he had remained in the cabinet.

It is held in some quarters in Washington that if Mr. Coolidge decides to retire he will designate Mr. Hoover as a fit and proper person to succeed him, will pass on the job to his Secretary of Commerce. This need make Mr. Hoover neither happy nor hopeful. If his nomination rests on a benediction from the President, he hasn't much chance. The only reason Mr. Coolidge will not want the nomination for himself will be because he cannot get it on terms agreeable to him; and if he cannot get the nomination that way it will be of small value to the person for whom he does get it, with the probabilities, in that situation, of Mr. Coolidge not having the determining say. In case the politics of 1928 is not favorable to Mr. Coolidge, it will not be favorable to any other he tries to make his political heir.

There is more to Hoover than that. His work in the Department of Commerce has reënforced the reputation he made during the war, and his abilities have a wide recognition. It is probable that he would like to be President. That is a universal desire amongst those in public life. But he has a lot of waiting and watching to do before that liking is translated into any close approach to the job. These two crucial years may do something for him, or they may not. In any event, he is entitled to consideration in every calculation.

Following this group of three, we have Charles G. Dawes, of Illinois, Vice-President of the United States; and Nicholas Longworth, of Ohio, Speaker of the House of Representatives. No confidence is betrayed when it is said that the mention of these eminent Americans in connection with the Republican presidential nomination of 1928 hurts the feelings of neither of them. It does not annoy or embarrass them. Though they are not at present sending up many signal rockets or burning more than a few bonfires to attract attention, they are both willing to be in line for consideration, and neither is averse to helping along the facilities for that consideration in a dignified and appropriate manner.

So far, however, Mr. Dawes and Mr. Longworth are merely names in the hat. They are both gentlemen of wide advertisement and of no small attainments. At present they are on the knees of the gods, perched precariously, and apprehensive lest a smallish man, born at Plymouth, Vermont, and now pleasantly situated at No. 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C., shall stroll along and grease the knees of those gods, thus causing them to slip off on the rocks beneath. He might do it. You never can tell.

The cynical Senator George Moses, of New Hampshire, in commenting on this recent election, said there are now ninety candidates for President in the body of which he is a member. I do not understand why Senator Moses discriminates against the six other members of the Senate, including, no doubt, himself; but accepting his count as approximately correct, that must mean that half the Moses number, or forty-five, are Republicans and pseudo-Republicans or insurgents. These must be left until later for consideration. The Senate always is all cluttered up with presidential candidates, anyhow, and it is only once in a blue moon that one of them gets anywhere save oratorically. It certainly gives them a chance for tub-thumping, and maybe that is why they are candidates. The idea has a glimmer of reason, anyhow, and that is more than most of their candidacies have, viewed in any other light.

A Democratic Superstition

The Democratic Party, which holds all records and championships as a phœnix over all political parties in the history of the world, is now staging its historical spectacle of rising from its ashes and, as usual, claims that the fires of 1924 have brought forth a better bird than ever. The real home place of the hope that springs eternal is the Democracy. It has won the presidency but four times since 1860, but here it is again talking glibly of the forthcoming campaign, and with enough candidates to carry a precinct if they could all be herded together for voting purposes. It certainly is tenacious of life, and if precedent counts for anything, may be justified in taking a faint hope.

As I say, the Democrats have won the presidency but four times since 1860, twice with Cleveland and twice with Wilson. There is where the precedent comes in. Cleveland and Wilson were both governors of states when they were first elected, Cleveland of New York and Wilson of New Jersey. Hence, as the only Democratic Presidents we have had in more than sixty years were governors when nominated, it might be lucky to nominate a governor this time in the hope that politics might repeat—especially as there are three Democratic governors who seem to have winning political ways with them—Smith, of New York; Ritchie, of Maryland; and Donahey, of Ohio.

Here are three Democrats who appear to have no difficulty at all in going out and carrying their states for governor whenever they feel like it, and they are advantageously placed geographically, save Ritchie, who has a shade the worst of it. Smith runs in New York, which is a state most essential to any candidate who strives for election as President; and Donahey comes from Ohio, another important state having that helpful geographical position that makes it Western enough for the voters who do not care so much for the domination of the East, and Eastern enough for those voters who fear the lack of conservatism of the West.

Smith and Ritchie are both wet and Donahey is dry. At least, that is my information on the matter. I would not willingly call a possibility for a presidential nomination out of his name in this important matter. My understanding, without means to check up at the moment, is that Donahey is a dry. If he isn't, he is a wet, which makes it unanimous so far as this trio is concerned.

The Sidewalks of New York

These momentous details being established, we now come to the three as individuals and as candidates, and the one who bulks largest is Smith, of New York. Smith was one of the two leading factors in that larger political lunacy of the Democratic Party, miscalled a convention, which took place in Madison Square Garden, New York, in the summer of 1924, and which had a great deal to do with the seven million plurality secured by the Republican Calvin Coolidge in the November following.

So far as being a candidate before a convention goes, Mr. McAdoo is one up on Mr. Smith, for Mr. McAdoo was a strong candidate in the San Francisco convention of 1920, which eventually resulted in the nomination of Mr. James M. Cox, of Ohio. However, since the New York contest Mr. Smith has been considerably more prominent in the public eye than Mr. McAdoo, and his performance at the polls last November sets him apart as leading Democratic aspirant for the nomination of 1928—the more especially as Mr. Smith sets himself in exactly that same position. And so do a great many others.

It is no political secret that the friends of Mr. Smith are actively at work for him in various parts of the country. Indeed, they have been actively at work for him since 1924; but now that his recent victory in New York has added another layer to the foundation of his claimed availability the campaign is on in earnest.

Smith is a New Yorker, born in the metropolis, a Tammany man and a wet. He has what many aspiring politicians have not, and which is a great political force—personality. He gathers friends and supporters about him as honey gathers bees. He has won four times for governor and is far and away the most popular public man in New York. He has the taking attribute of having been a poor boy who triumphed over his environment, and has a reputation for courage and sense. His friends want him to be President. He wants to be President. Many great organized forces want him to be President.

His fight with McAdoo in the 1924 convention merely emphasized these desires; and now, bulwarked by his sweeping success in New York last November, and favored by his past election successes, he is out in the open, with the disabilities that prevented his nomination in 1924 running as strongly as then, and his work is to be done in the eighteen months between now and midsummer, 1928, if he gets the nomination, and his greater task between that time and early November if he is to be elected.

The 1924 fight was a rather hurriedly organized and haphazard affair in its beginnings. It developed into a stern and relentless struggle between two diametrically opposed forces. There will be nothing hurried or haphazard about the fight Smith must make now if he is to be nominated. He cannot come up on the blind side of the people and get the nomination merely because he has been enormously successful in being elected governor of New York, and successful also as governor in the appreciations of his fellow New Yorkers. Smith must get out in the open for exactly what he is, and he seems to have no disposition to do otherwise.

That leaves him with no perfunctory battle on his hands. In some of his attributes he runs strongly against a great underlying sentiment in this country, and his very eminence as a successful politician in his own state will tend to consolidate that sentiment against him. If Smith wins the Democratic nomination in 1928, he will win it only after a bitter contest; and if he does so win it, he may not have so great a value as it shows on the surface. Automatically, also, he will go out against the dry sentiment of the country, for his wetness is subject to no straddle on Smith's part. He is wet, and says so, openly and defiantly. The bands will have to play The Sidewalks of New York a great many times and very seductively across this country during the next eighteen months before Smith gets to be a presidential nominee, regardless of what the frenzy in New York may be for him.

Thus we come to Governor Ritchie, of Maryland, who also has the faculty of getting himself elected governor whenever that pastime pleases him. Governor Ritchie is a personable citizen who had some mention and some votes in the Democratic convention of 1924, and who was put forth several times during that deadlock as a compromise candidate without being compromised to any great extent. Geographically, the governor is not in as good case as Smith or Donahey, but he is wet, if that helps any, and his political record is excellent. No doubt he will go to the convention with the delegates from Maryland, and he may pick up some other support in his own territory. He will be there after the Smith and anti-Smith collision has spent its force, and in a receptive mood. Donahey is injected into the situation because of his expertness in carrying Ohio, a normally Republican state. His position at present is that of a resort in case of an impasse.

Try, Try Again

And now for William Gibbs McAdoo, of California, who had a lead for a time in the San Francisco convention of 1920, who had a lead for a time in the New York convention of 1924, but who was not able at either convention to attain the required two-thirds. Mr. McAdoo affects a laissez-faire attitude toward the forthcoming struggle, but by the very nature of things will be compelled to get into it with Smith so active. The men who stood behind McAdoo in New York for a hundred ballots will demand and will deserve that, because the very issue which solidified them for McAdoo and against Smith in that fight will be the dominant issue, in Smith's case, in his coming attempt. Furthermore, unless Mr. McAdoo has put all the pomps and vanities of this political world behind him, he will not be able to keep out. When a candidate for a nomination has twice gone as far as McAdoo went, has twice led all opponents, it is a natural impulse to try again. He will inevitably think that he might make it the third time.

At that, McAdoo's adopted state of California does not seem so keen for him as previously. He had his political troubles in this 1926 election, finding that many of the old-line Democrats were opposed to him, and not having everything his own way. He lost in the nomination of his candidate for governor, but a friend of his was named for senator. McAdoo did not organize the state committee, but he dictated the platform in its most essential paragraphs—especially the dry paragraph. In the election, his friend John B. Elliott, who ran for senator, led the Democratic ticket by

(Continued on Page 213)

Pabst-ett

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

PABST MILWAUKEE REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

More than Cheese





A new and finer food

PABST-ETT is *more than cheese* — more delicious, more nutritious, more easily digestible. It is made by a secret formula which retains the nutritive value of whole milk — milk sugar, proteins and body-building mineral elements formerly lost in cheese making. It is as digestible as milk—a delicious, tempting food that everyone—even children—may eat to his heart's content.

For every purpose, you will find Pabst-ett better. Soft, creamy in texture, it spreads evenly, like butter, for dainty sandwiches. Becomes a tempting, golden brown when toasted on bread or crackers. Blends perfectly in rarebit, macaroni, potatoes. Does not become stringy with cooking. In salads, especially with pineapple, other fruits, or tomatoes, it brings new delights.

Try Pabst-ett. You'll quickly say that here is a new and finer food.

Note to Physicians: *Pabst-ett is a health-building, nourishing food, rich in vitamins. It is served in many hospitals. It may be served with any diet which includes milk.*

THE PABST MILWAUKEE SAME OLD NAME SINCE 1844

Has Won the Nation!

Try this remarkable new dairy product with a rich, rare flavor all its own

A ROMANCE of modern business surrounds the new and finer food, Pabst-ett. Back of this development is the story of a man of wealth who, after devoting years to improving dairy cattle, turned his resources to bettering cheese products—long recognized by all for their deliciousness and high nutritive value.

Following long and costly experiments, the formula for a new food containing all the elements of whole milk was developed.

Last April, Pabst-ett was introduced to the public. Then began one of the most remarkable triumphs in business history. From coast to coast, Pabst-ett became first choice—a nation-wide success.

Today, the demand is greater than ever—for home use, clubs, hotels, restaurants, cafeterias, where the finest foods are served. So widespread has the preference in these latter fields grown that we have prepared an individual portion container, especially for this use. It is shown at the left.

You can get Pabst-ett in these new, foil-wrapped portions or in convenient, home-size packages from your grocer. At first taste, you'll appreciate why it has become the great favorite everywhere.

PABST CORPORATION [CHEESE DIVISION]
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN



New, Individual Portion Package

Pabst-ett Not Successfully Imitated

The popularity and remarkable success of Pabst-ett will, no doubt, bring out imitations. But Pabst-ett is the original. Others may imitate, but they cannot duplicate Pabst-ett. Even were the formula not secret, few manufacturers have facilities and equipment to produce this remarkable, new food. Avoid imitations. Leading dealers everywhere sell Pabst-ett. *Ask for it by name.*



PABST-ETT MACARONI

Prepare macaroni in your usual way, using Pabst-ett between the layers of macaroni and white sauce. Dot the top with Pabst-ett and butter. Cover with cracker crumbs. Pabst-ett brings new deliciousness and flavor to macaroni.



POTATOES AU PABST-ETT

Follow your regular recipe, using Pabst-ett. You will find this dish more delightful. Pabst-ett does not become lumpy or stringy with cooking. It melts completely. Flavors the entire dish. Every spoonful is equally delicious. Top bakes to a beautiful, rich, tempting brown.



PABST-ETT PINEAPPLE SALAD

Arrange slices of pineapple on crisp lettuce leaves and place in the center of each a ball of Pabst-ett. Sprinkle with nut meats. Cover with your favorite salad dressing. Here's an easily made salad possessing rare, new charm.



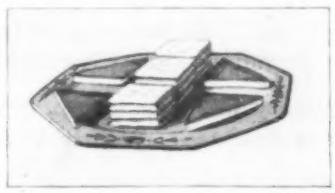
PABST-ETT RAREBIT

When made with Pabst-ett, rarebit becomes an even more wonderful dish. Just try it next time; follow your favorite recipe except for substituting Pabst-ett.



PABST-ETT STUFFED CELERY

Fill the centers of each piece of celery with Pabst-ett. Here is a most delightful delicacy. Pabst-ett, with a soft, creamy texture, is very easy to handle in preparing this pleasing novelty.



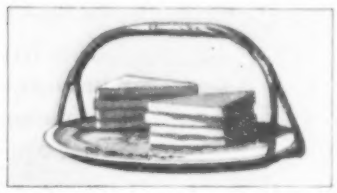
TOASTED ON CRACKERS

Because Pabst-ett spreads easily, it is the ideal cheese product for toasting on crackers. It browns beautifully. You'll like its tang and flavor much better, too.



IN SOUP OR BOUILLON

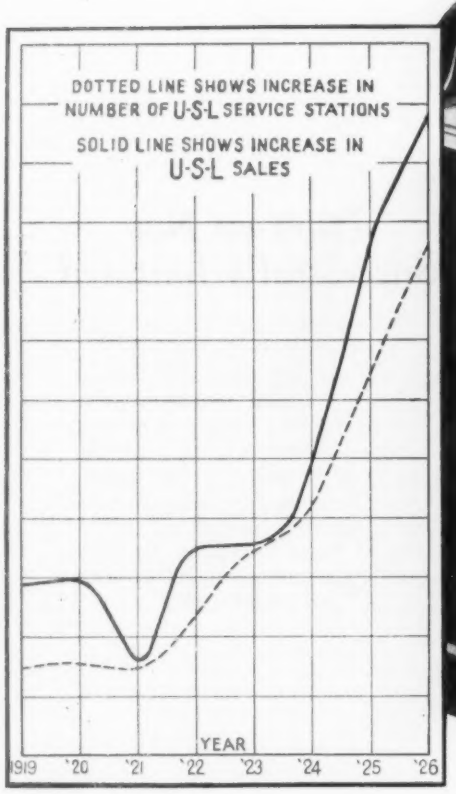
Just before serving, place a spoonful of Pabst-ett in soups. It will completely melt and give a rare flavor, more delicious than anything you have known. Brings a newness which you will appreciate.

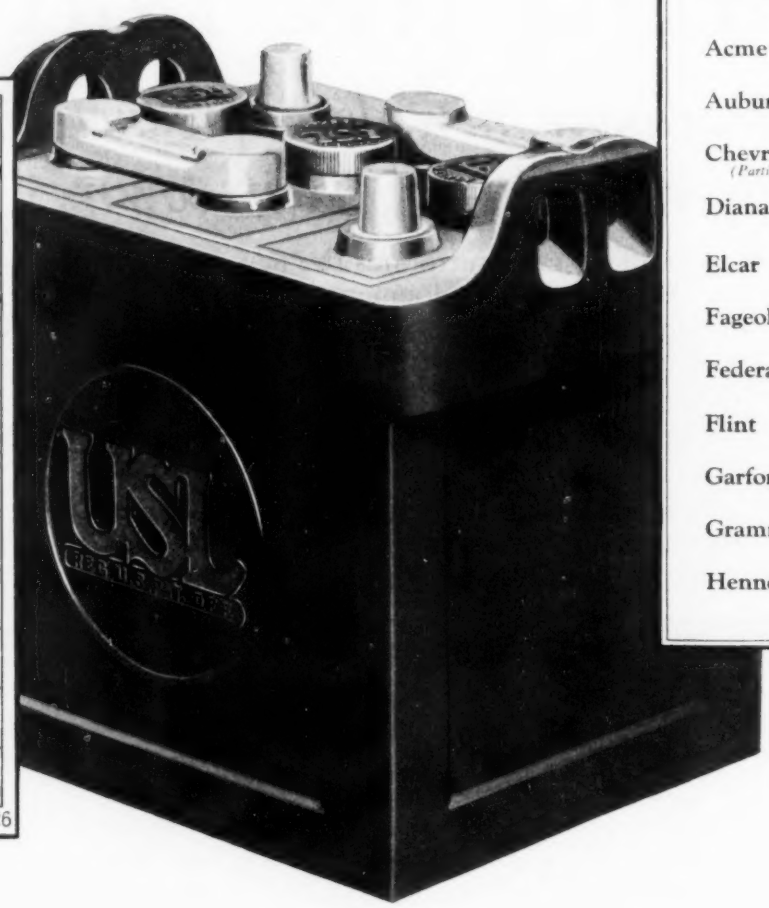


DAINTY, TASTY SANDWICHES

Spread like butter between dainty slices of bread, Pabst-ett makes most delicious sandwiches. No bother of slicing and cutting away rind with this new and finer food that's more than cheese.

© Pabst Corporation, 1926





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Auburn	Miller
Chevrolet *(Partial)*	Monarch
Diana	Moon
Elcar	Overland
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Federal-Knight	Republic
Flint	Star
Garford	Stearns-Knight
Gramm	Stewart
Henney	Willys-Knight

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Niagara Falls, N. Y.

USL Pacific Coast Factory Oakland, Calif. — USL Canadian Factory Niagara Falls, Ont. — USL Australian Factory Sydney, N. S. W.

12,300 USL SERVICE STATIONS AND DEALERS ARE AT YOUR SERVICE

USL AUTO *and* RADIO Batteries

USL MANUFACTURES THE NATIONALLY KNOWN USL ELECTRIC ARC WELDER

(Continued from Page 209)

100,000 votes. So McAdoo's situation in California may be described as somewhat mixed. However, he is a dry, as opposed to the wetness of Smith.

Following these, we find practically the entire Democratic membership of the Senate hopeful and, so far as possible, helpful to themselves, but not to one another, save Oscar Underwood, who is retiring and for whom it is likely no Democratic national convention roll call will ever again start with that stentorian: "Alabama casts twenty-four votes for Oscar W. Underw-o-o-o-d!"

Chief among these is Senator James A. Reed, of Missouri, the great investigator, prosecutor and general goad of Republicans and Republicanism, who shows signs of having his shoulders squared for the mantle and of thinking the fit will be perfect.

And, of course, Senator Pat Harrison, of Mississippi, has had the thrill of being voted for in a national convention and likes the sensation.

This is about the line-up for the fight that is coming in 1928. It is not fairly organized yet and will be subject to many ups, downs, fluctuations and flurries before a Republican nominee and a Democratic nominee come out of the convention hoppers.

Up to now, all has been preparatory and preliminary. From now on it will be declaratory and definite. And, as has been pointed out rather insistently, two years is a long time, and many things can happen therein.

Many things can happen, and many things will, including the wrecking of some hopes, the stranding of some candidates and the straddling of many others.

THE WORLD REVOLUTION—1927 MODEL

(Continued from Page 11)

skilled women now feel this pressure no less definitely than those in which nearly all of the highly skilled workers are men.

For example, in New York City the New York Telephone Company is installing automatic equipment in its new exchanges. They would rather not do this, but they have no choice. The young ladies known as "central" are scarce, and becoming more so every year. The company is going to keep all of them it can and tries daily to get more, but the supply is limited. The ultra-modern industrialism opens such an enormous market for their services that the New York Telephone Company cannot hope to claim the many additional thousands of them that it would need as the use of the telephone grows more and more general.

Telephone operators are not common laborers. They have to measure up to a relatively high standard of intelligence. They do not generate power with their elbows. They use electrical power with their brains. Under the ultra-modern industrialism the bidding for such brains is keen, and this is the kind of industrialism that is now spreading most rapidly.

There is still, of course, much ill-paid labor in the world. And child labor too. But note where it is. Not in the ultra-modern industrialism. The definitive line between what are here designated as the ancient industrialism and the ultra-modern is that the one uses considerable quantities of man power while the other depends almost entirely upon brain power directing either steam or electricity. In the ultra-modern industrialism there is no place for child labor, while slave labor would be a positive nuisance.

But One Means of Competition

There are now more than a few American industrial plants that annually invite hundreds of graduates of technical schools to accept jobs, in the hope that after they have explored the plants some of them will find work that they like and remain. Some do and just about as many do not. At first glance this seems to be an expensive system of recruiting, but it is the cheapest those companies have ever been able to find. They cannot use men who lack technical training. For them these well-educated and well-paid workers are the cheapest in the world. Executives of such companies count it a very important part of their jobs to keep their employes satisfied with the conditions under which they work.

The definite line here between the ultra-modern and the ordinary industrialism is that the latter can afford a high labor turnover and still exist while the former cannot. On this point alone the difference in the quality of executive ability required by the ultra-modern industrialism as compared with the ordinary or ancient is so tremendous that the one group feels apologetic in the presence of the other.

These points of view have almost nothing to do with public opinion. They grow out of the keen realization on the part of the directors of our present-day industrial world that certain tendencies are in line with the inevitable while others are not. The new era sets its own standards, and within its own circle judges each management by tests that are not yet the common property of the populace. In the ultra-modern industrialism wages are high, roads to promotion are kept wide open, the plants are clean, well lighted, and set amid decent surroundings. Loyalty is regarded as essential; only flaming pride would justify a boast. Strikes are almost unknown and would be regarded as a disgrace. These employes are not only independent and swaggering but also loyal. Strange as all this may seem to the tradition-bound industrialist, his greatest shock comes when he observes that these companies have high rank among the dividend payers.

From the point of view of Karl Marx, upon whose premises the Russian revolution was based, all industrialists have much in common. There was more truth than error in that assumption in his day, but it is not true now. The ultra-modern industrialist, whose employes are upward of 80 per cent highly skilled workmen, feels that he has nothing at all in common with the ancient industrialism. Sometimes its failures cause him more annoyance if he has to depend upon it for part of his raw materials, but neither its methods nor its problems directly affect his own organization. On the contrary, he affects the older order. He is a revolutionist, the most successful and therefore the most important now afield. There is no possible way to compete with him except by copying his methods. He can undersell the products of any other system of manufacturing and this makes it possible for him to break into every market that exists. International boundary lines become merely nuisances of minor importance to persons who have such a tremendous advantage, and so he proceeds to introduce his way of doing business all over the world.

He encounters many obstacles, of course, but it is an axiom of trade older than the pyramids that men who have the will to do things that are useful and profitable can always think faster than their opponents who have the will to prevent them. They reach through a thousand tangles and barricades of red tape not only to sell their products but to draw in raw materials. Tariffs, embargoes, preferential rates, restrictions, and requirements that their product be manufactured in the country in which it is sold beset them, but they comply with all these regulations and still do business at a profit. Consequently, the only way for other countries to compete on equal terms is to copy their methods. And just as soon as they do that they fall heir to the advantages inherent in the system and begin to play their part in the promotion of the new régime. Thus this ultra-modern industrialism initiates a world revolution. If it did not, the United States might eventually become the only industrial country in the world, and if it did that, there would be no market, or at least a steadily declining market for its products.

For those who copy its methods the ultra-modern industrialism has only praise and cheers. Few countries have precisely the same natural resources, so that, when imitated, the new methods usually result in new wealth from new sources. And it is an axiom of trade that there is a market only where there is money or buying power. Such curses and wrath as the ultra-modern industrialist bothers to indulge in are directed toward the arid wastes of wantlessness, the places where many people dwell, but produce very little and consume proportionately.

This world revolution derives its strength from the coördination of four primary factors—namely, invention, mechanical power, highly skilled craftsmen, and some measure of standardization. With these, of course, go managerial ability, salesmanship, advertising and finance, but they could be applied to almost anything. They are incidental. The most important factor is invention, which wears the hat of a magician and draws out of it things that never before existed; invention waves a magic wand and, presto, things that previously had no value become very useful. Standardization makes for speed and economy. But the factor which most profoundly affects labor is the newer types of machinery. As these machines become more automatic they demand not less human skill, but a great deal more, for they never become absolutely automatic; they cannot adjust or repair themselves.

What Becomes of the Men?

To cite a specific example of this phase of machine evolution, there is in a certain factory that I have visited a battery of enormous machines used to punch holes in sheets of metal. At one time these were semi-automatic—that is to say, workmen fed into them the sheets that were to be punched. Under that arrangement the speed of the machines was limited by the capacity of the human eye and hand, also they made errors. Now the whole job is done by machinery which makes no mistakes and works much more rapidly. But the men who adjust these delicate devices and keep them running are very highly skilled experts, and are paid accordingly.

The question that logically arises after such a statement of facts is: What becomes of the men who were displaced? Whatever the answer may have been in 1860, today it is, these men are urgently needed either to take care of those same machines without feeding sheets of metal into them or in other places, usually in the same plant and at least as good as those from which they were displaced. The pressure upon highly organized industry today is not for machines that will turn skilled workmen adrift, but for devices that will make their skill even more productive, and this is often achieved by freeing their hands almost completely. If only one industry were being modernized this might not be true. But, then, if only one industry were being modernized it would soon glut its world market and go into a decline anyway.

The industrial revolution necessarily extends far beyond the few big industries in which its achievements are most apparent. For example, the digging of trenches and excavating for foundations are now almost entirely in the hands of skilled men operating machinery. Very few wheelbarrows, picks and shovels are used on those jobs. Hand laborers, even though they lived on one bowl of bean soup a day, would still be

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Send 1 pair ☐ Wonder Style, $1 and postage. ☐ Miracle Style (extra wide for severe cases), $1.50 and postage. ☐ Send free book.

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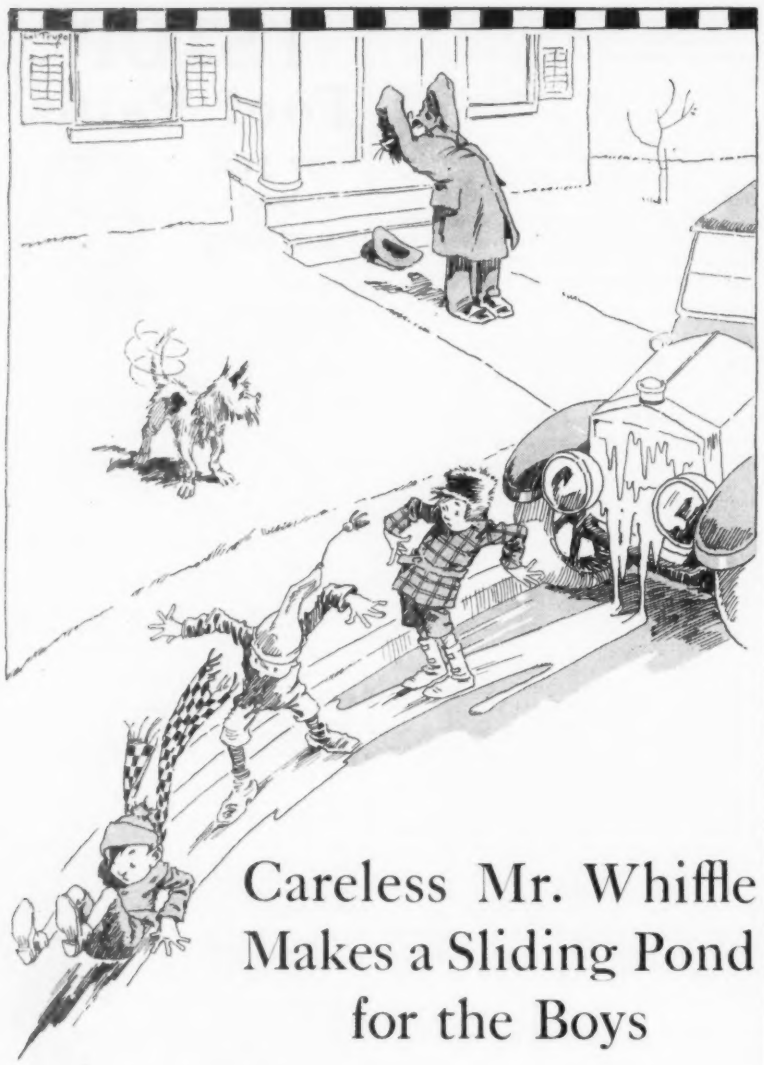
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"X" is safe and sure. The radiator whose leaks it cures is made as sound and leak-tight as the day it left the factory. Merely pour it in the radiator. In ten minutes any leak is permanently repaired.

Ten million cans of "X" have been sold and used—and *praised*. Buy your can today. The nearest good dealer has been selling it for years.

"X" LIQUID can be poured through a cloth. Therefore it cannot clog. It is harmless to all metals, rubber and leather. Repair your radiator leaks with "X" before putting in alcohol for winter protection

For Fords, Stars, Chevrolets, etc. Use 75c Size

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too expensive, partly because they would be too slow.

But, oddly enough, when the ultra-modern industrial revolution reaches even that stage in which it is now to be found in the United States, it does not set unskilled men adrift to starve. On the contrary, there are still so many places for them that they share in the general increase in prosperity. The fact that uncounted thousands of unskilled workmen would pour into the United States from every part of the globe if they were permitted to do so may be offered as the final answer on this point.

Probably the most striking effect of the ultra-modern industrialism upon unskilled labor is that such men can no longer be profitably assembled in vast units. Such an enterprise, if it succeeded for even a brief period, would immediately challenge the inventor to produce a machine, because power generated by the human body is now the most expensive in the world. Low wages or even slavery would be a real advantage to the employer in any such enterprise, but those are precisely the enterprises that the ultra-modern industrialism can and does blast off the face of the earth. Unskilled labor, as a result, is scattered and absorbed in relatively small units. The contribution of each unit to the employing organization is so small, as a rule, that if it were obtained for no wages at all the saving would still be negligible. Consequently the temptation to seek a profit by paying very low wages even to the most unskilled of all workmen tends to decline.

The Weather-Export Business

The old order cannot resist this new neighbor. It is a disturber of ancient traditions. Wherever it appears it makes a house divided against itself, and in all probability the more efficient of the two factions will win.

And now let us see what happens when this revolutionist goes into foreign markets. First of all, he has no glass beads or wooden nutmegs for sale. Neither can he send a rowboat ashore under the direction of a supercargo to trade with the natives. That era is gone. So has the age-old trading principle, "Let the buyer beware." That motto would ruin him in less than one year. He has to be far more careful than the buyer.

The radically different character of his trading will best be shown by a comparison. One of the most amazing businesses ever conducted by Americans was the transportation by sailboat of ice cut from New England lakes to India, where it found a profitable market. Many years later Mark Twain remarked that there was so much weather in New England that he thought some of it could be exported. Perhaps he didn't know that it had been exported. I cite that interesting example of ancient foreign trade because I wish to present, in contrast, what the ultra-modern industrialist would do with a similar opportunity.

He would sell either electric refrigerators or ice plants, or both. Also, he would probably sell them on credit. A repair or service department often becomes an essential part of his business. Spare parts must be kept in stock. If the trade grows he will ship his products in parts and assemble the units near the retail market. He may manufacture some of the parts there; also, he may be required by law to do so. He may organize a subsidiary company under the laws of that country.

In other words, he goes clear into the foreign field and becomes vitally interested in the welfare of the country with which he does business. The ancient game of tossing bundles from one boat to another half a mile from the shore plays no more part in the foreign trade of the ultra-modern industrialist than asking the Army and Navy to collect his bills. He looks after such matters himself; if the foreign country in question does not appear a safe place to do business, he stays out; if he goes in and finds he has made a mistake, he suffers heavy losses, but no wars result.

The United States Government is committed to the proposition that its Army and Navy are not collection agencies, and the ultra-modern industrialist accepts this policy as though it were a million years old, although as a matter of fact it is comparatively recent as history counts time. Indeed the declaration of this principle is really a part of the present world revolution. The declaration itself is still reverberating, and the principle is not yet accepted everywhere, but the indications are that it eventually will be.

Flaming, ostentatious nationalism tends to decline in international trade, especially since the World War. Instead of the manufacturer wishing to stamp the coat of arms of his country on his product and have the articles autographed by the titular head of his government he now gives his subsidiary company a name that will sound natural and homelike to his customers. Nor is this hypocritical, for when he goes in he plants the roots of his business deep in the soil. For better or for worse he is there to stay. He cannot run away without serious loss.

Not only do American companies follow this policy, but a great many foreign companies come into the United States in the same manner. In Germany or Switzerland they may have names a yard long, but in this country they endeavor to incorporate under some name as American in sound as George Washington. They, too, come to stay. The new internationalism in trade is not confined to our own leaders. The foreigners operating in this country are no less perturbed by our crop failures, hurricanes and any other troubles that beset us than we are by their unstable rates of exchange. If they sell to us and we can't pay, they lose; neither their national government nor ours will intervene.

Products of the mine, the soil and the sea were once approximately 100 per cent of the goods sold in international trade. Now the country that exports shoes also sells machines to make shoes; the industrial countries that manufacture cotton goods also sell spindles. Machinery and tools of every kind, from monkey wrenches to steam turbines and locomotives, find an ever-growing international market in this new era. The manufacturers and exporters try to sell where the goods will pay for themselves. A market that is likely to collapse next year is therefore not desirable. One where long-term credits can safely be extended is extremely desirable.

The Good Ship Corporation

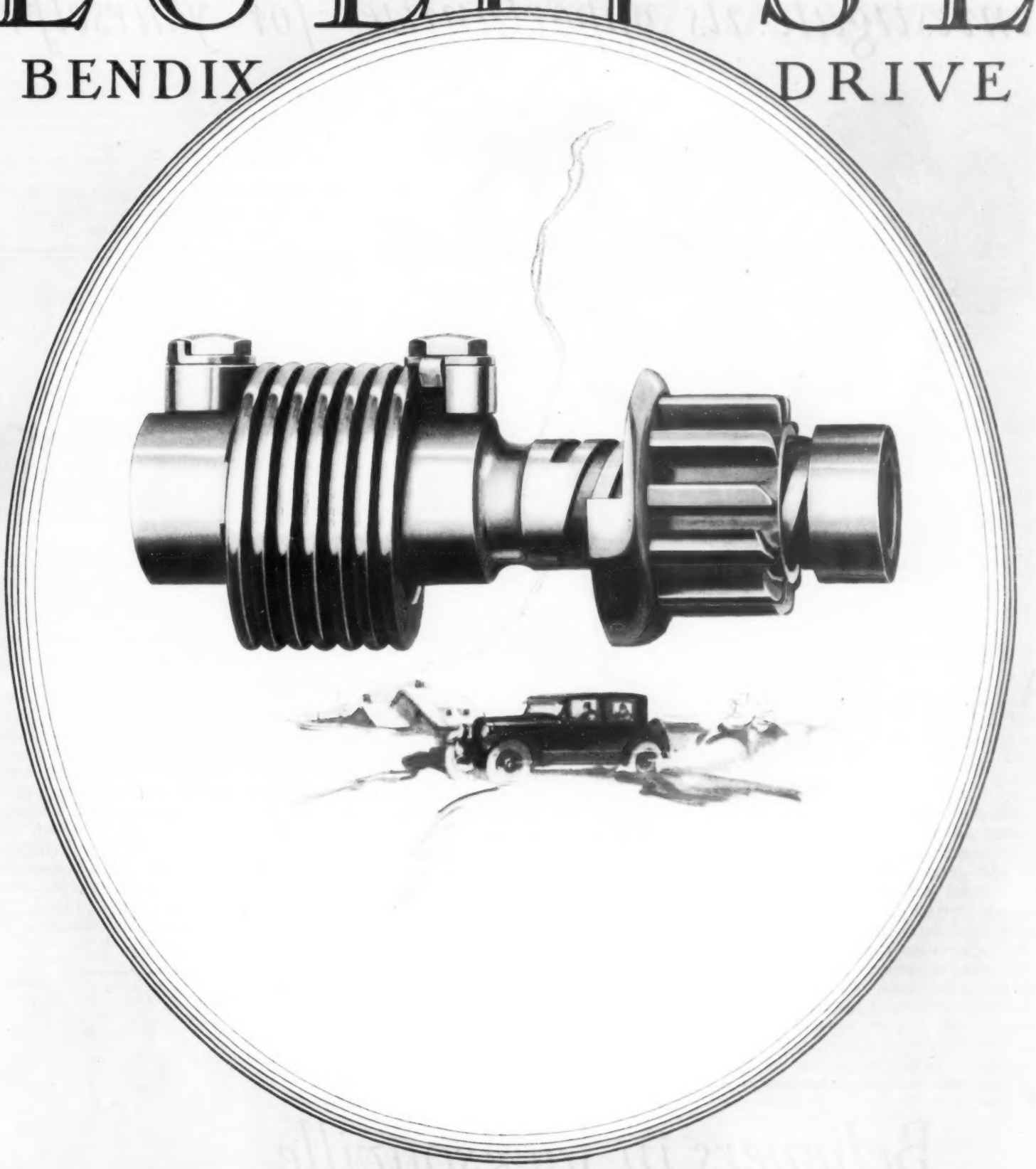
All of which is merely another way of saying that the ultra-modern industrialist in international trade allies himself with the constructive forces at work in the country where he does business, and entertains no hope of wrenching his profit from a solitary adventure that turns out happily. Thus he becomes a powerful influence for peace and good will, though at present not very generally recognized as such. The very names of the ships in which he transports his goods reflect this change. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries one of the most popular names for trading vessels was Adventure. Today that name is almost unknown on the high seas. The firm and its good name go with the product.

But though this phase of his internationalism is very important, it is not the only revolutionary influence the ultra-modern industrialist is exerting. No matter how hard he might try, he cannot entirely nationalize the most fundamental part of his industry. That is because his business is a creation of applied science which endeavors to tread upon the heels of pure science, and both of these are international. Pure science has always been more or less international, but nowadays it makes of the whole earth a little ball that it holds in its hands. On the trail of this wizard, applied science trudges along gleaning what it can use in industry. If it does not keep its eyes wide open and wits alert, a new process may appear unexpectedly and either

(Continued on Page 217)

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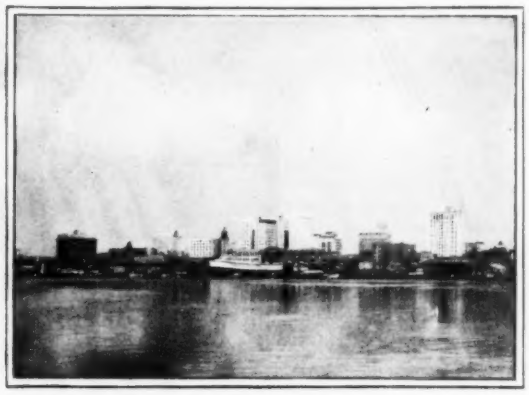
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"AN ASSOCIATION OF REPRESENTATIVE BUSINESS MEN
INCORPORATED FOR THE SINGLE PURPOSE OF COMMUNITY ADVERTISING
AFFILIATED WITH JACKSONVILLE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE"

(Continued from Page 214)

wreck the business or put it at a serious disadvantage in the world market.

The ultra-modern industrialist does not seek monopolies at the hands of kings or congresses; he looks to his laboratory, his inventors and master mechanics to give him advantages that neither law nor fair play will question. If his industry is very well organized he knows almost to an inch the gap that lies between pure and applied science within his field of operations.

The problems and probabilities of the future are all dormant within that middle ground, and he conducts unceasing invasions upon them. These take the form of specific questions which are first formulated by his technical staff and then divided into their component parts to be distributed as widely as need be for solution. An expert in Germany may be asked to make some small but intricate part of an experiment which is designed to determine whether a synthetic substitute for a certain acid is within the realm of possibilities. Another part of the job may be parceled out to an American university, another to a commercial laboratory, another to some distinguished individual scientist. The assembled results will eventually furnish the answer. If the problem is of such a nature that all of it could best be handled in France, then forthwith to France it goes; either that, or some Frenchmen are imported. The American steel industry—in fact, the whole metallurgical industry—owes a great deal to Scotch and English scientists, some of whom were imported while others worked at home.

The ultra-modern industrialist reaches out to whatever spot on the globe, no matter how remote, where great skill or inventive genius appears. To cite a specific example, there has in recent years been tremendous progress in the manufacture of glass; new kinds have appeared, suited to varying requirements. For some reason that no one understands, it happens that several very clever inventions and developments took place in Germany and Austria. If they had taken place in China it would have made no difference. The glass industry had to have the men who did those things, because glass knows no boundaries, either in the making or the selling.

Extraparliamentary Procedure

In the mechanical world, ever since steam and electricity have been employed, Sweden has furnished brilliant geniuses. Probably no one knows why. Sweden is a small country and has never been dominant in our industrial age. Its technical schools do not rank above the best in either England or the United States, but its output of genius is simply remarkable. They left their imprint upon the earliest steam engines and steamboats, and today they are among the foremost designers of steam turbines.

In the great industrial countries the leaders of this world revolution look with respect and wonder at these Swedes. They don't understand why that little country should be so notable in a field that they usually call their own, but no one objects to the Swedes. They hire them—if they can. This genius for mechanics is also shared by the Swedes and their descendants in the United States.

In the ultra-modern industrialism parochial jealousies simply couldn't exist. They would poison and ultimately kill the whole system. "What can you do?" is the challenge, not "Where did you come from?" The really great leaders, and more especially, the geniuses, all have citizenship in a country of their own anyway. Its name is Science. They have their congresses, senates and nobilities, but most interesting of all are their debates. Not one out of a hundred of them is eloquent, and the vast majority cannot make a speech at all; nevertheless they debate incessantly. They do this with books, monographs and articles in magazines circulated exclusively among themselves.

In these debates they follow a custom that might cause a congressman or member of Parliament or member of a Chamber of Deputies to drop dead if ever it was practiced in such a body; to be specific, if one scientist finds another in error and tells him about it, he usually replies with thanks. Recently an American scientist informed a European that the proofs he offered to support his theory were clumsily faked, and the European committed suicide after writing a letter in which he said that he did not know who was guilty of the faking, but the responsibility was his none the less, and he preferred death to such humiliation. There is a Spartan tradition in this international republic of science in spite of the fact that it has neither flag nor boundaries. Slight wonder that its tiny little armies march over the map with so few defeats.

When Man Becomes Master

But what, one might ask, do they debate about if most of them are employed by corporations each seeking an advantage for itself? Well, within that middle ground between pure and applied science there are a great many problems that are general in their nature. They are of interest to the whole industry, and perhaps to several related industries. The questions in this field are not: How can something be done more cheaply? but: Is this theory true? or: Is this measurement accurate? or: Why does a certain result occur when two elements are brought together? Everyone knows what happens, so there is no secret to be patented, but a scientific explanation may be of value to all of them without placing anyone at a disadvantage. These are the subjects of their debates.

The important fact is that they coöperate internationally and that they are supported and stimulated in these activities by private enterprise.

And now let us see what the ultra-modern industrialism does to capital as represented by the banking system. This part of the story is very short. These industries come into being either with a clear field or such a tremendous advantage due to new inventions, processes or systems that it amounts to the same thing. As a rule they have to pay a high rate for their original capital, just as virtually all new enterprises do, but they get rid of that burden by succeeding. Subsequently the bank becomes their servant and not their master. Some of these industries dominate the banks that serve them. Handling their business becomes a highly specialized task. But the fundamental fact is that they break loose from the grip of credit by building up their own reserves of capital. In this process, of course, there is nothing mysterious. Any cotton farmer could also do it if he regularly produced bumper crops and sold them at profitable prices.

The ultra-modern industrialism also brings to bear a very powerful influence upon land ownership by making it less important in relation to independence, wealth and earning power. To be specific, it creates capitalists who need not own any land at all. This simple and obvious fact is revolutionary if one considers it for a moment in contrast with conditions during those many periods in history when the poor and oppressed have cried out for land. What they really wanted, of course, was freedom. Land was merely the means to that end. Today it is not the only one. Who, for example, is freer than the gentleman perched upon a steel beam twenty stories above the ground and operating a pneumatic riveting machine? No matter whether he goes to Detroit, Dallas, San Diego or Brooklyn, there is broiled beefsteak waiting for him. And in the modern world it is doubtful that one country or only a few can go on producing such persons without profoundly affecting all the others eventually.

This new factor which bears upon the importance of land also affects the security of nations. For example, what difference does it make that highly intelligent, energetic,

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If shoes do not fit correctly, they can never be "broken in" to fit little feet. In that case little feet are "broken in" to fit the shoes, and in the process are injured seriously—a precious heritage is gone.

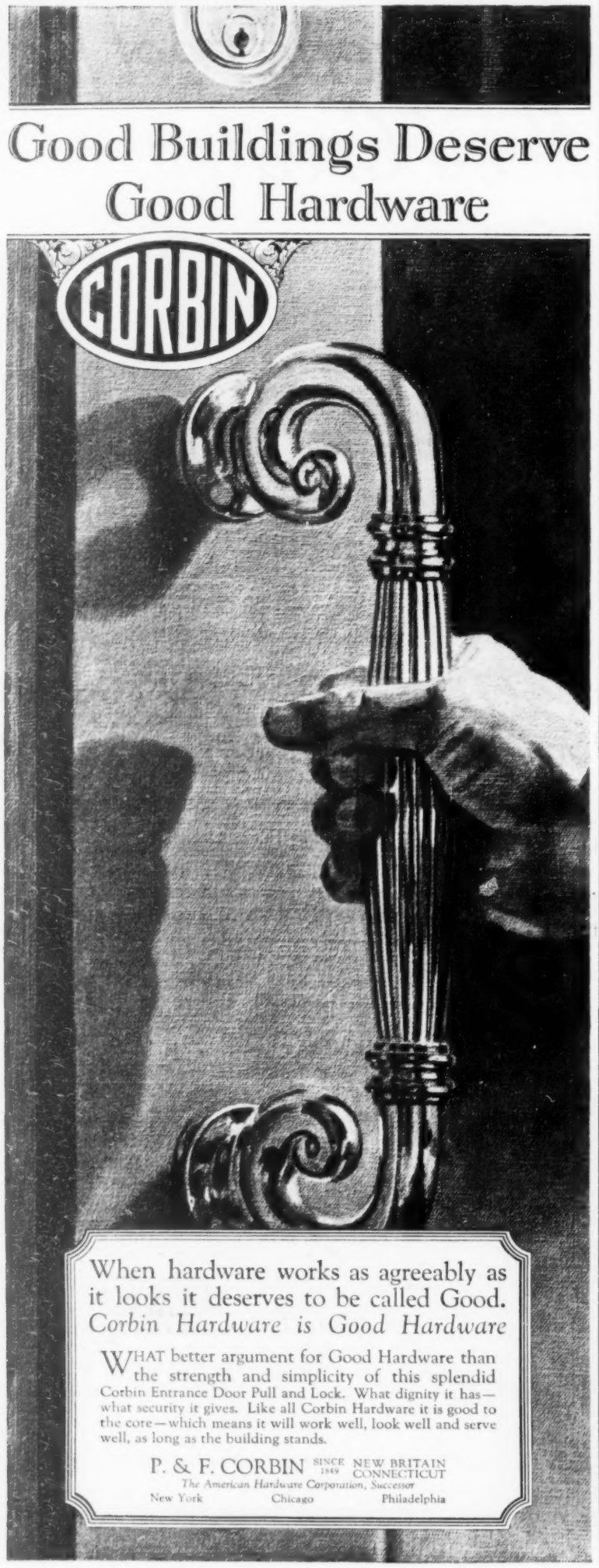
Buster Brown Health Shoes meet every need of growing feet. Any Buster Brown dealer will be glad to explain to you their scientific construction and show you how their exclusive health features guard your children against foot injury.

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productive countries such as Switzerland, Holland and Sweden, to cite only a few, are comparatively small? For that matter the British Isles are also small. The lagging millions who are farthest behind the procession occupy enormous areas of the earth's surface, yet neither their numbers nor their lands give them preëminence today either in war or peace. From a world-wide point of view they have almost a monopoly on what Russia designates the proletariat. At least they have a majority of the visible world supply. Therefore, it is not entirely unnatural that the Russian propaganda of internationalism makes some headway among them.

The countries which are progressively industrial discover, on the other hand, that there is a natural drift toward constructive internationalism and that it proceeds without the aid of propaganda. The whole trend of events is in that direction wherever impossible barriers are not maintained. Even police forces coöperate internationally among the progressive industrial countries. The most isolated nation in the world today, economically as well as politically, is the only one which spends a considerable part of its national income campaigning for what it conceives to be internationalism. From the point of view of the ultra-modern industrialist that form of internationalism is really based upon a common bond of poverty which is unfortunately accepted as though it were irremovable. The many millions of men and women who actually share this common bond constitute the most serious obstacle that progressive industry confronts. It is also a revolutionist and it must win in order to survive. In any country where it gets a foothold, the eventual outcome is not even considered doubtful, but there are vast areas where it has not yet gained even a toe hold.

A Chasm to Fill

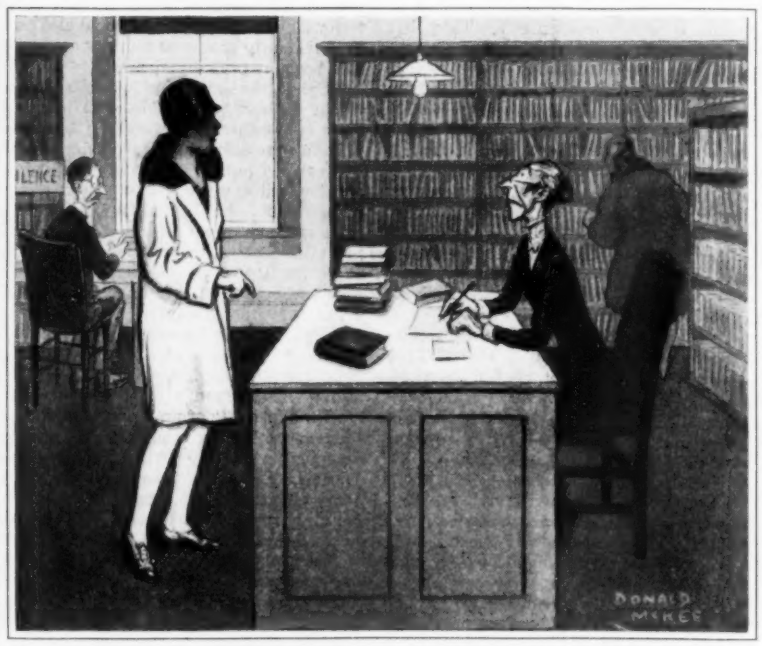
Looking far ahead, the ultra-modern industrialist realizes that his job is to blast extreme poverty off the face of the earth. At present, victory in just a few countries suffices, but that will not remain true indefinitely because his field is international. He cannot exploit poverty even in his own country, much less in any other. If his way of doing business did not spread to other industries even in the same neighborhood he would eventually fail. When he produces a new aristocracy in the ranks of labor, other men must do the same in their fields, because his safety valve is an ever-widening market due to growing prosperity. The yawning gap between the earning power of highly skilled men directing mechanical power and brute strength producing solely with its arms and backs must be closed.

Low earning power is a dead weight upon his enterprise both at home and abroad. Under those conditions he regards a discussion of the proletariat as relating to an economic order that is passing very rapidly wherever it is attacked and that ought everywhere to be on its way into history. He cannot agree on even a few basic facts that might form the groundwork for such an argument. For instance, he would not agree that Karl Marx even saw the birth of the present-day machine age. Marx, of course, and all his contemporaries thought that they did. Most assuredly they had machines. It was very obvious to them that the workman's tools no longer belonged to the workman, but to the industrialist. They saw child labor spread through the cotton-spinning districts of England like a plague. They saw the sky blackened with coal smoke.

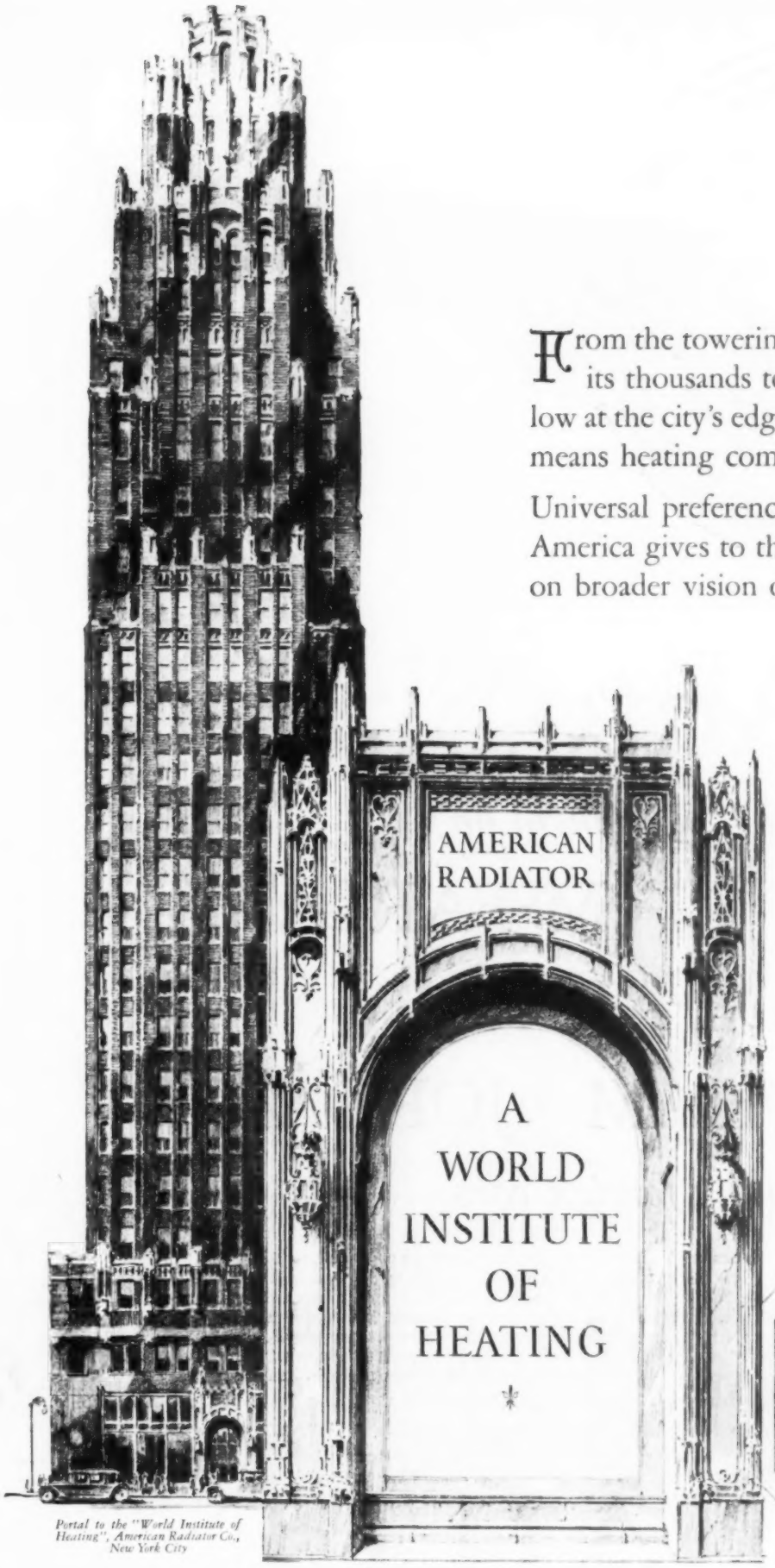
Constructive Destruction

They knew that something previously unheard of was going on in their world. They called it the dawn of the machine age. They saw the human race divided into owners and wage slaves. The argument that they started still rages. To the ultra-modern industrialist the machines they talked about are closer to the bow and arrow, the wedge, the sail and the lever than they are to the dynamo. All those implements were revolutionary and of tremendous import in their infancy. So was the block and tackle. It probably robbed honest men of their sweaty jobs. Moreover, all those implements except the bow and arrow are still in general use, but they no longer constitute the tools of a machine age that has no need for vast reservoirs of cheap labor, but on the contrary hopes to see every major field of production revolutionized and creating capitalists equal to its own.

While the Russian theory of internationalism sets for itself the task of destroying capitalism, the latter, as represented by the ultra-modern industrialism, faces the colossal job of destroying poverty, and with it the proletariat, not for political reasons, but as an economic necessity. That, briefly, is why the visiting British industrialist who was quoted in the opening paragraph of this article remarked that "We on the other side of the Atlantic are much more interested in your own than we are in the Russian enterprise." Great Britain and every other industrial country must enlist in this revolution because it is a tangible fact and a going concern.



Aurelia: "Have You Any Books by That Author I Hear So Much About—Erotica?"

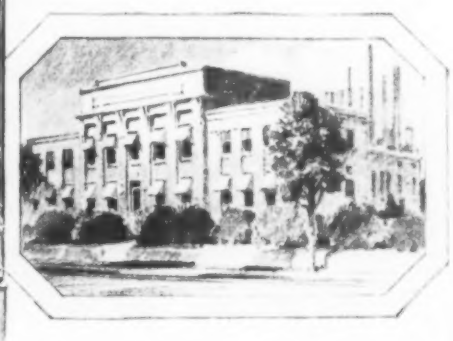


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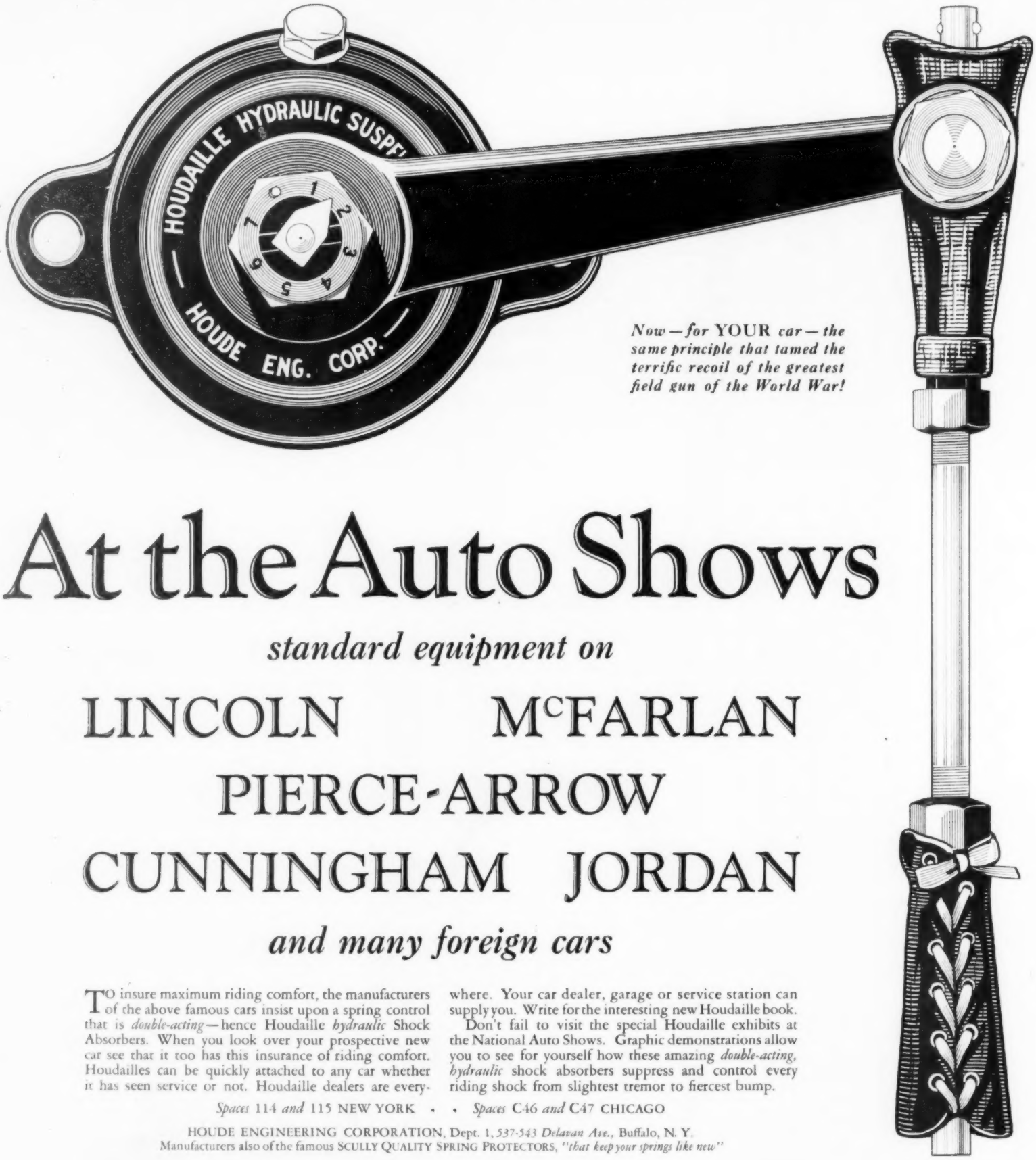
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THE HAPPY PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from Page 33)

coupons such society cashes in extravagant hospitality and contributions to fashionable charities—all for the pathetic pleasure of being among the prominent. Sometimes, even frequently, they weed a wide row in women's public-spirited enterprises and achieve an outrageous prominence, but they never belong to the social element which they espouse, whether they are well-born or lowly bred. Their fault and foolishness is that they have a sense of inferiority which is inexcusable in a respectable person. I have always suspected Alexander the Great was afflicted with it when he wept for more worlds to conquer. Achieving eminence and conquering worlds never cures the inferiority complex. They always weep for more, poor things, because they have no inward sense of elevations. The most charming, brilliant and elegantly conceited men and women I have ever known were behind the rear ranks of society, not in it or of it. But let that go. I am simply trying to qualify as gracefully as possible for the retiring position I took up at Hollywood.

I was still a trifle infirm on my feet and spent the first days of my sojourn at Hollywood, sitting in the cool quiet corners of the hotel, reading the topical outlines of people who came and went. I was able almost at once to distinguish between professional actors and the rest of us who act only in private life. The former had more expression. Along with their other clothes they put on a look, incisive, definite, like the sleek photographs used by the press.

I was amazed to learn by involuntary eavesdropping in the lobby, that one of the young girls I had been watching was really an older woman who had had her face lifted. What an awful fate to be stitched up by a surgeon in the tightened bodice of your own skin so that you could never undress and take a rest from the youth you feigned. I tried to imagine how it would feel to be committed irretrievably to the appearance and mimicry of a young girl at fifty, practicing the virgin stare and the coquetry of innocence. Frightfully embarrassing, I concluded.

But what about those elderly fashionable women who are also getting their poor old faces peeled and lifted. What for? There might be a good excuse for an actress, if she was obliged to tuck up the skin of her cheeks to obtain employment. But why do mothers and grandmothers, whose rôles are laid out for them by Nature, get themselves done over like candidates for love and romance? How do such women behave at home, where they have grown old and wrinkled, when they come back looking like artificial dolls? I ask you who have known and managed your husbands for thirty years by the baleful cut of your eye or the sadly persecuted wrinkling of your forehead at him, how could one of these done-over women look a truant husband in the face and call his attention to the idiocy of losing as much as he did lose the night before playing poker at his club. She could not do it. She has lost her expression for that business. If she acted in character she would be obliged to fling her arms around his neck, weep tragically, and beg him for her dear young sake to eschew the comradeship of profligate companions. Now, in view of the circumstances, wouldn't he be more amused than penitent? Would not such a husband be always wondering if she had her face lifted for him, or the younger, wilder world at large?

If these women act as young as they look they must seem strangely silly to their grown-up children. If they behave as old as they feel, they are out of character, because they have lost the gentle scriptures of love and authority which time prints so endearingly upon a mother's face. What beggary of vanity is this that leads her to exchange them for this faked smoothness of brow and cheek, or that inspires a rickety old sport with a paraffin face to prance forth and give himself the airs of the young blade he used to be. There is something vaguely indecent about counterfeiting youth and all that youth implies, when you should have grown into nobler lines of character than young people can ever have.

No one longs for beauty more than I do, but the time has come in my years when I wish for it as a pudgy old lamp of a former period, with a balloon-shaped chimney fluted at the top, might long to be lighted as evening shadows fall, and be ready to shine upon the faces of friends gathered in a safe place. The soul of me would love to be the candle at the window, to flicker the world good night as it goes by in the dark. To me this would be a privilege in beauty beyond that of mere perishable loveliness—to be remembered by the light of some word I have spoken, by the wind-blown effulgence, however dim, of some sentence I have written, by which the very lonely, lost and undone might find their way in the dark. I feel that I should know it, if such a thing happened, and that I should sit up, white and shining in my little handful of dust, and know myself to be the loveliest thing in this world or the next—a glorified romanticist, justified by faith! Now let some old wasp-minded theologian cast his spectacles upon that sentence and see what he can make of it! It is nothing really but the bright pollen of a few fine words which I have blown across my hereafter in a fragrant mood. But at last, my dear, what is the soul if it is not a glorified romanticist proved to many by the memories you leave behind you that live and bloom again in sad hearts? And what difference is there between mortality and immortality, but this shift of flesh we wear here, so soon worn out? And what are memories, but the fragrance or stench we leave behind us that determines the kind of soul we had and still have, world without end?

There is a picture made of me during this Hollywood period that I have been at some pains to suppress. I am standing, pitch kneed, directly in front of an elephant that has its snout lifted high above my head in what looks like enormous contempt. In this connection I am reminded of what Mary Roberts Rinehart wrote beneath a picture of herself riding a camel—"This is not the way I expected to look riding a camel." Just so, that was not the way I cared to look accompanied by an elephant. Nothing, in fact, has ever been farther from my ambition than appearing at all with an elephant. This accounts for the supplicating forward angle of my knees. I had not known that the beast was behind me until I caught sight of that scornfully coiled snout above me, and the cameraman was already busy. It was enough to make the stoutest woman's knees quail. The wonder is that I did not fall down in a dead faint.

I had been invited that day to see the filming of a knock-down-drag-out fight among desperadoes, which I infer was to be a scene in one of those ever-popular Wild West pictures, although, as far as I am able to judge, no such West exists today, and such scenes of blood and death might be more realistically staged in the bootlegger sections of almost any great Eastern city.

The scene laid for this encounter was about a hut in the elbow of a canyon, surrounded on all sides by a forest. The space had been cleared of trees, but the bushes grew thick and apparently sturdy. I do not know the cause of the attack, but it took place with a frightful roar of guns and innumerable hand-to-hand conflicts. Men fell, struggled and died, others raised themselves upon their elbows at the last gasp and shot their adversaries, who invariably pitched forward on their faces with more agility than I ever imagined the dying possessed, and passed out. I was thrilled to the point of hysteria at the sight of this gigantic struggle between fierce and lawless men. Then suddenly my soul grew calm, my mind sat down and turned up its nose

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at this farce. For quite by accident my attention was riveted upon the scandalous ease with which these monsters ripped saplings as high as their heads out of the ground and tore up the bushes like prancing tornadoes—without bringing a single root to the surface! Do you get it? Those innocent green boughs had been stuck so lightly into the earth that a small child could have plucked them up! I do not know what the blood was that they shed, but the sight of them lying there gasping in it did not move me. What I saw was actors with beards smeared on their faces dying in a welter of pokeberry juice, shot by blank cartridges, stabbed by tin daggers, lying among fallen boughs such as we used to stick up around our playhouses when we were children.

It was at the moment when the smoke of those futile guns cleared that somebody led the elephant down the slope behind me, and the cameraman turned his camera on us in the only real honest-to-goodness acting on that occasion. Neither the elephant nor I feigned anything.

The filming of this desperate encounter between outlaws, however, illustrates the childish preparations these motion-picture artists make for the illusions they create, also the optical and emotional credulity of the public upon which they successfully depend. A motion-picture factory is like a huge warehouse, where comedies, melodramas, tragedies and erotic romances may all be in process of production at the same time. Very little space is required for inside scenes and many outside ones. Yet on the screen they may appear wide and splendid. It is the audience that creates its own illusion of distances and spaciousness. It is not even indicated in the picture to the intelligent eye. I was astonished to discover that Valentino, who could look like a tall young god and an even taller sheik on the screen, was far short of the heroic stature in real life and looked a trifle pudgy in a brown business suit. One of the most popular man stars on the screen today is decidedly below medium height—a sort of featherweight athlete in appearance, though we have seen him many a time in pictures as a tall slim young knight. The only motion-picture idols I saw who looked like themselves in real life were John Barrymore and Mary Pickford.

So we have got to hand it to these psychologists of the human eye. They are the most accomplished highwaymen in the world when it comes to robbing us of the very sense of distance, depths and heights.

Divorce is one of the problems of our national life which has been solved by the divorce courts. But the social and moral consequences of divorce appear to lie outside the jurisprudence of these politer courts, and are met like vagrant symptoms in the police and criminal courts, if they reach the acute stage of misdemeanors or murders.

I have given up worrying about this, having reached the conclusion that God alone knows how to handle the consequences of our follies and cowardice. The law is plain—"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap"—and it works slowly or swiftly, but inevitably. I am old and I have never known it to fail, even if the sowing was good seed. If we sow corruption we get more of it in the harvest. Maybe there are no such things as morals and virtues, merely ideals we have conceived with which to protect ourselves, our homes and property.

Maybe we can be freer, happier, without morals, virtues, home life and property. That remains to be seen. We are certainly leaning in that direction.

Meanwhile, I was in the West, and the consequences of not only divorce but of light serial marriages are beginning to show up there. Divorced people may not be in the majority, but they certainly are the ruling minority. They control public opinion in this matter and furnish the reeling standards of social life. They believe ardently in marriage as an experiment and in divorce as a relief, but nobody, so far as I could see, was in the least concerned about the consequences.

One day I met a rapturously pretty girl at a luncheon party in Hollywood. Although I took her to be in her teens, she was a star who had won fame and fortune on the screen. She wore a sweet little frock and had a maiden stare in her lovely eyes. That unconsciously veiled look of virginal innocency was something I did not know could be counterfeited. I accepted her as a happy young girl and enjoyed the frolicsome gayety with which she handled me. Words cannot describe my sensations when she remarked, as if she was telling me a bright piece of news about herself, that she had just divorced another husband, and now she hoped she was "off of husbands for life"—she merely "hoped," you understand!

"You simply cannot afford to be worried with them in my profession," she explained, speaking of these beings collectively, without the least affectation of boldness, but sensibly, as one might refer to an unprofitable investment.

"But you are supposed to forsake all others, everything and cleave only to your husband," I returned, after a stultified pause, and decently avoiding the plural of the noun "husband."

"Not worth it, my dear," she laughed, actually calling me her dear, not meaning to speak patronizingly, but philosophically, all the time looking like an infant sage.

"I have more talent than any of my husbands had. Can you see me giving up my career for one of them?" she asked with nothing but reasonableness.

It was on the tip of my tongue to say that I had known many a gifted and nobler woman to do it. But I felt that such a rejoinder would sound foolish in her ears. Besides, it occurred to me in a flash that her point of view was illuminating if not decent from my point of view. So many modern women are digging up their talents which better women left safely buried. They have grown so clever and efficient that they are bound to discover how inefficient and expensive men are whom we accepted as husbands and lords of creation without suspecting what gifts we had beyond those of faithfulness and sacrifice. But I could not afford to let her sit there and stare me out of countenance because I believed in the holy bond of matrimony.

"What do you do with them?" I asked, flanking her with this question about consequences.

"Beg pardon?"

"With your ex-husbands," I explained.

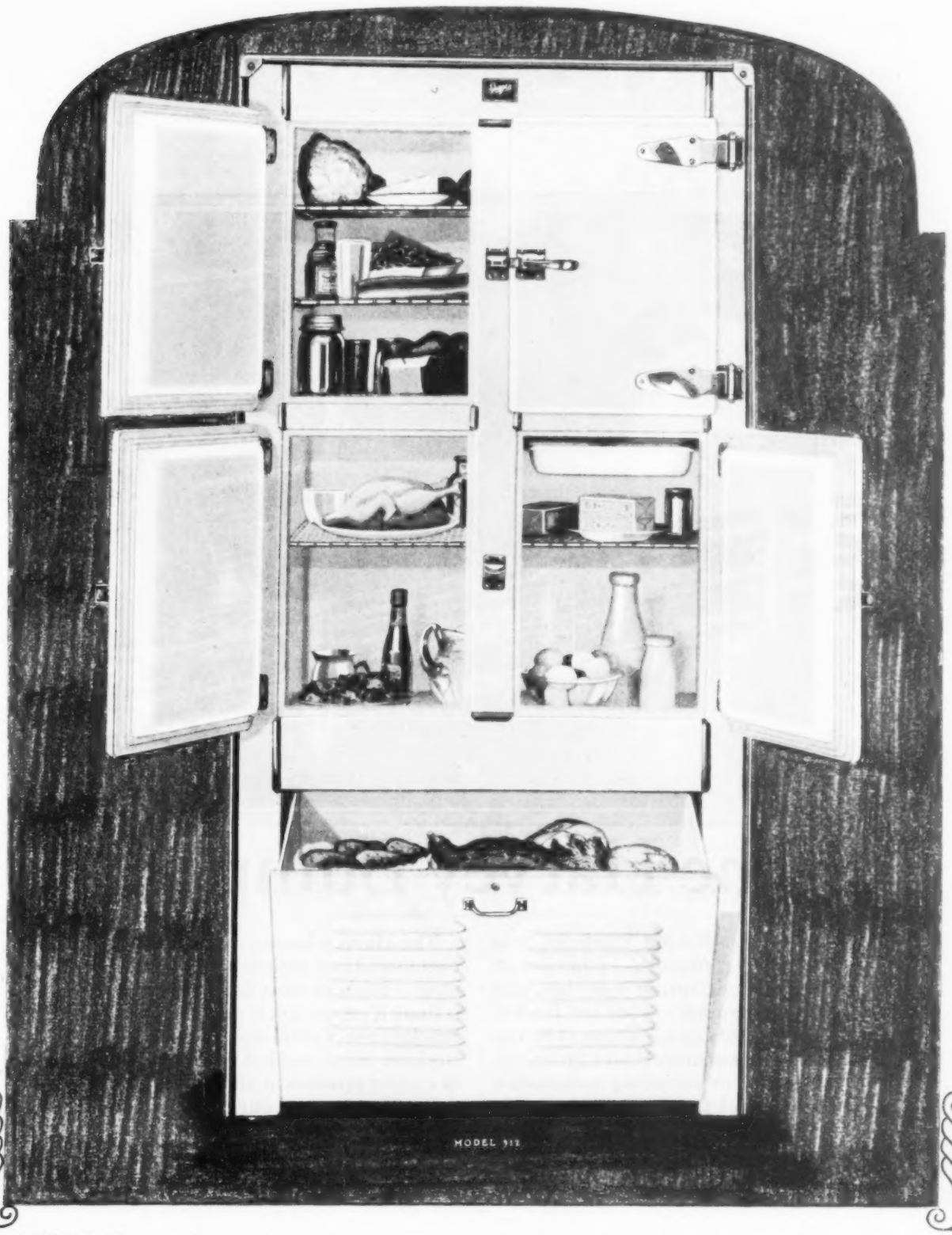
"Oh, nothing. We are done with them, you see." As much as to say, the rule in this business was to leave the dead to bury the dead.

"But what a funny question," she added, with a wider, bluer stare of sweet innocence.

"Well," I said, "they seem to overtake misfortune faster and oftener than the average wretched married man. The morning papers carry what may be called an agony column devoted to the casualties among ex-husbands, and the per cent appears to be extraordinarily high. Two or three former husbands of celebrated stars are taken nearly every night in police raids. If an automobile turns turtle on the highway at night, one of the intoxicated joy riders is almost sure to be the former husband of a prominent woman. And at least one of them is featured as having eloped with someone he should not have eloped with. Men are notoriously incapable of taking honorable, ambitious care of themselves. That alone accounts for the creation of women. Eve had to be. Adam was no good without her. This is also the reason why men marry. They do not really want to marry, nine times out of ten, but they feel the need of a woman to spoof them and take care of them. In order to make sure of her they marry her."

She was listening with so much seriousness that I made haste to clinch my point.

(Continued on Page 225)



CABINETS BY Seeger SAINT PAUL

SEEGER announces a line of All Porcelain Refrigeration Cabinets for Electrical Refrigeration, with Porcelain Vegetable Storage Compartment; Porcelain Defrosting Pan; No Drainage and removable Porcelain Baffle Wall—An achievement, the presentation of which affords the Seeger Refrigerator Company a great pride and satisfaction.

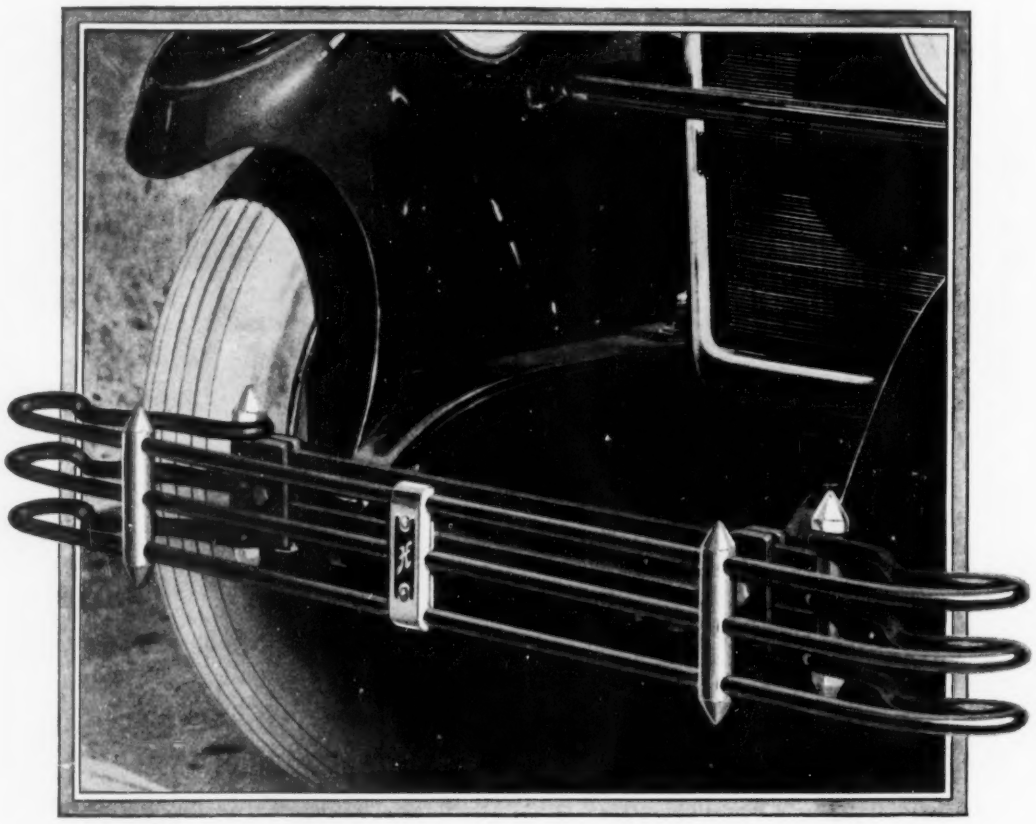
The representatives of Electrical Refrigeration will be pleased to show and demonstrate the new Cabinets by Seeger.

Cabinets by Seeger for use with ice will continue to be shown by usual representatives.

SEEGER REFRIGERATOR COMPANY

SAINT PAUL — NEW YORK — BOSTON — CHICAGO — LOS ANGELES — ATLANTA

STANDARD OF THE AMERICAN HOME



The Harvey Bumper

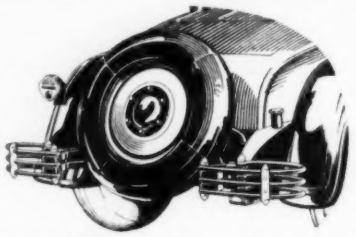
Made by the Manufacturers of Harvey Springs

THE idea behind this bumper is *yielding* strength—a barrier of live, resilient spring steel between you and damage to your car. It takes a bump with *spring* action; Harvey experience of more than a quarter of a century in designing automobile springs and treating spring steel is embodied in Harvey Bumpers.

The Harvey Bumper is carefully engineered and designed for just the work a bumper must do. Protection is there if protection is possible. The brackets are of extra strength treated steel, very rigid, and hold the bumper in correct position at all times.

Put Harveys on your new car and be *sure* of real protection.

See the Harvey Bumper and other Harvey Automotive Products at the New York and Chicago auto shows. Send for name of nearest dealer. Approved by Underwriters' Laboratories.



Harvey Springs are made with utmost care and precision to insure perfect fit, long life, and riding comfort. To get the most out of any spring, use Harvey Spring Oilers and Harvey Spring Oil.

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(Continued from Page 222)

"If you girls are determined to go on divorcing them, I think you should get together and found a home for fallen husbands, where they can have some of the comforts, security and habits of domestic life," I went on, and would have said more if she had not interrupted me by smacking her hands and letting out a trill of laughter. It does not please me to be applauded by a woman who has had several husbands.

I went on ambling about Hollywood, trying to figure it out. It is a huge town of some two hundred thousand people, located like a fashionable suburb, without a railroad station. What we read about Hollywood is press-agent stuff, grossly exaggerated. After all we have heard about lax morals, loose marriage relations and dissipations, I was astonished to find these conditions as familiar as the memories I have of the negro quarter on the old plantation at home. Precisely the same conditions existed there without millions to capitalize them. Negroes slipped in and out of marriage with the same childish impulses. They behaved exactly the same way about funerals, showed more talent, in fact, because they could stage a truly sensational funeral with the body of the humblest of their race about to be buried in a plain pine box. If it happened to be that of a man, the wife and sweetheart frequently staged an altercation at the very grave to prove which one had the right to tear around as the chief mourner; though I never knew a similar disturbance between two men at the funeral of a woman. It seems to be against the instincts of the most primitive nature in men to quarrel over any kind of dead woman; and I do not suppose such a thing ever happened in Hollywood.

I remember that we paid no attention to the orgies and flighty marriages of these darkies, knowing that they were of undisciplined primitive stock, and that ages must pass before they acquire a taste for the delicacy and decency of morals.

I received something like the same impression of the social and domestic life of some of the people in Hollywood. Odds and ends of men and women gathered there from all the ends of the earth, chosen, not for any worthy qualities of character, but mainly for their physical graces and photographic noses. My notion is that though there is much beauty and genius in Hollywood, there is not much quality and astoundingly little intelligence, beyond the pantomime talent for mimicking emotions, such as children always have. It was made clear to me that very ordinary men and women, without brains or traditions to fit them for the heroic parts they frequently play, can be made to develop a genius for merely looking noble, meek, good, ignoble, ferocious and bad, so convincingly as to rival the greatest sculpture and the greatest paintings of the ages.

Nevertheless, this is where the screen is and will remain far behind the legitimate stage. The directors often furnish the brains for the star. Imagine a smart young man teaching Julia Marlowe how to look and speak her lines in the character of Lady Macbeth. Yet I saw directors putting stars through their paces in pictures that have since proved successes. It was like teaching children to think. I cannot believe they are all that way—Mary Pickford, for example. I was there when her last picture—Sparrows—was being filmed. She did her own thinking. Like all the world, I lost my heart to Mary Pickford. She is a nice woman, if I know one when I see her. And she keeps a nice little house on the grounds of the Pickford-Fairbanks Studio. It is like a village cottage, with bright old-fashioned flowers blooming beside the doorway. The parlor is pretty. She knows how to serve a good meal and to preside like a good little hostess at her table. She talks sensibly and never gives herself airs. I doubt if she has any airs. She has a dog named "Rooney," but not "Annie." I did not tell her so, knowing how sensitive the best people are about their dogs, but I believe he is a mongrel. There was an intimation of frightful reality about him that is not characteristic of thoroughbreds, whether man or beast.

As near as I can define a very embarrassing sensation, the feeling I had in Hollywood was that of a grown-up, serious-minded person in a community of very active grown-up children who were not serious-minded, and with no one but the motion-picture directors to control them. Still I might have prolonged my visit there on account of an unconquerable and unsatisfied curiosity, but for a very slight circumstance frequently denoted in the West by the title of "a slight tremor."

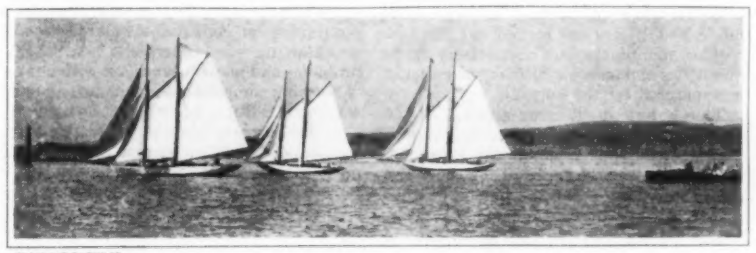
It was the luncheon hour, probably two hundred people in the dining room of the Hollywood Hotel. Suddenly every knife, fork and spoon on the tables tittered. Ice in the glasses tinkled; dishes clattered against dishes; followed a dead silence. No one moved, no one lifted his head, and those who had their heads up and mouths open in the act of receiving food held the pose rigidly. But some people cannot pass over a scandal in silence. A woman popped up behind me; as she passed my table she leaned over and hissed, "Did you feel that shock?" "No," I hissed back, "and you had better not feel it."

But I doubt if she heard me. She was making valorous strides for the door, and probably the open spaces beyond, because that is one thing you can say for the skies, they never fall when the earth shakes!

None of us lingered gluttonously over our food that day. Conversation rose and fell spasmodically, as if here and there some brave coward in the room tried to pierce his fears with the spoken word. But no one got as far as the feeblest laugh. Whatever you may say of the insouciance of these Westerners, when they discuss earth tremors after she has settled down they have an attitude of mental reverence toward seismic disturbances that resents the levity of the politest wit while the performance is going on.

As soon as enough people had left the dining room to make my own departure inconspicuous, I hurried upstairs and packed my things. Within the hour I was on my way to Los Angeles, eight miles distant. If I had it to do over I should never stop under a thousand miles when the spirit moved me to outdistance the faintest tremor of the earth. But at that time I had an idea that these were purely local phenomena, like bubbles in a pan of water. Now I know that Nature has a much wider sense of locality than we have, and that while she is merely sizzling in one place, she can throw up a bubble of gas in another place five hundred miles away that splits a mountain wide open.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mrs. Harris. The next will appear in an early issue.



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Newport Bay, California

Out of the Rut

QUITE frequently we are startled by the realization that we are in a rut.

We go on doing things in the same way, generation after generation, and often suffer for it.

Then one day, some original thinker next door or across the street sees the folly of it all, points a better way, and the rest of us wonder why we did not think of the same thing years before—it seems so obvious.

This is as true of our disposal of the deceased as of our care of the living.

For centuries we buried our loved ones in perishable caskets, then worried over the ruthless destructiveness of the elements.

A few years ago alert people here and there began to discover that positive, permanent protection was available. They no longer permitted themselves to follow the age-old custom of providing a casket and nothing more.

They heard of the Clark Grave Vault and realized that its absolute protection of the dead provided peace of mind for the living.

It needed only a few of these wide-awake people to start the elimination of one custom and the adoption of another.

Today it is fast becoming the normal thing to specify the Clark Grave Vault.

The Clark Grave Vault has come into such wide use because it affords *positive* and *permanent* protection, and is obtainable at reasonable cost.

This vault is designed according to an immutable law of Nature. It has no man-made seals or locks.

And being made of 12 gauge Keystone copper steel, or Armco Iron, with a plating of pure cadmium (by the Udylite Process, exclusive to this vault) it offers the greatest resistance to rust that is known to science. Further, being made of metal it is not porous.

Never in a quarter of a century has a Clark Grave Vault failed to protect its contents. It therefore is logical that leading funeral directors should recommend and supply it.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT COMPANY
Columbus, Ohio

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CLARK



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This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.



Architect Lindy, Red Bank, N. J.

The most charming homes in America have solid walls of BRICK

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BRICK UPON BRICK the best homes are built . . . Solid, indestructible walls that laugh off attacks of time, fire, storm, flood . . . walls that mellow and enhance in charm as the years and the decades roll on!

Brick upon Brick the walls go up—never to crumble or crack; never to ask for paint or repairs—the best construction for any home or building, and the best *economy* for any budget.

The ancestral homes and landmarks of tomorrow are the *Brick* homes and buildings of today. Turn a deaf ear to glib pleas for substitutes. Build so that you'll never have to rebuild. That calls for *Walls of Brick!*

Walls of Brick are superior because (1) they are built of solid, indestructible units; (2) they can't decay or burn; (3) best protection against heat, cold and vermin; (4) no painting orrepairsrequired—upkeep lowest; (5) beauty is permanent; (6) high resale value.

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Getting On in the World

What's Your Idea?

IN CONSIDERING this matter of a career, women are increasingly discovering that if they look within their own resources and experiences, instead of without, at what others are doing, they often find something that they can capitalize to much better advantage than by simply following along paths already beaten out, and becoming one more lawyer, one more insurance underwriter, or one more of a hundred other things in fields available to feminine talents. For the woman who can contribute to a business world already fairly well supplied with all these things, some original idea, or some new use for an old idea, is pretty sure to reap a reward worth having. This is being demonstrated over and over again by women today who have picked out one little item from their experience or particular ability, and in popular parlance, "made a business of it."

I am thinking of one woman whose idea for her very successful and unique business came from working out a way to end a very common annoyance.

"Everywhere I went, ever since I can remember," she tells the story, "whether it was somebody's house, a hotel, or a restaurant, it seemed to me that there was always some window that rattled in its sash and kept you awake at night, or some chair or table that tilted sidewise at critical moments because one leg was too short. And then you know how hard it often is to keep your mirror tilted at the exact spot where you can see into it best—haven't you folded up enough old letters and things to put behind it? Especially in restaurants the tables always seemed uneven so that they rocked back and forth when you laid a hand down or took it up. If you asked the waiter to fix the table he would look helpless for a minute and then generally end by taking away your menu and folding it up and sticking it under the offending table leg.

"One day when I was eating lunch at this kind of table I began to wonder, after my menu had disappeared under my feet, why waiters never had anything handy to remedy a situation of this sort, and why nobody apparently had ever invented anything to take care of such odd jobs. That was the birth of my business. I decided then and there that I would make a little wooden wedge that could be slipped under tables and chairs to even up legs; that could be stuck into window sashes to stop the rattling, or behind mirrors to keep them at the desired angle."

A simple thing, that wedge, of course. But the point is that nobody had thought of it before. There was a need that had never been met, and she conceived a way to meet it.

Or take the story of another woman, forced into business, as so frequently happens, by an unexpected twist of circumstance. Although totally without business training or experience, she nevertheless set for herself the goal of an independent enterprise—she meant eventually to be her own boss. More than that she gave herself a time limit.

"I hadn't any idea what that independent business was going to be," she said, "but I gave myself three years to be in business for myself—and it took me two years and two months."

What she does is to make paper doll houses through which manufacturers can advertise their products. Not by hand; no, indeed. They are turned out through regular manufacturing channels in large quantities and merchandised by a company incorporated for the purpose.

This is how it all came about. In the course of her emergency job-holding experience she spent some time in the employ of a public-utilities corporation. At first, she says, they didn't seem to know quite what to do with her after they had employed her, so she was shifted from one department to another, doing different work in each. This, she now declares, was the best thing that could possibly have happened to her, as it gave her a thorough background in the electrical field. Incidentally it also paved the way for a subsequent position as industrial engineer with the same corporation, in which capacity she put through a job analysis of the work of those various departments, and showed where time, money and man power could be salvaged. That, however, has only this to do with the story of her own business—that it served to ground her still more thoroughly in the knowledge which became the basis of her venture.

"Why," she asked herself one day, "shouldn't this firm get the message of electricity across to the public through the children?" and the eventful train of thought was started. It proceeded thus: "Children like to play house and to play with dolls. They also like to 'cut out.' Therefore why not create a paper doll house, accompanied by sheets of electrical appliances to cut out and put in proper places, which various companies can distribute to their customers and prospective clientele? By the time the children have finished cutting out and putting together, they will not only have a complete electrically equipped house, but they will have become so familiar with electricity and its possibilities that when they grow up and have houses of their own the natural thing will be to equip these similarly. In the meantime, through watching their children's play, the parents will also become educated along the same line, and the whole result will be an increased use of electric appliances and electric current."

She put her idea into concrete form, and the first company she showed it to gave her a most gratifying order—gratifying not only because of its size but because of the evidence it gave of the soundness of the idea itself.

Still another woman who is making a most satisfactory livelihood through the development of an original idea is a young widow who maintains what she calls a "lamp service." Calling upon a store of information about lighting which she had acquired in business days before her marriage, together with what she had learned from her husband, who was an illuminating engineer, she obtained a position in a large department store, for which, in time, she was made lamp buyer. So much of ingenuity and wit did she bring to her job that her reputation soon spread and she was sought for similar positions in larger and more elaborate stores.

"During this time," she says, "I was impressed with the scarcity of information possessed by sales clerks about the lamps they were selling. I wanted the clerks in my department to be intelligent about lamps, so that when a customer came to get one for a certain type of room, they would know what would be the type best suited for her purpose. So I used to call them together and tell them about lamps, and keep them informed as to the new styles that were constantly being turned out.

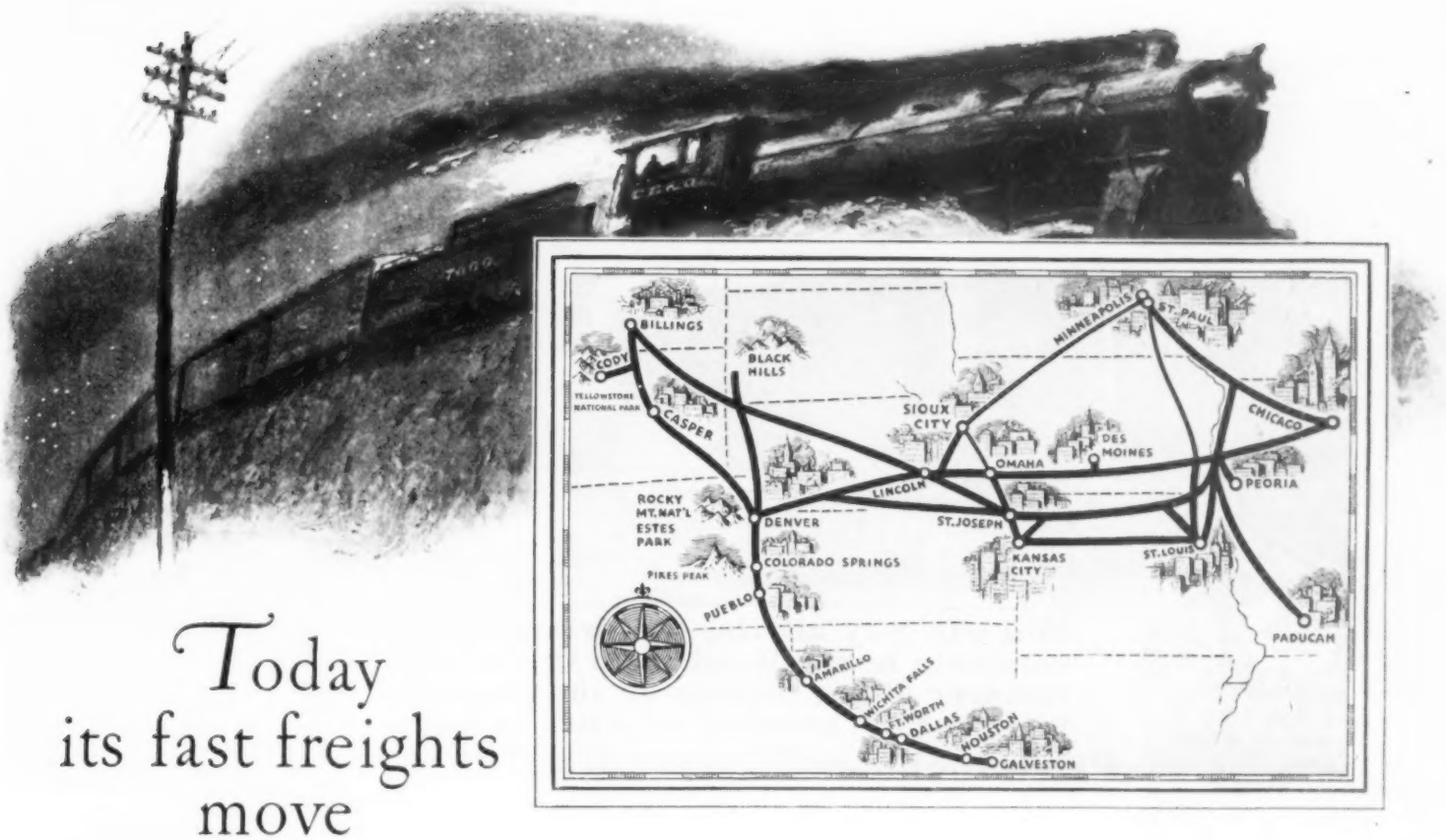
"Then it occurred to me that this was a service which other firms might find useful; that one might do with lamps what had been done so long with clothes—in other words, institute a sort of fashion service. So I decided to try it out as a business."

Today she has expanded her idea to include a consulting service and built up a reputation as consultant and adviser to manufacturers and others who have specific problems and plans to work out with lamps.

Nothing complicated about such an idea, was there? But nobody had done it before.

It is the woman's instinctively quick perception of needs to be met and ways to meet them, coupled with a natural readiness to attempt the untried, that is responsible for these and countless other successful

(*Continued on Page 229*)



Today its fast freights move *with swiftness undreamed of* six short years ago

In 1920, after the years of war-time emergency, American transportation faced the greatest crisis in its history.

The entire freight system all but broken down. Maintenance almost completely neglected. Box cars scattered thousands of miles away from home lines. Congestion in the Southeast, where few freight cars were needed. Shortage in the Northwest, where grain lay rotting in the elevators, where live stock grew too old for market before it could be moved.

All railroads suffered heavily, and Burlington with the rest.

Today, on the Burlington, a change which has almost revolutionized business in the Middle West! Faster, more economical, more efficient transportation than ever before.

Shipments move with a swiftness undreamed of six years ago. Second morning deliveries where third morning deliveries were made before. Ten hours lopped off a single fast freight run, Chicago to Denver. Hourly freight capacity increased by 28.3% per train. Switching time, by a new system of classifying freight, reduced often from two hours to thirty minutes. A fast freight on time to the minute for thirty consecutive days!

Millions of dollars saved each year for merchants and manufacturers, more than twenty per cent of whose capital has been freed by speedier deliveries!

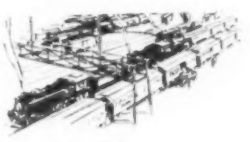
All this, and more, in six short years! Here was a task which required *Burlington men*, trained by over two generations of successful railroading experience.

A task whose gigantic proportions you can truly judge only by referring to the map above. Follow with your eye the main lines of the Burlington:

Eleven thousand five hundred miles of lines! Serving thirteen of our largest states, one-third our total land area. Reaching practically every important commercial center between the Great Lakes, the Ohio River, the Rocky Mountains and the Gulf of Mexico.

The largest food-carrying system in the world! For within this tremendous area are produced: Two-thirds the oats, more than half the corn, more than half the barley, half the wheat, half the hogs, nearly half the cattle, nearly half the sugar beets grown in the United States; vast riches in iron, timber, coal, oil, copper, silver, gold, wool and cotton.

Such has been the most recent chapter in the seventy-five year record of achievement by Burlington men. These men, numbering 50,000, serve you with pride in their record and with the profit of their experience.



For 75 Years

The Burlington has completed seventy-five years of successful railroad service. The Burlington has never been in the hands of a receiver; it has never defaulted on a financial obligation. The Burlington has counted success as necessary to a useful existence. It knows no other way to provide the high class of service the public has demanded and which the Burlington has made its first purpose.

Hale Holden

PRESIDENT OF THE BURLINGTON

The Burlington Route

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The lumber that's wasted costs just as much as the lumber that's used, and the best way to cut your cost is to save the usual waste. The Aladdin System prepares all the lumber in our mills ready to be nailed in place. Cost of lumber is reduced 18 per cent, cost of labor is reduced 30 per cent. Quantity production of standard designs allows us to quote the very low prices we do, and still maintain the High Quality materials Aladdin Homes are noted for.

Aladdin's 21 Years' Success is proof that you can do as thousands of other home builders do every year—make a substantial saving by building an Aladdin Home. The savings, after building a small home, will add more to your happiness than the luxuries of a big home. Aladdin has made it possible for the family of moderate means to own a warm, strong home at a very low cost. There is an Aladdin near you wherever you live. Go and see one. SAVE money, time and annoyance by ordering all materials from one reliable manufacturer. The FREE catalog gives all facts. Send coupon for it today.

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Aladdin homes are all built of beautiful, clear siding, clear flooring, clear interior woodwork, and sound, strong framing. You get the finest quality of materials obtainable. They are permanent, year 'round houses, and are not portable or sectional in any sense. They are just like any other architect-designed, contractor-built homes in your neighborhood, and are warm in winter. Our blue prints and instructions make it easy for anyone familiar with tools to erect an Aladdin. We guarantee safe arrival of complete materials and PAY THE FREIGHT to destination.

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(Continued from Page 226)

individual enterprises. Nor has a lack of capital ever deterred the truly ambitious woman, or permanently blocked the development of her thought. Rather, by far the great majority of these ventures have had an urgent need of money as the compelling force which eventually brought them into being. The sound idea that is born of a healthy, alert mind is bound to win the necessary support and coöperation. It is simply a question of finding out what you have to sell—whether an idea or a product—and then setting your intelligence and courage the job of selling it.

—MARION CLYDE MCCARROLL.

More Sales Per Customer

WHEN a man located in a small city concludes that his business volume is too small, one of three things may happen. He may decide there isn't anything to do about it, and allow the volume to remain too small; he may sell out and move to the nearest larger city; or he may think out a way to increase the business he is getting.

In a city of 200,000 in Ohio there is an electrical contractor who met up with this question and decided to take the third course of action. There was just about so much work for his men in the installation of house wiring, and lighting and power applications for offices, factories and stores. Often two or three of his men would be out of a job two days a week, and as he wanted to keep them on his pay roll, he had to give these men odd jobs in his store and shop. This idle time ate into profits.

It wasn't possible to create an increase in building activity, and no amount of salesmanship would bring new stores when competition in the town was already keen. What he needed was an idea that would sell a little more service and a few more materials to each customer. He was thinking about that one morning in his store when a customer walked in and asked what the charge would be on a recently installed system of lights for his show window.

Now the bookkeeping of this contracting business is carried on in an office on the second floor. To save steps the contractor had installed an intercommunicating telephone between the store counter and the bookkeeper's office. To get the answer to his customer's question he pushed a button on this little telephone and lifted the receiver.

"How much is Mr. Davidson's bill?" he inquired.

In a second the answer came back to him, and was duly relayed to Mr. Davidson.

"What's that thing?" asked the customer.

The contractor showed him, and explained how the device worked. "And say!" the contractor added with real inspiration. "I guess I'm dead from the neck up. This is exactly what you need in your store. Listen! Put one of these on your desk, one in your stock room and one out on the sales floor, and you can save yourself and your clerks a few thousand footsteps a day! I've seen you get up from your desk and tear out to the stock room to see if you have enough of this and that. I've seen clerks leave customers at the counter to come and ask you if you could order something special for them. I don't know why I didn't talk to you about this before.

"Now while our boys are finishing up that window-lighting job for you, let me give you an estimate for these intercommunicating telephones. While the boys are right there they can put the system in, and in two days you'll wonder how you ever got along without it."

The estimate was given and the job sold. That was a start, and the contractor made it a point thereafter to include an estimate for intramural telephones with other electrical estimates, in every case where these devices could serve a real need. The result was that the amount of his average contracting order was increased. He sold more material and service per customer, kept his men busy a greater part of the time, and raised his volume while actually lowering his overhead per job.

That same sort of problem confronted a New York State grocer. He had about all of the regular customers he could hope to get in his territory. The only way to make more money was to sell each customer more goods per order.

A study of the people he served convinced him that numbers of these housewives were splitting up their orders between several stores. One reason for this was special sales, but the main reason seemed to be that on those days of the week when the grocer's clerks called for orders, the housewives would order only what they happened to think of at the time. Later on other needs would come up, and be purchased from some other store.

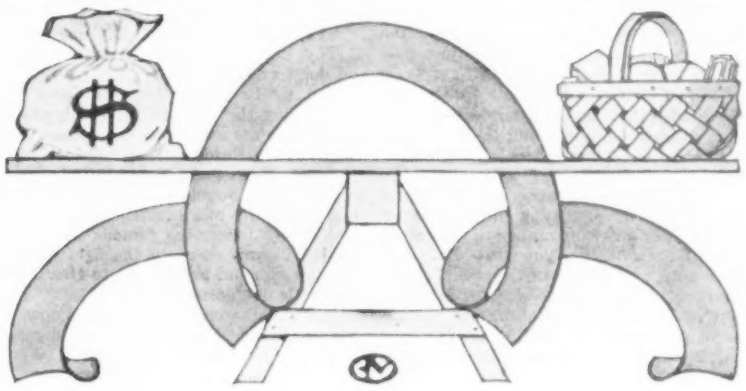
The solution was an order blank which listed such essentials as granulated sugar, butter, flour, coffee, tea, eggs and potatoes. Spaces were left for the customer to fill in the quantities or amounts of each item. These sheets were carried by the clerks, and when they called on Tuesday they left blanks dated for their Thursday call. The customer could not fill out one of these blanks without being reminded of all the staples regularly needed.

When the clerk called and found his customer had failed to make out her order, he simply ran over the list with her, with the same result. The average order per family increased, and helped to swell the volume of business.

That same kind of thinking is in evidence in many different lines of business. A street railway in Pennsylvania, for example, recently inaugurated a family ticket at a slightly reduced rate, to encourage all members of families living on or near the lines to make more frequent use of the service. Reports indicate that the idea is sound and that the desired results will be obtained.

Owners of businesses, large and small, will usually admit that their profits are smaller than they should be. Doubtless many sufferers from the need of expansion have effected a cure by moving to what seemed to be larger opportunities. Business history, however, records very few failures resulting from intensive cerebration, and a little thought in the direction of how to get more business from present customers at the present location is always worth a try.

—CHARLES LOOMIS FUNNELL.





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Hot Water Heat in the Home

The Same Pleasant Hot-Water Heat in Your Car that You Enjoy in Your Home

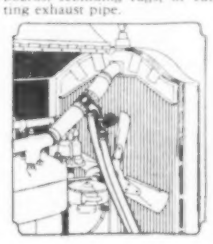
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And only 75 minutes or less to install—without removing floor boards, rebinding rugs, or cutting exhaust pipe.



MOT-ACS heats the car with *running hot water*. It takes about 5 per cent of the water circulating round the motor block and sends it speeding at 5-feet-a-second through the heater and back into circulation. Simple construction. Positive, trouble-proof operation.

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Hot-Water heat is the pleasantest, most healthful kind of heat. The air is pure and wholesome. You are always *comfortable*. The MOT-ACS heater can be turned on or off instantly, easily, *positively*.

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Remember this when your head feels "stuffed up," when you start sneezing, when your eyes and nose start running, when your throat is dry and ticklish. Glyco-Thymoline is sold by all druggists. Three sizes—small, medium and the big pound bottle, shown at the right.



Trial size bottle mailed promptly if you send 10c

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Ted Waldon recently earned a reward of $221.00 for only one month's work. You can have the same opportunity we gave him, if you mail the coupon at once.

A Letter From a Self-Made Diplomat to His Constituents

(Continued from Page 7)

better than a Politician. It showed the plain side of the family. They fed their dogs up in Vermont and they feed these down here. The White House don't make any change in their life. I bet the night the Queen eat there the old Kioodles got their hand-outs just the same. Entertaining the Queen dident make Cal break out in any lather.

In New York and all other Cities they had to have some Englishman come in and coach the Mayors and Reception Committees what to wear and what to say when they met her. It took two weeks in some places to train them from acting like Americans. I bet Cal dident even consult Ex-Ambassador George Harvey over the phone about what to wear or what to say. You know, when you have to be told what to say when you meet anyone, you are not the one to meet them.

Wanting to find out for you what shape the House was in, I said to Mrs. Coolidge, "I hear you had the whole House gone over and overhauled this summer." I had read something about it, and I imagine you had too.

But she replied, "Why, no, it is to be done later on this winter; but they did a little work here—put in an Ice plant, and did some work on the Kitchen. They are going to put a new roof on and do it all over, but we will have to move out for that."

I asked her if they would go to a Hotel and live while it was being done, as I remember when they used to live at the Willard when he was Vice President. She told me no, they thought they would take another House. Mrs. Coolidge asked me if in my travels around over in Europe I had met Queen Marie—she was just landing in this country the following week. I told her no, I couldent find her country. She said that she was to be their guest for dinner when she came, and I remarked about what a charming lady I had heard her to be.

They asked me about Charley Hughes. He and I had just come over on the boat together. You know, Charley used to work for Calvin. He had him there in his faculty for quite a while. Finally Charley worked himself up till he was able to go in business for himself. They are still very good friends, and Mr. and Mrs. Hughes were coming down to go on the boat for the next week-end with them. I guess that's why Mr. Hughes had been practicing going back and forth across the ocean. He will just about fool Calvin and not get sick. I told them to give the Hugheses my best regards for they are mighty fine folks, and how common he was when you really knew him. Mr. Coolidge had read in the papers about Mr. Hughes and me blasting $42,000 out of the Passengers for the Florida relief fund. That was from returning passengers, which would have meant a million going the other way.

Now what will Europe say when they hear there was $42,000 that they dident get?

I asked them about what kind of a summer they had up at that Camp in New York State, and they said they had a fine summer. Mr. Coolidge said he enjoyed the fishing. You can, however, always get the truth out of the Ladies about just how things go at some new place.

Mrs. Coolidge said to me rather confidentially that the mosquitoes bothered her. I asked her how about the President, and she said, "Funny thing, they dident bother him at all."

Now this might be betraying a confidence in telling that, for they might want to get some other customer up there next summer; but I am telling you what Mrs. Coolidge told me, and I sure do believe her; and if my telling this knocks the Coolidges out of getting back next summer, the old farm at Claremore, Oklahoma, has just put in some good screens, and there is Mosquito netting over every bed.

That Mosquito business up there is some of Al Smith's doing. He just about had every Democrat catch every one he could off himself and sent them up there and turned them loose. Al about said, "If I can't beat you, I will worry you."

We had fish that night for dinner. Well, I never paid much attention to the fish. I paid enough attention to it to eat it, but I never gave it any more thought. But the next day at lunch—get this! The next day at lunch—I was still there at lunch the next day! I suppose by all the laws of etiquette and the constitution of Emily Post, that I should have gone away the next morning, but I was still there. When the lunch bell rang I was the first one in to the table. I had been there so long by then that I knew my place; I knew just what chair to pull back.

Well, during the lunch the Butler come to Mr. Coolidge with a platter of something that resembled some kind of hash. The White House spokesman looked at it and asked, "Same old fish?" Well, that sure did sound homelike. I had forgot about the fish the night before, but he hadent. To hear the family discussing the rehash brought me right back among the mortals. I had eaten Turkey hash for generally about a week after holidays and Weddings. Chicken hash generally runs about two days. I had partaken of Beef hash, and I have eaten hash that nobody knows what the contents were. But when you get down to eating fish hash you are flirting with Economy. This old thing of saying he preaches economy but he don't practice any of it is the bunk.

The old Collie Pups were still prowling around there during lunch, and I was mighty glad, for it made me feel much more at home. But this fish hash at lunch has put me ahead of my story. I got to get back to the night before. I was saying that I was going to fly back to New York the next afternoon, that I had done a lot of flying in Europe and that it is the only way to travel; and that we over here should do more to foster commercial aviation, give the companies a government subsidy so they can exist.

The White House spokesman said, "We have more than anybody now. We have flown more miles." I told him: "Yes, you are counting in all that the Air Service is flying. We are carrying a lot of letters and advertising circulars, but we ain't carrying any people. We must get our people used to travel by air."

He said, "We are laying out quite a few routes now and there is a passenger line from Norfolk to Philadelphia that stops at Washington." I knew about that one, for that was the one I was going on—and then have to engage a special plane, as there was no regular service to get into New York, our biggest city. But I dident want to get in any argument. You always have to treat your Host with consideration. Mrs. Coolidge remarked during the heat of the debate that she dident know there was a regular passenger line to Philadelphia from Washington.

"Does anybody ride on it?" she asked.

The White House spokesman replied, "I don't know. I don't."

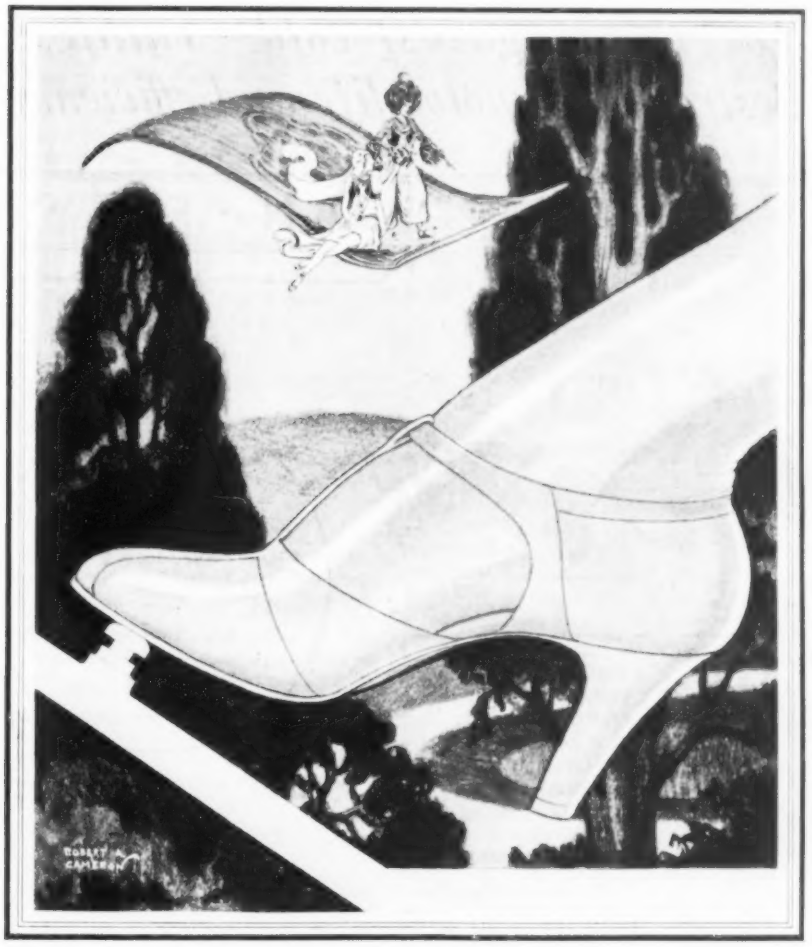
But by the way, they did have the line during the Sesqui-Centennial, and it was run on the exact lines and system that they have in Europe. They had lovely big inclosed planes that seated about ten passengers, with double engines on them. I had a fine trip to Philadelphia; and then Old Casey Jones, the famous flyer that hauled Tunney down to the fight, picked me up there and breezed me to New York in a little double-seater.

But I am like a moving picture now—I am wandering off from my original story. I got to get back to the night before. When

(Continued on Page 233)

THE MAGIC BUTTON

Just as your wish started the magic carpet—
So your foot on the magic button
starts the car



YOUR AUTOMOBILE, the epitome of modern science and craftsmanship, is *dead*—until your foot upon the Auto-Lite gives it life. ¶ Yet so faithful has been Auto-Lite's performance, that this *Twentieth Century Magic* is taken for granted—and we have actually forgotten the days of hand cranking. ¶ Because Auto-Lite has been thoroughly proven—on millions of cars—it is today recognized as the standard in starting, lighting and ignition equipment. An Auto-Lite on the car you buy, is an index of quality materials used throughout . . . THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY . . . . . OFFICE AND WORKS: TOLEDO, OHIO . . .

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To guard against cold—ruthless destroyer of motor life and efficiency

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Dangerous months for your motor —when cold completes its work of destruction. If you buy a new car—insist on getting a Winterfront with it. Leave it on until outside temperature rises to well above 60°. Then you eliminate the causes of 50 to 75% of all premature motor wear.

ONE-FIFTH of all you paid for your car went for the motor. Don't make the mistake of exposing this costly mechanism to the ravages of cold.

The very life of your motor depends on *heat*. It's a heat machine. It *must* be hot to operate efficiently—150 to 175°—according to automotive tests.

At 60° Fahrenheit, damage begins

And during the eight months' period when temperatures run at 60° and below—cold, your motor's worst enemy, causes 50 to 75% of all premature motor wear.

Many automotive authorities agree it's the "warming-up" period in chill and cold weather that causes greatest damage. The "choke" period—when, to get your motor operating smoothly, you drive miles with the "choke" out. Raw, unburned gasoline floods your motor. Glass-like surfaces are washed clean of the oil film of protection. Vital motor parts are laid bare to grinding friction. Scoring and pitting follow, excessive dilution, fouled spark plugs, extreme carbonization, corrosion and rapid cylinder wear. Gasoline consumption is increased at a tremendous rate.

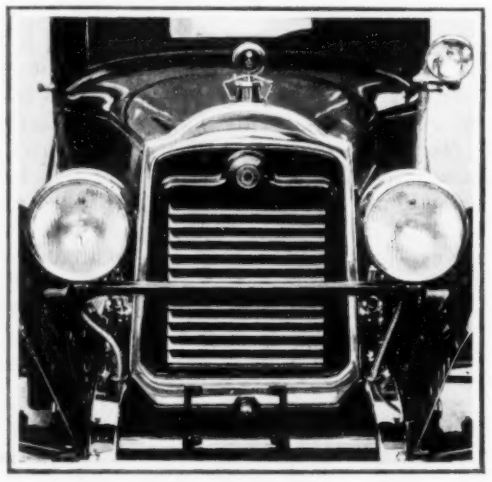
Pines Automatic Winterfront eliminates this danger period

No motor built today—however perfect—can withstand months of such punishment. No motor *need* stand it, thanks to *automatic* Winterfront protection.

With your car Winterfront equipped—the "warming-up" period is cut to seconds. You form the habit of using the "choke" as it should be used—*for starting only*. Your motor is kept *always* at the correct temperature for highest operating efficiency. You experience a new degree of gasoline economy—increased warmth inside your car—summer-time smoothness and flexibility in your motor.

What Winterfront is and what it does

Pines *Automatic* Winterfront is a thermostat controlled shutter that fits snugly over the radiator. The thermostat control fits flush with the radiator. Temperature changes within the motor are transmitted through the thermostat to the *automatic* shutters. When more heat is needed the shutters close themselves. When cool air is required, they automatically open to the exact angle desired. *Pines Winterfront is the only automatic radiator shutter on the market.* There is nothing to get out of order. You have nothing to remember. Winterfront action is *positive* and *automatic*. In laboratory tests Winterfronts have given the equivalent of 20 years of average service without a single failure to operate—*automatically*. It will improve the appearance of any car—outlast the car itself.



Many fine cars provide this protection

Pines Automatic Winterfront has been adopted as standard equipment on Packard "8," Pierce-Arrow, Peerless "8" and Peerless De Luxe "6," Willys-Knight Big "6" and Wills Ste. Claire, Model T-"6."

Makers of these fine cars have stopped the damage done by cold—saving their owners millions annually. You can have this same protection for a fraction of what it will cost to repair the damage cold will do.

Put on in ten minutes

Pines *Automatic* Winterfront is for sale by car and accessory dealers everywhere. *Your* dealer will equip your car in less than ten minutes. *Models for all cars priced $22.50 to $30.00. Special models for Ford, $15.00; Chevrolet, $17.50; and Dodge, $20.00. Slightly higher prices in the Rocky Mountain area and West.* Pines Winterfront Company, 422 North Sacramento Blvd., Chicago.

PINES WINTERFRONT—*It's Automatic*

(Continued from Page 230)

we had finished the meal, why, we went upstairs. Mr. Coolidge and I went into a kind of a den, or study, of his, where we were supposed to smoke. He got out a box of Cigars and offered me one. I refused with thanks, as I dident smoke.

He took one, then said, "Well, take one for Luck." I did, and placed it very careful in an inside pocket. I thought if that's what's brought him all his, I will not only take it but I will try to smoke it if it nearly kills me.

Well, while we are sitting there in that little room, I would ask him questions, and he had his feet up on his desk and was leaning back, and he talked all the time. The Philippine situation was very timely then. Carmi Thompson was over there at the time trying to discover some Iron Ore.

I want to get out of everywhere but America, and not let Americans even get out of here. I had heard that one end of the Philippines had wanted Independence and that the other dident. I told him I had heard that they had Oil on one of these ends and now Carmi had struck Iron Ore on the other, so that meant good-by to Independence for both ends. I thought that was a pretty good Gag, but it dident get what I would designate as a Guffaw.

I asked him what all our Gunboats was doing in China and I told him it was pretty tough on a country when they couldent have their own civil wars without us and England butting in.

I wanted to tell him to round up all them Gunboats of ours in that Yang-tse River and bring 'em home and trade 'em to some nation for some Aeroplanes. But I dident feel like giving him too much advice. I was there to listen, not to advise. Lord, gunboats will be as old-fashioned in the next war as a Whip socket. I told him that I had attended the first week of the preliminary Disarmament Conference in Geneva, that they had held the conference to see if they could hold a conference if they decided to hold a conference. It dident seem to be any disappointment to him to know that it had got nowhere. The World Court—it dident take the White House spokesman long to tell me about that: "If they accept all our Reservations as laid out by the Senate, we will go in; but we will accept no alterations."

Between you and me, I think they were kinder hoping that Europe would turn the proposition down. It would give them a chance to duck out gracefully, where they had sorter pulled a bonehead.

While we was talking about the Debts I told him I was in England when the Daily Mail had discovered all at once that they had been paying us three years, and finally happened to think of it and earmarked us as Shylocks. He said in a characteristic sentence: "Well, England's got a right to holler—they are paying."

I want to tell you one thing: Any time you think the White House spokesman don't know about everything that is going on all over the World you are Cuckoo. I had just been to Russia for three weeks, and I felt kinder cocky and says to myself, "Here is where I give our President some late dope on Russia." Say, he had forgot more about Russia than Lenin and Trotzky and I ever knew. I would start in telling him about the farmers over there not selling their stuff because they dident get enough for it. Why, he knew the amount they each raised, and even knew the farmers' names.

Mr. Goodrich, ex-governor of Indiana and an old friend of the Coolidges, was there later on in the evening, and he had been quite a lot in Russia and knew all about it. But even the both of us combined was not getting any new ideas over that he dident know. Now we have no representatives over there, and how he finds all this out is more than I know. I believe he is taking a Correspondence course in Detective work. Mr. Goodrich and I, however, did certainly get Mrs. Coolidge interested. He was telling how they christened the babies, and I horned in with my experience of seeing the men and women bathing together in the Moscow River, with not even a pair of trunks in Russia. Mrs. Coolidge was all interested in it, and more so when Mr. Goodrich bore me out in it, and proved that it was not one of my jokes.

Mr. Coolidge dident seem to get het up any over this negligee custom. However, it was the only thing about Russia we brought up that he dident explain more to us than we knew ourselves. He certainly would have had a hard time improving on my knowledge of that bathing. If you can't learn anything after standing for three weeks and looking at it, you are pretty dumb.

Before we went into the main living room to join Mrs. Coolidge, and where, as I said before, Mr. Goodrich joined us, why, while I was asking the questions, and for once in my life had enough sense to keep my mouth shut, something come up about the hardships and amount of work connected with the presidency, and he remarked that the office of Chief Executive exacts a great deal from its incumbent.

I told him, "Why, you seem to have solved it better than any one of our Presidents I know of. You don't worry so much."

The White House spokesman said, "No, I never get mixed up in any of the big questions. I just let the people do a little thinking for themselves. I have found they'd rather do that." Say, that about solves up the whole thing.

Well, we then went in and joined Mrs. Coolidge. She was a-knitting, and a-smiling. I wish I could tell you Ladies what kind of a dress she had on. I guess it was chiffon over organdie—that's about what it looked like to me. It was mighty becoming, anyhow. She dresses in awful good taste. Well, that suit of his is in good taste itself. So I certainly got nothing to criticize about their clothes. The old Collie was right there. One was at Mrs. Coolidge's suède pumps and the other one was lying up on a big lounge with his head in Mr. Coolidge's lap and he was a-scratching him back of the ear.

These dogs come from Wisconsin, and I think the reason Cal likes them so much is that they are the only two things ever come from there that wasent Insurgents. They just look like they are ready to vote anything with the Party. All they crave is meat and harmony.

Mrs. Coolidge and I got to chatting then about Lady Astor, who was to be there right away, and she was asking me about her. She was very anxious to meet her. I was telling her she had a treat in store for her, for Nancy sho was a live one; and Mrs. Coolidge was interested in my telling what a great family woman Lady Astor was in addition to all her political duties, and how I had almost boarded there while in England. Her and Lady Astor in lots of ways remind me of each other. 'Course, Mrs. Coolidge is more reserved. But they both got humor, and they are in for anything to get a good laugh out of.

Mr. Coolidge asked me about being part Indian, and if I dident come from Oklahoma. I was telling him yes, and why I had to leave there, and was just on the verge of asking for Executive clemency, when he up and said, "I am part Indian. My Folks had Indian blood." Well, I commenced asking right away about the tribe, and where did they come from. He said he dident know the exact tribe, but he knew that away back his Ancestors had Indian blood.

I wanted to kinder drag him in with our Cherokees. I could see an appropriation for an Indian Hospital at Claremore, Oklahoma, the Home of the only water in the world that will cure you by smell only. Then he told me it was some tribe up in New England. Well, that let him out of our tribe. I knew it wasent the Cherokees.

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Why Not Send the Coupon Today?

If my tribe ever settled in New England with all the rest of North America to pick from, they certainly wouldent be known today as the most highly civilized tribe in America. That's the bunch of Indians up there that let the Pilgrims land. That showed right there they dident know anything. Why, it took the Pilgrims 300 years of constant education before we let them land in Oklahoma with us, and then we made one of our only mistakes. But he really, away back, is some kind of Indian, he told me.

Well, we are sitting there apparently what I would call going along pretty good. Mr. Goodrich had left and I was all set to start in on some inquiries on Farmers Relief, as I knew the Farmers to be raising more yells than corn. Then, too, Mrs. Coolidge and I were what I thought having some very pleasant chatter, When Mr. Coolidge says, "Grace, where is Will going to sleep?" Well, Lord, Will hadent thought of sleeping anywhere for quite a while yet. This remark of his struck me like what the writers call a Bolt from the Blue. I was just getting into the shank of the evening and Mrs. Coolidge was just getting right down into the heel of that old sock. It was either a sock or a sweater or a neck scarf—a Newby we used to call 'em. I don't know whether Mrs. Coolidge knew which it would be till it was finished. That, as I have always noticed, is the principal joy of knitting—guessing on what it will turn out to be.

Well, I saw that I wasent going to be able to report any relief to the Farmers that night; that the only thing I could see in sight for them was, if the worst come to the worst, they would have to go to work instead of town every day.

Well, I dident relish this being shunted off to the hay this early in the evening. But for the good of the party I dident say anything.

Mrs. Coolidge said, "Will will sleep in the State Room."

I thought, "My goodness, am I back on a Steamer again?"

I bid Mrs. Coolidge good night. She said they had breakfast in their room and that I would be served in my room at any hour I desired. Well, these breakfasts is what I had heard about. But I find they only hold them publicly when there is a Campaign on, or when he has some particular policy to put over. He has the fellows come for breakfast and does his dictating between the pancakes. He walked down toward my room with me, which was the big southeast corner room.

Just then an old Darky that had been a snoozing out there somewhere bobbed up, and Mr. Coolidge bid me good night and turned me over to him. He took me in a room that was big enough you could have roped a steer in it. Great big bedstead with four big mahogany-looking pillars and a covered-wagon effect across the top. It was built up on a sort of an altar. It was the biggest, widest bed I ever saw, a regular Brigham Young affair.

I knew that evidently a great many famous people had slept in there at various times, and I knew I had no business even in the house, much less in that bed—I wouldent have felt right. Right off it was a little kind of an anteroom with a small bed, and I went in there and turned down the covers and slept in there. You remember the Queen—Queen Marie the Roaming Rumanian—was to have stayed at the White House. Well, this big room was to have been her room, and this little side room I stole into would have been where the Old King would have slept if he had been with the troupe.

The old Darky was mighty friendly and I could see he was willing to do some trick and fancy chatting if just given any encouragement.

I asked him, "How long you been here?"

"Oh, I come with Mr. Roosevelt."

"Mr. Roosevelt, eh? You been here quite a while. You have seen several of them come and go. All of them different, I guess—no two of them alike?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir; that's right. Dey all sho is different."

"This one you got here now is sort of a queer one, ain't he?"

"Well, sir, Mr. Rogers, he is and then agin he ain't. I tell you 'bout Mr. Coolidge. He don't bother nobody and he don't want nobody to bother him."

Now get all your statesmen and all your Newspaper Editors to define President Coolidge, and if they beat that definition of him for accuracy, I will join Aimee McPherson's church. He wanted to know what time I wanted breakfast served and what did I want. He told me Mr. Coolidge eat breakfast in his room pretty early. Then if there was any kind of special breakfast on, he eat again later with them. He said Mr. Coolidge went out for a walk every morning very early.

Well, I got up and got out what I thought was pretty early, but I met the President just getting off the Elevator. He had already been out for his walk. It wasent eight o'clock yet and he was already to start Vetoing bills by then. I saw Mrs. Coolidge and had a chat with her. She was as live and cheerful early in the morning as at dinner.

Mr. Hoover come up and wanted to know where I wanted to go—said that a White House car was at my disposal. I asked Mrs. Coolidge if she was going to use the car that morning. She laughingly said she would just walk where she was going. As Miss Alice was in New York, where I had seen her a day or so before, I told them I wanted to go out and see my other political accomplice, Mrs. Ned McLean, out at Friendship.

Things were pretty dull around the old Town Politically. Had a chat with Secretary of Labor Davis. He was leaving for Oklahoma to see if he could implore any of them to do any work down there. Went over to the office building and saw Mr. Sanders, and when I got back from Friendship it was time for Lunch—the one I was telling you about where the homelike Episode of the Fish Hash took place.

The President receives a line of callers every day around 12:30, and I had noticed quite a long line over there at the office, and also the cabinet had had their weekly meeting that morning to lay out their next week's plans against us.

So at the Lunch Table that day I said to Mr. Coolidge, "I see you had a lot of Visitors today." And to get in a little bit of my bum comedy I asked him, "What Notables and horse thieves did you have call today?"

As quick as a flash, and without the least semblance of a smile, the White House Spokesman replied, "The Cabinet."

Well, that one got such a laugh with us that he followed it up with: "And Senator Butler."

Mrs. Coolidge then asked, "Who else was over, Papa?" She calls Mr. Coolidge that. You see, they were just in the usual family conversation now. I had been there so long I was one of the family.

The White House Spokesman said, "Burton, from Ohio."

Mrs. Coolidge said, "What did he want?"

He replied, "Wanted me to go to Cleveland and make a speech."

She asked, "Are you going?"

"No, I ain't. Made two speeches there already and they don't know it yet."

It don't take him long to give an answer on anything. One time up in Massachusetts, when he was Governor, a Newspaper wanted to get out a big story on what everyone would do if they only had thirty minutes to live. They were very anxious to see what Governor Coolidge would say. They were supposed to write it in. Most of them had said they would pray or that they would give all they had to some Charity. When they opened his it said: "Wouldent do anything! What would be the use?"

But it was now getting late along in the lunch and I was leaving, and thought to myself they can't do anything but shoot me for trying, so I am going to ask him.

(Continued on Page 238)

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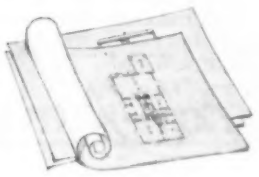
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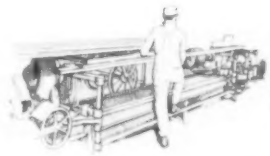
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Witnesses: B. L. Graham

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is a phrase that appears often in letters from our men in the field. Of course, that means the work pays well, even spare-time work.

Extensive national advertising and the great reputation of the goods make NOGAR Clothes easy for anyone to sell. You need no experience—only the ambition to earn a comfortable income. If you are industrious you cannot help succeed. Good workers earn bonuses and advancement. Your future is in your own hands.

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Home Office and Factory, Reading, Pa. *Branch Offices in Principal Cities*

Suits & Topcoats
$12.50 & $13.50

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Slightly Higher in Canada

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By this button you can identify the NOGAR Authorized Representative. He will leave you a copy of your order, stating plainly the conditions of the sale.



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MADE TO STAND THE GAFF

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Dept. S-1, Reading, Pa.

Please send me further information about NOGAR Clothes for Men ☐ for Boys ☐. Check which you are interested in.

Name

Address

If you wish to represent us, check here ☐



The family expression changed remarkably. Everybody smiled.

They found that a "singing start" changed gray days into gold

They were like hundreds of other families — busy, successful, normally happy, too. But in the daily rush of starting for the office or hurrying to keep important engagements, *they forgot to smile.*



In the daily rush, they forgot to smile.

Around the breakfast table in the mornings their faces looked grim, tense. Voices were irritable. They seemed to be wound up tight like clocks, afraid that if they relaxed—and smiled—they would lose time.

Then someone gave Dan, the youngest, a little golden canary. Every morning he entertained them at breakfast with a concert of joyous, carefree song. The change in the family expression was instant, remarkable. *Everybody smiled.*

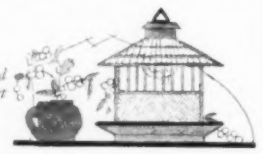
And the tonic effect of starting the day with a smile soon worked wonders on the family health, as well as on the family disposition, for, verily, "a cheerful heart doeth good like a medicine."



A new Hendryx design of brass or in Duco finishes, such as Old Ivory, Persian Silver, Pompeian Green, Chinese Red and Black, Blue and Gold or Ebony and Gold—stands to match.

Every Bird Guest Needs a Hendryx Bird Home

When you bring a little bird into your home as a "first aid to cheerfulness" it is very important to provide him the best possible living quarters. For more than half a century The Andrew B. Hendryx Company has specialized in building bird homes. Today the name Hendryx distinguishes a wide range of designs, suited to every taste



"Hendryx" Bird homes are smart and colorful.

and every pocketbook. Smart and colorful Pyralin and Duco finished designs fit into any decorative color scheme.

Almost all bird stores, seed stores, florists, housefurnishing, hardware, or department stores sell Hendryx bird homes. They are priced from $2.00 to $150.00; stands from $2.50 to $25.00.



In the Bird Store

"Sweet, sweet, so very, very sweet," coaxingly sang the Littlest Bird. "I know why you were trying so hard to attract that lady," trilled the Wise Old Bird, in great amusement. "You heard her say that she had bought a beautiful new Hendryx bird home and was looking for a bird to live in it."

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"HENDRYX" BIRD CAGES

Since 1869

"The Feathered Philosopher" is one of the most interesting stories ever written about a bird. An illustrated copy will be sent you free. Write to The Andrew B. Hendryx Co., New Haven, Conn.

(Continued from Page 234)

He has been very good about telling me about all the things that are agitating us now. So I just up and said: "Mr. President, I know it is sorter impertinent, but it's not for publication, and I just want to know for myself, so in after years I can say to my friends, 'I knew it all the time.' Tell me and I will give you my word it will never be mentioned, How about 1928? Are you going to run?"

Well, Mrs. Coolidge started to laughing and I asked her, "What are you laughing about, Mrs. Coolidge? It's just what everybody wants to know and I won't tell it."

She said, "I was laughing because I want to know the same thing you do." So I said to him, "Come on, Mr. Coolidge, tell Mrs. Coolidge and I. You know she won't tell and I swear to you both I won't." She insisted too, "Tell us, papa."

The White House Spokesman said, "I got enough troubles now without looking forward that far."

Now that's what he told me. But I can tell you if he is going to run or not. I am not going to, but I can. I can tell you whether Russia is going to be recognized by us, and about the World Court, Debts, Philippines, Disarmament—I know what he is going to do on every one of these. And then they tell you that Coolidge don't talk! That's why these old Congressmen and Senators can't ever get anything out of him—they are so busy trying to tell him something and asking for something that he don't get a chance to talk.

Now about the humor part of it. He has a great sense of humor, but the trouble about the Coolidge humor is that it is wasted on most of the people that he comes in contact with. Most people can't get a joke unless someone says, "Come here, boys, get this one. Here is a new one; just heard it last night." In other words, they have to have it announced to them before what to expect.

Cal just sits there and pulls 'em without any warning on the old vote grabbers and they don't get him. I wish I had a dollar for every good Gag he has pulled that has gone over some Politician's bean. I would give anything to just be able to be hid somewhere and hear every one he pulls. I would have me some act. He pulls 'em—if you don't get 'em, that's your fault. He bid me good-by very cordially. He and Mrs. Coolidge asked me back again—it might have been her that did—and they sent me away to the Aero field to go back to New York. I had had a very pleasant visit.

Now you want to know what kind of a Renter we got in there. Well, I will tell you. He is a nice man when you know him, and He don't bother nobody and he don't want nobody to bother him.

And I can tell you whether he is going to run again, but I promised him. Now what more talking do you want a man's spokesman to do?

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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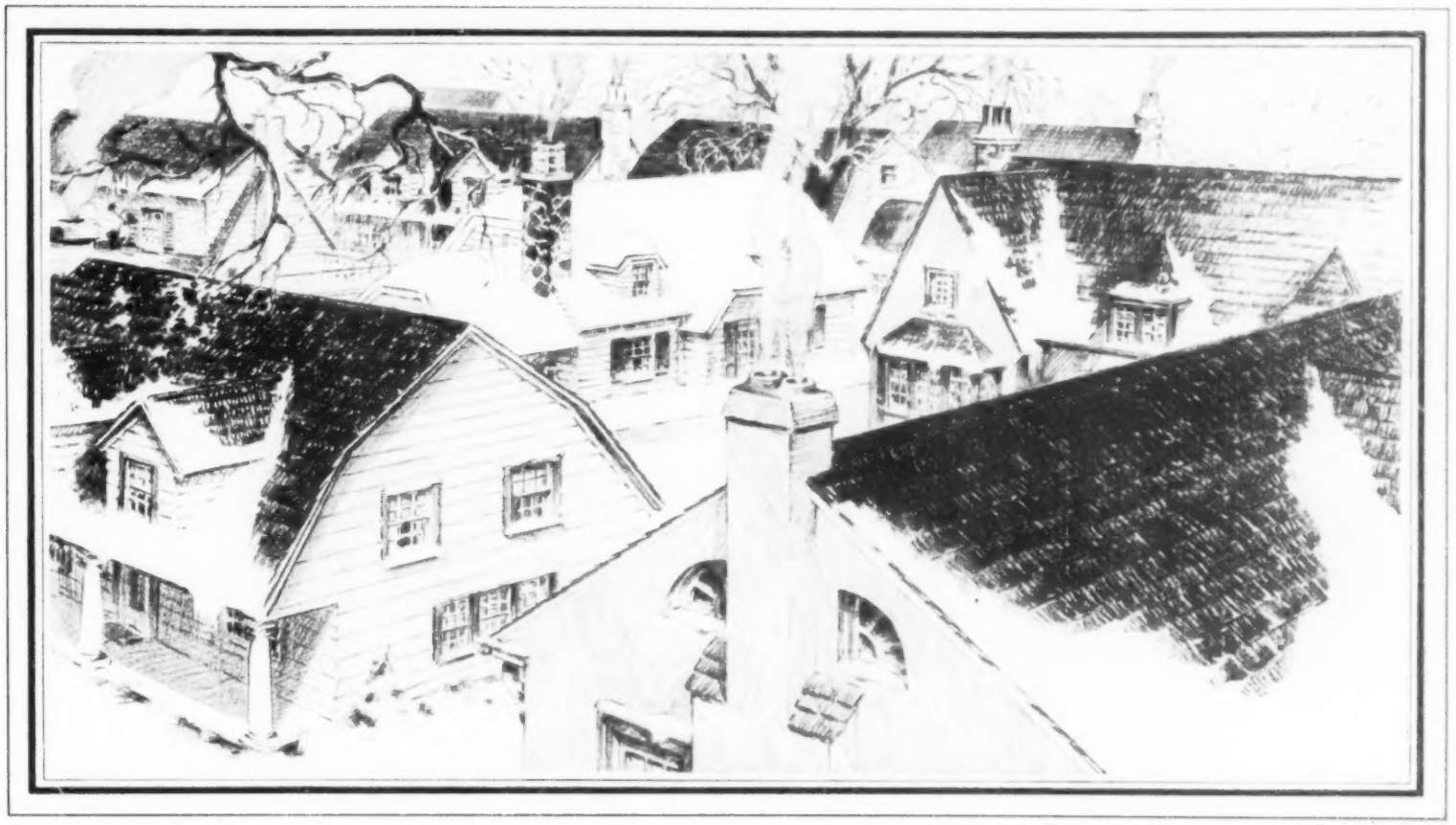
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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.



Snow melting from the roof on a freezing day is the surest sign of a heat-leaking house. Lining your attic with Celotex will end this waste, save fuel money and convert your attic into an attractive, livable room.

Don't spend your money to melt the snow on your roof!

Even solid, weather-tight roofs can't hold escaping heat . . . Sealing your attic with Celotex will stop this needless loss

LOOK at your roof after a snowstorm!

If roof snow melts on a freezing day your own heating plant melts it. Your roof is leaking valuable heat—your fuel and money are being wasted. Building authorities know that 97% of American homes contribute to this loss.

Don't let your house leak heat!

Your home can be as tight to heat as it is to wind and rain, but ordinary materials alone—wood, plaster, wallboard and shingles—won't make it so. A special insulating (heat-stopping) material is necessary.

Celotex Insulating Lumber provides this essential protection.

Celotex is not cut from trees—it is made by mammoth machines from the tough fibres of cane. Countless tiny air cells sealed within the fibres provide the most effective insulating material known to science.

More than 119,000 homes built with Celotex have set a new standard in American building practice. For these homes are winter-warm, summer-cool, quiet, strong and about ⅓ more economical to heat.

LINE YOUR ATTIC *with Celotex*. And here is good news for those who built before Celotex was available! You can still enjoy many of the advantages of this amazing lumber by lining your attic with Celotex.

While attic lining cannot effect the same results as complete house insulation, it gives protection where it is most needed. The roof is the most exposed, yet the thinnest and least protected part of your house.

Also, because heated air rises, more than 60% of the avoidable heat-leakage in an uninsulated house is through the roof in winter. And in summer, such a roof is poor protection against the sun's attack.



Anyone who can use a saw and hammer can finish off an attic room with Celotex. You simply nail the broad, light boards to the studding and rafters. Celotex not only shuts out heat and cold but converts your old attic into an attractive, livable room.

SAVES MORE *than it costs.* Lining your attic with Celotex is not a big job or an expensive job. You simply nail the broad, light boards right to the studding and rafters. Enough Celotex to line your attic will cost you very little. And Celotex will more than pay for its cost in the fuel money it saves.

Celotex also converts your old attic into a comfortable, livable room. Its golden-tan color and rough-textured surface make an attractive wall finish . . . or you can decorate it in many ways.

There are also many other places where Celotex is the ideal material for re-decorating, repairing or remodeling.

Ask your architect, contractor or lumber dealer to tell you more about this amazing lumber. All lumber dealers can supply Celotex.

Meanwhile, send the coupon below for the free Celotex Building Book. It tells you how to use Celotex in old and new homes alike.

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The new Choice Box typifies—probably better than any other—the socially accepted candy gift throughout fashionable America today. Twenty-two different kinds in one box to prove Variety IS the Spice of Life.

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Thus in choosing this noted make of candy, one is sure of doing that which is admittedly the *correct thing*, either for one's own home or for a gift of thoughtful graciousness—

Conveniently available at the better stores throughout America, you can obtain Johnston's Chocolates at a moment's notice—any time—anywhere. The *new* Choice Box—containing twenty-two different kinds—is suggested as an ever welcome gift.

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CHOCOLATES



You will find a wide variety of Johnston's Chocolates at one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood.

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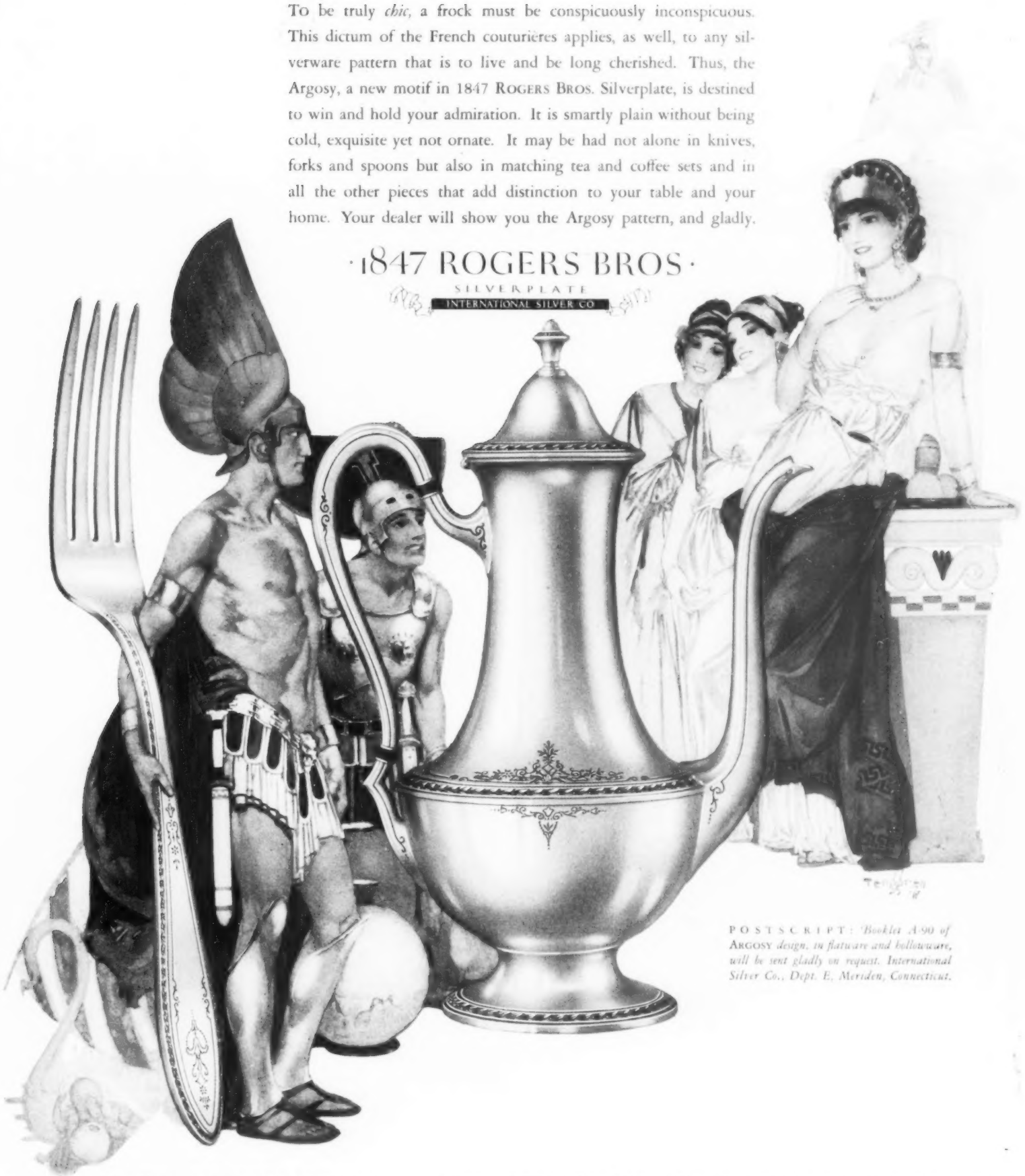
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To be truly *chic,* a frock must be conspicuously inconspicuous. This dictum of the French couturieres applies, as well, to any silverware pattern that is to live and be long cherished. Thus, the Argosy, a new motif in 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate, is destined to win and hold your admiration. It is smartly plain without being cold, exquisite yet not ornate. It may be had not alone in knives, forks and spoons but also in matching tea and coffee sets and in all the other pieces that add distinction to your table and your home. Your dealer will show you the Argosy pattern, and gladly.

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